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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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HERE IS A *Very Happy* HAND

Study the Marks on it and then Compare with Yours

By A PALMIST

You can get a lot of fun out of reading hands—your own and those of your friends. A formula for this entertaining pastime is given below.

NEARLY all famous people have consulted seers at some time in their lives.

Pompadour, when she was only the obscure Mademoiselle Poisson, was told by a gipsy that one day she would be almost queen. It was predicted of Josephine Bonaparte, too, that she would be more than a queen.

It sounds impossible, but, then, devotees of the science of hand-reading contend that often everything in your future is shown in your hand.

Look at the happy hand given here on this page. On the mount of Jupiter, under the [redacted] finger, there is a cross (marriage) and a star which signifies that that marriage will bring a very high social position.

Add this other star which ends the line of the sun, and you will get riches, worldly fame, brilliant success due to luck.

Look at the line of chance which goes from the wrist and rises lightly, evenly, triumphantly to the point under the middle finger.

Now look at your own left hand. Your fortune will be traced there—all your possibilities, all your gifts. Then look at your right hand. It will tell you if you are going to make the best use of your chances.

The left hand is the hand of heredity, of fate; the right hand is the hand of logic and will. You can weigh up your merits by the difference between them.

Looks Like This

A HAPPY hand is white, well-balanced; the fingers are medium length, rounded at the tips; equally divided between the joints, not too thin, not too thick.

The little finger is fairly long, elegant, well shaped (cleverness, eloquence, taste). The middle finger, finger of Saturn, isn't much longer than the others, and the index finger is longer than the ring finger.

The line of chance starts from the wrist and rises straight, unbroken, to the middle finger. That means an easy fate, no catastrophes. (Many successful people have a line of chance that is broken, uneven, full of curves; they have made their own destiny, in spite of a difficult life. Their success, therefore, is all the greater.)

The line of intuition rises from the line of chance to the Mount of Mercury. It helps women to behave tactfully, to make immediate judgments, to go straight towards success. The line of personal merit leaves the line of life and rises towards the Mount of Jupiter.

An old tradition says that children born in the night have "strong" (significant) left hands, deriving their characteristics from their father; those born in daylight have strong right hands, deriving characteristics from the mother.

IN all palms, the three great transverse lines are found more or less distinctly marked.

The Vital Line or line of life, which begins at a point between thumb and forefinger and runs around the base of the Mount of Venus, has been taken from time immemorial as an indicator of the natural span of life, which some have undertaken to measure on its course.

A clear, unbroken, long line of life has always been associated by palmists with a ripe old age; it is read in connection with the Rascettes, or lines around the wrist at the base of the hand.

Three of these, distinct and perfect, with a life line running to the base of the hand, have been said to warrant a prediction of a life of a hundred years.

THE line of life should be fine, distinct, without a break, supported by the line of nervous strength.

The Cephalic, or line of the head, crosses the palm a little above its centre. It should commence at the same place as the life line, if the reason is to guard the possessor in the affairs of life.

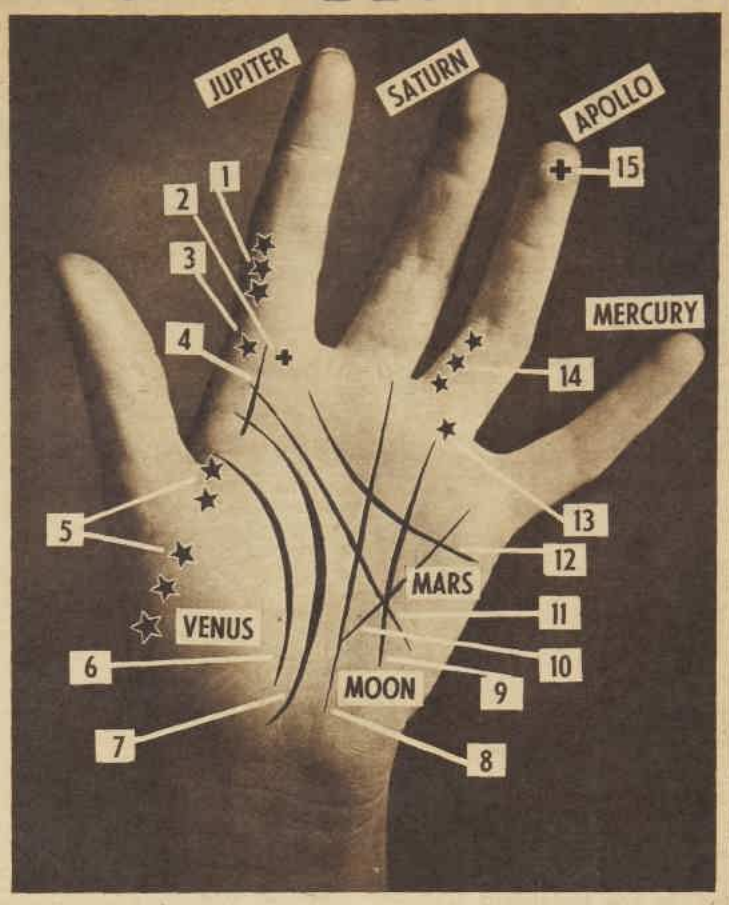
The Cardiac, or line of the heart, runs from beneath the Mount of Mercury across the hand, most favorably if it ends well up on the Mount of Jupiter. Above it, on Mercury, are small transverse lines called the Marriage Lines.

Their number, as well as clearness, has always been associated with that of the number of matrimonial connections.

Another important line, which varies greatly in different hands, is the Hepatic (Liver) or health line, which in its fullest development marks out clearly the triangle of the palm, bounded on the other side by Life and Head. Thence the health line proceeds to Mercury.

In general, all lines which go upwards are good; they indicate a rise in fortunes. And all the stars that you see on this hand are fortunate ones.

Maybe you won't find all the signs of good fortune on your own hand, but some of them will be there, and may give you an idea of the direction from which your happiness will come.



1. *Stars of determination.*
2. *Cross of a happy marriage.*
3. *Star of social success through marriage.*
4. *Line of personal merit.*
5. *Stars of high destinies.*
6. *Line of nervous strength.*
7. *Line of life.*
8. *Line of luck.*
9. *Line of the sun—fame, success, riches.*
10. *Line of intuition.*
11. *Line of head.*
12. *Line of heart.*
13. *Star of artistic fame.*
14. *These three stars foretell riches and fame.*
15. *Cross of fame.*

THIS IS QUEEN MARY'S HAND

THIS hand, beautifully white and balanced, shows a love of peace, of family life, and of children.

The cross and the furrow on the Mount of Venus indicate a single love; this is confirmed by the heart line, which ends in a fork between the middle finger and the index finger.

The line of chance, branching under the finger of Jupiter, foretells a rise to supreme honors. On the same mount the cross of marriage is next to a star . . . marriage made her a Queen.

The Mount of the Moon, very smooth, shows a calm temperament, more practical than imaginative.

The line of the head goes away from the line of life (a conservative, retiring nature) and stops short at the line of intuition, indicating good health and judgment.





Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People



Research Worker

DR. EMMA PERRY CARR, head of the chemistry department of Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., the oldest college for women in U.S.A., is due in Melbourne shortly, and will stay in Australia for three months.

She has spent most of the last 15 years in research abroad, assisted by a Rockefeller grant that is almost equivalent to a distinction, as it is given only to scientists whose work receives special approval.



Human "Guinea-pig"

DR. EDWARD FRANCIS, of the National Institute of Health, United States of America, recently and for the fourth time, made of himself a human "guinea-pig" in the cause of science.

He allowed himself to be bitten by a small tick, thereby acquiring relapsing fever. In the course of his research work Dr. Francis has voluntarily contracted various forms of fever.



Films Wild Animals

MRS. GEOFFREY HODSON, at present visiting Adelaide with her husband, an international lecturer, is a great animal lover, and has more than 5000 feet of moving picture films that she has taken of wild animals in their native countries.

She hopes to add some shots of koalas, kangaroos, and kookaburras to her collection before she leaves Australia. Mrs. Hodson, who makes all arrangements for her husband's lecturing tours, has been travelling around the world for nine years.

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Star Features in Next Week's Issue



HIGHLIGHT from "The Citadel," our dramatic new serial. A fight for life in the operating theatre.

Three sensational special features will be included in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In it will be presented the first instalment of the most astounding novel of the day, "The Citadel," by Dr. A. J. Cronin.

JUST published in London, this novel became overnight a world's best seller. It has already been translated into sixteen languages and film rights have been secured by famous producer, Alexander Korda.

This book is of absorbing interest as a novel. But it is more than a novel—it is an astounding revelation of the medical profession written by a doctor with unique inside knowledge.

Very largely the book is a sensational exposure of racketeering in the higher circles of surgery and medicine.

On its publication it was acclaimed at once as the most remarkable novel ever written against a medical background.

The Australian Women's Weekly immediately cabled to London and secured the exclusive serial rights.

As a romance, "The Citadel" is one of the most powerfully-written novels of the day—an absorbing human drama which will thrill you with its force, its truth, and its tenderness.

£500 Recipe Competition

Winners in the £500 recipe contest will be announced next week.

THIS contest was undoubtedly the most important of its kind ever conducted by a newspaper.

Entries reached the tremendous total of 97,108.

It has shown Australian women as a nation of first-class cooks with a very keen appreciation of the finer points of this art.

Entries came from outback stations, remote hamlets, wheat farms, and mining towns, as well as from the cities and suburbs. Every State in the Commonwealth was represented.

Free Recipe Book

THE third surprise next week will be a free recipe book.

Carefully compiled by a committee of cookery experts from the 97,000 entries received in the Recipe Competition, this book is unique.

Every recipe in it was the treasured possession of an Australian housewife and guaranteed by her personally as being reliable and popular in her home.

No other cookery book like it has ever been presented to the Australian public. The Australian Women's Weekly is giving it to you free.

Next week's free novel, by that popular author, Ursula Bloom, will be "Call It a Date."

MEMBER'S WIFE *Tells of Political* HEARTACHES

It The Game Really Worth While? She Asks

By the Wife of a Federal M.P.

My husband is a Member of Parliament. They call him the Honorable Member, and he gets official invitations, Jubilee and Coronation medals, free trips, and such like.

There is no title for me, not much junketting, but what heartache!

Often I wonder is it worth the candle. I have sometimes doubted the sincerity even of my husband's politics, so wearying can the life become.

PEOPLE say "politicians are sordid." I could throttle them when they say that.

As a politician's wife I have seen the seamy side of a good many professions, and I know of doctors and lawyers and land agents and shopkeepers and pillars of society who have acted more sordidly than most politicians.

The politician lives in a glass house, and is compelled to act up to a certain standard or he doesn't last long.

Most stories about crookedness are spread by people who wanted something crooked done, but couldn't find a politician to take their tainted money.

The men who have come to my husband! Just a word to the Minister about that adulterated milk fine; it was all a mistake. Would he speak to the Commissioners about that contract, he wouldn't lose by it. Just a word in the right place about that big job that's going.

Nasty, you think? Let me tell you that some of the nastiest propositions come from very respectable people.

Home Life Ruined

THAT'S not the story I started out to tell. But I had to mention it, because the idea of sordidness seems to be in the front of most people's minds. They pretend differently when they're with us, which makes for hypocrisy.

Another reason I had to mention it is because I am sure people think that politicians make a lot of money on the side.

They think the salary is large, that there are a lot of "perks," some of which may be pretty genuine, but a lot are under the lap.

Well, I know there are a few politicians who are what are called good "fixers." They get commissions for doing things. But I know they often work harder than a lawyer to fix something up and get less than a lawyer's fee.

My residence is in the suburbs. I say residence because it is not a home. An Englishman's home is supposed to be his castle. His hearth is sacred.

It's not so for the politicians. My home is a public place. Unlike a doctor, my husband cannot fix consulting hours.

People drop in like old friends, just whenever it suits them, especially week-ends. A cup of tea is a small thing. It costs a trifle.

But have you ever counted up the cost of cups of tea and the time taken from housework when it's one person after another smiling and saying, "Well, I could just do with a cup of tea." As they get more familiar they say "a cuppa? Ta!"

The telephone never stops. I am merely a private secretary when I answer it. Nobody else treats me as an individual. They speak as if I'm some sort of machine.

A few try to invoke my influence with my husband. Their pretence is so hollow that I don't bother to resent it. But it used to get me terribly wild at first.

That Gold Pass

BOB, our eldest boy, did well in his exams. He answered an advertisement on his own hook and got a good job. We have been accused of using our influence and are requested to get jobs for literally hundreds of boys and girls.

We made a nasty enemy out of a man because my husband declined to do anything towards getting his son into the Broadcasting Commission as Test cricket announcer.

Drink is still one of the excuses of politics. My husband and I scarcely touch anything in the ordinary way. But often and often we have had a taste and more than a taste when we didn't want it.

As it happens both of us can stand it, but I have seen drink beat a few men and some wives, too.

We have a car. Not to my dying day will I forget the scandal it caused. Even now people wink at it.

"Well to be a member of Parliament," they say quite openly. It was a second-hand car and it is absolutely necessary for my husband to properly attend to his electorate.

The way people talk about the gold-pass is maddening. If it entitled us to free petrol it would do us some good. As it is my husband almost only uses it when he goes to Canberra.

The long absences at Canberra are a strain. I think Canberra itself is a lovely place, but living there is expensive. I go very rarely, so that we are under a double expense all the time the House is sitting.



VOTE-CATCHING IDEAS run on freak lines in America. Here a U.S. candidate is seen wooing votes by playing his violin, giving a musical prelude from door to door before starting his political speeches and arguments.

STRANGE as it may sound in these blase days my husband and I have affection for each other. We greatly dislike these enforced separations. But I have the children to consider.

My husband's electorate is not one of the safe kind that looks after itself, so it would not be possible for us to make a permanent home in Canberra.

Home! How utterly simple it sounds, and yet how impossible for us unfortunates chained by politics.

We have a certain amount of peace in the home while my husband is in Canberra. But it is at the cost of separation and loneliness. After all, what is home without a father, to improve on the old motto.

Continued on Page 4



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AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY *Has London* SPELLBOUND

Girl Who Danced With Duke of Gloucester Is Now a Mannequin

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

London has just met the West Australian beauty with whom the Duke of Gloucester danced during his tour of the Commonwealth—and her loveliness has spellbound the people with whom she has come into contact.

The charming girl is Miss Elizabeth Morris Edwards, of West Australia, who is another Australian girl on her way to winning fame as a mannequin in London.

IT will be recalled that when the Duke of Gloucester visited Australia Miss Morris Edwards' parents were his hosts, and Elizabeth was the only girl with whom he danced during his stay in that State.

With her mother and sister Miss Morris Edwards went to London for the Coronation. Now she is modelling clothes for a firm who dresses the Queen, and cherishes a hope that she may meet Her Majesty while she is working in this capacity.

Tall and beautiful, Miss Morris Edwards attracted the attention of Queen Mary when she was presented at Court. Her Majesty on that occasion was struck by the fair loveliness of Elizabeth, asked who she was, and remarked on the beauty and dignity of her appearance.

Her arrival in London on this occasion was reported in many of the newspapers, and she has received a shoal of offers to do mannequin work. As she wishes to gain as much experience as possible, she accepted work for four different firms during September, when the dress shows take place.

Before beginning work she went to all the Coronation galeties with her mother and sister, and topped these off with a cruise to the Baltic.

Now she is turning her thoughts to her chosen career.

"Eyes Like the Sea"

EVERYONE who has met her is charmed with her. This is what the "Daily Express" staff reporter wrote about her. The article was illustrated with a beautiful full-length picture of Miss Edwards:

"Miss Elizabeth Edwards (who is polite as well as charming) says she hopes she will meet me again. To know what that means to a susceptible male, you ought to see Miss Edwards.

"She is one of the reasons why I believe in Empire.

"Imagine five feet seven of womanhood, with corn-colored hair which lets down to her waist, eyes like the sea, and a smile like breakers on the shore.

"Imagine a voice intimate, seductive, a laugh that seems to caress the air you breathe. Then you have a faint idea.

"A few weeks ago Miss Edwards was herding sheep on her father's small station near York, West Australia. Yesterday she was at the garden party at Buckingham Palace.

"Her life is like that. She is Australian to the core, went to school in Paris, has been presented at Court.

"A few years ago she was for twenty-four hours the most-talked-of girl in Australia. The Duke of Gloucester, touring Australia, had danced most of the evening with her."

"'We had a grand time,' she told me yesterday at her mother's flat in Victoria Street. 'I remember how queer it sounded to hear him talk of 'Mother' and 'Edward' and 'George.'

"'Good heavens, we're human,' the Duke told me with a smile when I told him about it. He is, anyhow.

"I expect he's forgotten all about me now. I shall never forget him."

For a year Miss Edwards was staging fashion shows and showing dresses as a mannequin in Sydney. She has come to London to work.

Finally she told me, "I'm always in love with somebody. It makes life interesting. But it's not been serious —yet."

The "Evening Standard" referred to her as "the prettiest of the Empire debutantes of her year," and the "Daily Sketch" was also very complimentary about her.

I talked with her yesterday and found her very charming and quite unspoilt by all the flattery that has been poured on her.

"I have seen the Duke of Gloucester," she told me. "He looks more sun-tanned, his eyes are bluer and he appears to be much happier than when he was in Australia. No, I didn't speak to him and naturally I wouldn't expect him to remember me."

Elizabeth has met many glamorous personalities in London, including Merle Oberon, who, she says, looked less exotic than in her films, and Anna May Wong, who "looked breath-takingly beautiful, all swathed in white satin."

Talented Family

AT the forthcoming dress shows she will wear sports clothes for one day, and evening frocks for another, furs at a big display at the Dorchester, and evening frocks for the firm that made Queen Elizabeth's Coronation and Court frocks.

"Wouldn't it be marvellous if I were sent to Buckingham Palace to wear some frocks for the Queen to see?" she said hopefully. "But, anyway, it's always possible that she may come in to see some clothes."

Beauty and talent run in Miss Morris Edwards' family. Her father, one of the best-known business men and station owners in West Australia, is tall, very fair and handsome, and her mother, who is still extremely attractive, was formerly the toast of West Australia. Her striking brunette beauty was everywhere admired in her home State.

The youngest member of the family, Shirley, has inherited her mother's type of beauty. Still in her early teens, she was educated at Frensham, studied art with Julian Ashton, and was considered one of his most gifted pupils.

She is now in Paris continuing her art studies and specialising on portrait painting. Critics who have seen her work predict a brilliant future for her.



MISS ELIZABETH MORRIS EDWARDS, "always in love . . . but it's not been serious yet."



Is The Political Game Really Worth While?

Continued from Page 3

THE children adore their dad to be home, but the eternal callers and side engagements do not permit much foregathering of the family. Progress Association meetings, social gatherings, euchre parties, presentation of tennis competition prizes, funerals, weddings, deputations, opening of new factories. It's a list as long as your arm.

If I wear good clothes I'm winked at by the women. "Well to be a politician's wife," they say to me. If I wear a last season's frock they say I'm dowdy and isn't it a pity I can't keep up with my husband.

If I go to functions they say it is a shame the way I neglect my children. If I stay home I'm a drag on my husband, they whisper.

I read in the paper the other day a story by some big business man about "professional politicians." It's a common jibe. I suppose my husband would come into the despised class. He's been in Parliament a good many years.

But he's been in politics since he was a boy. He attended economic lectures. He read widely. He joined the local branch of the party when he was old enough, and was always an active member. Helped organise meetings, acted as scrutineer, canvassed for votes and all the rest of it and always had his hand in his pocket.

When we were first engaged he was earnest and enthusiastic about his politics. I used to be furiously jealous at first. I still am. But I suppose I am resigned to it.

I know enough about it now to know that politics really is a profession. The term "professional politician" should not, therefore, be a reproach but an honor.

But it is true that some politicians have had low standards. I speak now of all parties alike, because I have seen all of them at their dirty tricks.

The public is greedy for mudslinging, so we all get blamed for the sins of the few. Sometimes I think it would be a mercy if he lost his seat, except that it is his life, and his ambition, and I am old-fashioned enough to want to help him have it his own way.

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Brilliant Short Story

ONE SECOND *Too* LATE!

A gripping story of the circus, of tangled lives, and a plot for a woman's destruction which was one second too late . . .

By Virginia Dale

SUAVECITO, his slim, beautiful body lounging in the one comfortable chair in the living waggon, watched his wife. He hated her.

A hundred yards away the music for the night show sent out its tingling notes. Glancing through the door at the rear of the waggon, Suavecito could see the flickering flare of the lights; he could hear the buzz of pleased excitement as the show got under way.

"They like us here in Barcelona this season," his wife said.

He did not answer. He was glad there was a big crowd to-night. It fitted in with his plan.

His black eyes continued to look toward the waggon door. In the rising tide of light he saw at last the small figure of Clarita. She seemed to dance into the glow, her large, white horse beside her. Suavecito's heart thudded against his breast.

With a swift movement like flying, Clarita sprang to the back of her white horse. She had told him: "This night when I pass your door —perhaps, who knows?—I may be thinking of you, mi cielo."

Remembering how she had said "mi cielo," remembering again her loud sweet laugh, Suavecito drew his breath in sharply. Which had she meant—the laugh which said, "I dare you," or the promise behind that soft "my darling"?

His wife had finished preparing the olla to be eaten after the performance. He turned his black eyes upon her as she set forth in readiness the tall flask of wine. With a strange, an awful excitement, Suavecito saw her take a pair of his silken tights and plunge them into a waiting bowl of suds.

If it were not for her he would have known long ago what Clarita meant. How could he go on not knowing? He flung his beautiful lithe body forward in the chair. His wife looked up.

"Do not be restless," she told him. "There is much time. The bareback number has not even started."

That was all Clarita meant to her —the bareback number. Well, that was as it should be. Suavecito went over his plans coldly, meticulously.

ONE beat too late —if when she sprang through the air towards him he was just one second too late. He settled the silver spangles that encircled his waist. He could even see himself as he would be, quicksilver, running down to the ground to what had been his wife. He could hear the cries of the crowd: "An accident! How horrible." His Spanish eyes were as cold as glass.

They were both already dressed for the ring, though his wife wore an old woollen dressing-gown over her tights and spangles. Her broad shoulders looked enormous. She was stocky, stocky and strong.

All her life, first with her three brothers and small agile father, later with Suavecito, she had stretched, night after night, those strong arms far outward to catch the onslaught of the men that rushed towards her, men whom she caught in the vacuum of the air and clasped to safety and preserved from the plunging death that would have been theirs if she had been less strong, less sure—if she had been one beat too late.

"Fuerza," Suavecito called her, meaning something tough, something solid, powerful. Ever since she had loved him she had yearned to have him call her something soft and gentle, something little and weak.

The music that was the cue for Clarita drifted through the night. Suavecito's eyes grew blacker. One beat too late; hundreds of times it had happened. He sat taut. His wife pressed the water carefully from the pink tights, draped them over a rack, flung the water from the basin out of the waggon door.

SUAVECITO watched her, not wanting to. She settled the sequins of her headdress. Everything she did was with a beautiful precise rhythm. Her tranquil expectation that she would go on living drove him nearly mad. He stood up. "It is time we go, Suavecito," she said.

Now he could not possibly look at her. He told himself that it was because he hated her so, because she stood between him and everything he wanted, everything he must have. He threw his long velvet cape around himself.

"Wait, Suavecito."

He turned, suddenly cold with fear.

"What, Fuerza?"

"This." She was holding something out to him—a red rose. "A memento," she pleaded. Her soft voice did not go with her powerful body. "A souvenir, my Suavecito. To-night, it is seven years since we were married."

He stood staring at the rose, and then he snatched it from her and ran swiftly down the waggon steps. He knew, of course, that she was following him across the little field of trampled grass. He mashed the rose in his glittering girdle. The sky, he noticed, was a hot glazed blue above him. But he was cold. Then they were standing shoulder to shoulder at the entrance to the ring. Clarita on her large white horse galloped around once, twice. Then she rode off past them. A boy leapt for the bridle of the horse as she slipped to the ground, slim and young and desirable.

PROPERTY men hustled with blouses plastered to their chests with sweat. Antonio, the Italian juggler, slapped cards down on an empty overturned wine cask, playing piquet with a gipsy.

The buffoons had already tumbled into the ring to patch the time it took the men to secure, to test the trapeze.

The Barcelonians wept with joy at the buffoons' capers.

It seemed to Suavecito it would never be time to run into that bright ring, his wife's hand in his. Though he did not turn, he could feel the bareback rider near him. His wife was between them. Though he did not move, he could feel himself straining over the body of his wife to Clarita.

Then he was in the ring, bowing, turning. He could feel his lips stretch in a smile. He kissed his wife's hand—but that was just part of the act. Something inside him clanged. Judas, Judas also used a kiss.

Then he found himself going up, up, up the little steel ladder to his trapeze, music mounting to him, the faces of the crowd tilted like blank, round plates far below.

He knew without looking that his wife had climbed her ladder, knew she was standing on the tiny felt-covered platform, as he was standing now on his. He knew without looking because in seven years her timing had always matched his to a second.

Now Suavecito told himself he must stop thinking. His mind must be in space as his body was—as if the music impelled him, without taking thought he was in space, suspended, and then feeling the sure the expected clasp of his wife's hands as she caught him. Together they swung.

With a terrific, powerful force she flung him back to his platform, safe and steady. With hands on his narrow hips, flat against his gleaming girdle, Suavecito acknowledged the delighted crowd's approval.

With that routine work done, there were three minutes to go before the exchange leap — two other figures to make—before the second when he would release his flying trapeze just one beat too late . . .

He stood looking down. In America he'd heard they had three rings. He was glad that here in Barcelona there was only one. He liked to be looked at. To-night, he liked it more than ever. He wanted everyone to see it was only an accident. And they always watched him, the crowds.

Four measures of music and then the cue for his somersault in mid-air would come. He saw Clarita far below looking up at him. His hand touched the red rose in his girdle. He wrenched it free and threw it straight at Clarita's feet just as his cue came. He leaped in space where his wife's sure hands should meet and clasp him.

But her eyes followed the rose she had given him, down, down, down. As the rose fell, a dozen, a hundred little pictures of Suavecito and Clarita came back to her: frozen, with a new, a sickening understanding, she stood.

Then she leaped—one beat too late. But Suavecito's beautiful body was already rushing through unprotected space. As he plunged to the earth in an awful, dying flash, he knew that his wife swung safely above.

(Copyright.)



As Suavecito plunged to the earth he knew that his wife swung safely above.

Illustrated By. Wynne W. DAVIES

SONG CLASSICS

"O Komn im Traum"

Liszt, 1811—1886.

O COME to me like a dream o'er me stealing,
As once did Laura to Petrarca, as an Angel Fair,
Then shall thy breath, my heart's sorrow healing,
Unseal my lips that closed in prayer.
And when my brow deep is furrowed with anguish,
With grief and sorrow's pang my heart is fraught,
Thine eyes' bright radiance my sadness shall banish,
Twin stars that in dreams an Eden wrought.

Then let me kiss thee with these lips still human,
Tho' it was God Himself bade them glow.
Give me one Kiss, thou Angel, and be woman,
And teach my soul all love's bliss to know.
Give me one kiss!
O come, as Laura came unto Petrarca at night.

Franz Liszt, born in Hungary in 1811, is recognised by musicians as probably the greatest pianist the world has known. Descendant of an ancient noble family, Liszt made his first public appearance at the age of nine with great success.

After a brilliant career in Europe, where he became a favorite of the entire musical aristocracy, he abandoned his career as a virtuoso and became a composer, conductor, and teacher.

Honored, admired, and loved, he died at Bayreuth in 1886.

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Concluding

Counterfeit COIN

By Dornford YATES

We say good-bye to Richard and Caroline in the final instalment of our romance-adventure serial.



Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

FERDINAND refused to have a witness to the statement that exposed all his villainy.

"As you please," said I, and folded the statement up. "Turn out the car, Winter. I want to be at Gabble within the hour."

"No, no. Not that," cried the other, and savaged his thumb.

"Parish or Gabble," said I. "It's for you to choose."

After a frightful struggle——

"To witness my signature only. You'll cover the statement up?"

"Yes."

"Very—well."

I turned again to Winter.

"Fetch Mr. Parish," I said.

Whilst we waited, he got to his feet and went to a glass and generally did what he could to pull himself into some shape, and I looked out of the window, with folded arms.

As he came back to the table—

"What name did he take?" he said. "I—I saw the initials 'M.G.'?"

"He is known as Matthew Gering," I said.

. . .

I blotted the precious endorsement and folded the statement up. Then I put it into my pocket and faced the man I had bluffed.

"You've done your part," I said, "and I shall do mine." As one who is listening intently, he kept his eyes upon mine and greeted every phrase with a nod of his head. "I will recommend that you be allowed to disappear—to go, to change your name, and never come back. As I've told you, I don't think they'll do it." A hand went up to his mouth. "The punishment doesn't matter, it's a question of righting a wrong. And that is why I think they'll insist that the case must proceed. But I shall know on Friday, and on Sunday I shall be back." I hesitated. "If I were you, I should put your things in order, for whether——"

In evident apprehension, he cut me short.

"They wouldn't pursue me, Exon? They wouldn't do that? You'd tell them I wasn't worth it?"

He laid a hand on my arm, and I shook it off.

"They wouldn't try to find you," I said, "so long as you kept out of sight."

"Even if they hadn't—— No, no, never mind! Tell me this. I've—I've saved a little money that Percy knows nothing about. Not very much—very little. It's in a bank in England, under another name."

His head was going again. Plainly, the thought of penury hit him hard.

"If the estate is in order, I expect they'd let that go."

"Quite so," he said, "quite so. Besides, it's so very little——"

"A man can live," I said grimly, "on thirty-five shillings a week. That was your brother's wage for seventeen years."

He winced at that. Then he took his handkerchief out and wiped his eyes.

"Very sad," he said, "very sad. If only I'd known—— You'll tell them I'm failing, won't you? You'll ram it home?"

Consumed with disgust and indignation, I turned on my heel.

As I opened the door, I looked back—to see his outstretched hand whip back to his side. As though I had noticed nothing, I left the room.

I have no doubt at all that before the door had closed he had picked the time-table up.

AS I took my way to the tower, I laid my plans.

I had to leave Brief at four—no question of that. For, though we had the game won, it was highly desirable that the "Count" should take the departure which he had planned. If he fled to avoid arrest—as, at present, he intended to do—he would indeed disappear for good and all, and would never more be heard of, because he could not take such a risk. But if he had reason to think that he had been bluffed, though now we could force his hand, he would stand upon the order of his going and would certainly be a nuisance for as long as he happened to live.

And so "the plain-clothes man" must "leave for London" at four.

And there I stood still in my tracks, for all of a sudden I saw that here was my chance to do what, sooner or later, I had to do, that is to say, to walk out of my lady's life.

I glanced at my watch. The time was a quarter to ten. Once my decision was taken, I could have wished that the time was a quarter to four.

I had already determined that no one must know what had happened till after the "Count" had fled; and now I perceived that all I had to do was to leave a note for the Duchess, to be delivered as soon as my victim was gone.

I entered my room, to find Winter, suitcase in hand.

"Leave the packing for the moment," I said. "I'll tell you when to begin. I want you to send off a wire."

I sat down and wrote it out—addressed to myself.

"Turn out the Rolls and take this to Gabble at once. And on the way back you might get rid of that suit."

"Very good, sir. Excuse me—you know Mr. Virgil's not here."

"So I've heard," said I. "I rather imagine he's gone while the going is good."

"That's what they're saying downstairs, sir. I can hardly believe it myself, but they've got the idea in their heads he won't come back. 'Rats leavin' a sinkin' ship,' is what one of them said. An' when I asked what he meant, 'You wait an' see,' he says. 'Er Grace ain't here for nothing—not after last night.'"

"That's the style," said I. "And now you get off with that wire."

"Very good, sir. And breakfast is served—in the morning-room. It's been ready since half-past nine. Mr. Herrick's gone down."

Old Harry looked round.

"And now——" she said, grimly enough.

Luncheon was over and coffee had been served in her suite. For the first time for fifteen hours, Caroline, Herrick and I were alone with the Duchess of Whelp.

She was plainly out of humor, and I had an uneasy feeling that she knew more than I was prepared to tell.

My lady took a deep breath.

"Last night an attempt was made to put me to death. My maid admitted my cousin into my suite. Richard came to my help—and walked into a trap. But by his wit and his courage he saved us both. That is why my cousin and Elsa have disappeared."

Herrick's face was a study, but the Duchess of Whelp merely nodded and then picked up her cup and drank what coffee was left. As she set it down:

"That's more like it," she said. "I mean, that is credible. I knew your life was in danger, yet what could I do—except trust in Richard Exon? Courage and wit be damned—I'll lay his instinct saved you, and nothing else." She turned upon me. "Did you take my advice this time? Or did your better judgment impel you to spare his life?"

"Madam," said I, "he is dead."

HERRICK was full of surprise. "I am given to understand that, while I slept last night, certain action took place. Men came and went in — in violence; and, unless my ears have betrayed me, one will return no more. Very well. Out of that soul-shaking fact two burning questions arise—to pierce the scum now floating upon my brain. I mean, I'm no 'Scourge of God,' but I am a practical man——"

"Go on," said Old Harry, twinkling.

"Well, the first is this. I hardly like to ask after Elsa's health, but ——"

"I believe it to be excellent," said I.

"I'm much obliged," said Herrick. "And that brings me direct to the second. Virgil has been bumped off. Was Elsa in on that deal?"

"No, she wasn't," said I.

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"I wish I were going with you," said Caroline. "I shan't know a moment's rest till I see you again."

Seeking

He goes out seeking happiness,
And seeking wants to find
A peace to fill his lonely heart
And comfort for his mind.

I almost think he hopes to see them,
Labelled, on a shelf;
He does not know they lie asleep,
Within himself.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

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TAKE ME to PARIS

By URSULA BLOOM



Taking a plane from London to Paris was an everyday job for Bill . . . but this trip was different from all the rest.

Illustrated by FISCHER

JUST as she peeled the last potato, Mary heard the whirr of the aeroplane overhead. She thought to herself, "That's Bill. Bill going across to France, grown from a baby in a cot by the fire to a man of the world," and she felt intensely proud.

She pushed the potatoes into the saucepan and lit the gas. It was a long time since she had had much to do outside this little house. She had grown into a groove, she supposed. Marrying young, her babies had come quickly, and there had been the routine of settling down in this little house near the aerodrome, of mending, dusting, and darning. Setting meals. Getting meals. Clearing away meals. Now, she supposed, they looked on her as being an old woman, when she really wasn't old, and perhaps sometimes she would have given a lot for a peep into the world which lay beyond the gate.

Her husband had died some time ago now. Ethel was growing up and in an office. Timmy went to work at the electrical engineering firm, and his articles would be through in another couple of years. Bill (she dared never admit out loud that he was her pet) Bill had done splendidly. He had become a pilot.

"Must be rather lovely," she thought, as she busied herself about, "spinning through the clouds and seeing all the things that I shall never see."

It isn't much good wanting to see the world when it has already passed you by, and you are in a rut. She realised that. She got through with the dinner, which meant that Timmy and Ethel came racing in. Bill would not be back until to-night.

They scampered through the meal. There was never much time to spare at dinner, for everything had to be hurried. It was the evenings when they had leisure, and this evening there would be roast potatoes. Bill would be home and he adored roast potatoes. He scented them the moment he came into the little house.

"It's a 'treat' night, Mum," said he.

She nodded.

"Thought maybe you could do with a potato in its pyjamas," and she laughed.

Bill held out a little envelope and came closer. "I thought maybe you could do with a little bit of a treat yourself."

"Bill, what have you got there? Cinema tickets?"

"Something better than a cinema. How would you like to come with me, joy-riding? Taking you over to Paris in the morning, Mother. Taking you over to see the chappies who eat snails."

The others crowded round. "What would Mother do up in an aeroplane? She wouldn't like it a bit."

"Well," said he, and he put a loving arm round her, "she's coming up with me to-morrow. Up above the clouds so high. I've wangled a ticket for her. It is high time Mother had a treat."

She could not believe her eyes. Bill had brought her to the aerodrome in his two-seater. A light fog lay along the ground. "Hope it isn't going to be too difficult," said he.

"You're fussy, because you have got me with you," and she laughed.

"Who wouldn't be fussy with the most precious woman in the world with him?"

She could not believe that she was actually climbing a little ladder and taking a seat in the plane. She had not thought it would be so luxurious. She glanced nervously at the other people.

There was the woman sitting in the corner, youngish, well-dressed, but frowning. She was thinking of something remote and difficult. That morning Esther James had left home and husband because, as she would have told the world, "she couldn't stick it any longer." She was setting out on a big adventure, but now that she was actually here she wasn't quite sure of herself. Only she couldn't go back. Nothing in the world would persuade her to go back.

A young man got in. He was nervous and panicky. He hadn't thought the firm would buzz him off to a job in Paris. It meant promotion, of course, but somehow he didn't fancy a foreign city where he knew nobody. His mother had kissed him good-bye. He had tried to be cheerful because he did not want to worry her, but it was lonely work setting out for Paris, and now he admitted to himself that he was worried.

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"I'll carry her," he said, and picked her up and went striding across to the French farmhouse.

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THE Young LION

Another gripping Savaran adventure in which his wits are pitted against another white man.



MBOTU the Toad was a great trader in saffron and ghee and secret financier of ivory smugglers and slavers. Looking from the window of his house, Savaran thought there was something breathtaking in the beauty of those ships at anchor—a beauty which did not apply to their calling. Savaran had come to take big projects to this negro Rothschild—of an expedition daring enough to take the breath away.

"Why are there qualms in thy belly, O Toad? Do you doubt Savaran's power over the Gran Fess?"

"Who dare question the might of Fumu-Boula ('The Whip of Kings)," muttered Mbotu, but he scratched his expansive nose with a dubious finger all the same.

"You wear the air of one regretting his bargain, O Money Grubber," said Savaran. "Why? Am I not Savaran? Are not the Gran Fess ready to respond to my call, spear and shield? Wherefore fear?" He frowned. "Do you doubt my having my way with the Kola Ambar?"

"Ambar of the Gran Fess is doubly fickle," said Mbotu. "She is queen as well as woman. She is reputed wayward in her fancies. Three times already she hath cried: 'I divorce thee,' and five other husbands knew legal separation by the sword."

"And those, knowing Savaran, think he might fail her fancy?" There was a dangerous gleam in the fierce gipsy face, for here was a touch on the raw for vanity.

"Nay! Nay!" cried Mbotu anxiously. "All Africa knows that Zavarani is irresistible in women as well as war."

"Also the world," corrected Savaran with a flash of strong white teeth. "Why, then, does Mbotu hold back when Savaran offers him Gran Fess ivory and easy gold?"

Mbotu squirmed uneasily. He knew that though the Gran Fess were as yet unaware that their gold and ivory belonged to Savaran, this war-maker's word was as good as a banker's draft—or would be once he reached the Gran Fess. That was the difficulty. Would even Savaran be able to reach the land he meant to master? Afraid to say this direct Mbotu fell back on native illusiveness.

"LAST night, O Power Over Nations, I had a dream that was no good dream," he said. "I stood outside this town, on the trail that leads to Bemoy City, and I heard a bird calling. And I looked up. And lo! I saw thee, Zavarani, striding towards Bemoy City, and the bird was fluttering against your face, crying: 'Let! Let! (Back! Back!).' And I woke fearing, for the bird was the Fin bird."

Savaran's bright eyes studied the sullen man. He knew that the Fin bird was a figure of ill-omen, presaging disaster, but also, being wise in Africa, he knew that Mbotu had dreamed no such dream but was merely inventing an excuse for not supplying the funds and carriers necessary to carry him to the Gran Fess.

"I see behind your dream," he said grimly. "Let it be spoken in plain words what Savaran has to fear in Bemoy."

"Danger!" mumbled the negro, cringing before the iron in Savaran's voice. "Great danger!"

"Danger is my wine," said Savaran in his large way. "And why more for me in Bemoy than in every other yard of Africa?"

"In Bemoy," croaked Mbotu, "is a white lion who lives only for the hour when he takes thee in chains to his king."

"A white man!" frowned Savaran. "What sort—Manjago? Manwee-wee?"

The independent Sultanate of Bemoy was administered and policed by Portuguese and French.

"Inglis!" Mbotu spoke as though uttering the word of doom.

"An Englishman!" snapped Savaran. "What does an Englishman in Bemoy?"

"That is thy peril, Zavarani," said Mbotu suddenly eloquent with urgency. "He is there solely to catch thee. He is a Government man, a soldier in his own land, the Malaria Coast, with many police under him and rulership over many miles and many men. Yet, all these things he has cast aside that he may put a string about thy neck and lead thee to prison."

Even Savaran was taken aback. The English hunted him while he was within their borders—what nation in Africa did not?—but to come after him outside their own sphere of influence, that was unusual.

"So, he finds Savaran bigger game than hunting the lion—he is not the first."

"But he is not as the others," said Mbotu solemnly. "He does this for a woman."

"A woman! A woman has set him on to Savaran?" snapped the spider-lean man, wondering which of many it might be.

"Yallah! It is more than just a woman," said the negro. "It is she whom he wills to marry. He desires thee as the young warrior desires the ostrich feather of the man-slayer, as a wedding offering. Wa! Listen—every night he takes her picture from his bosom and swears on it to take thee. His servants have spoken of this."

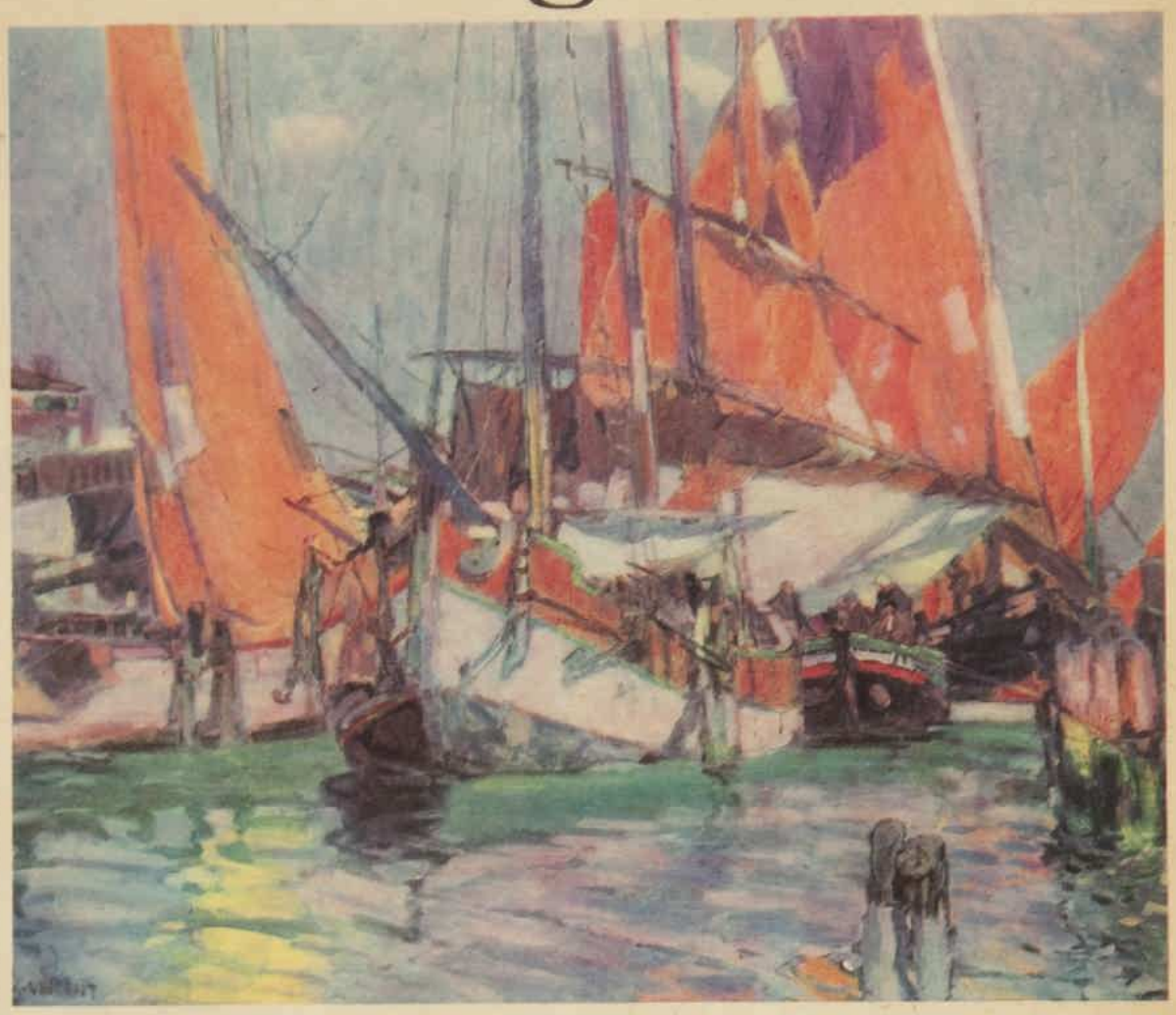
"He is young!" frowned Savaran beginning to see.

"So young that only down shines on his cheeks," nodded Mbotu. "Also he is beautiful to look on, having hair of gold and kingly features. Also he is a very new soldier who rails against the old men who stand between him and honor, crying: 'I shall be bent and without sap before I have place and possessions enough to marry this woman, therefore I must pull down glory with my own two hands.'"

Savaran could not refrain from being Savaran.

"A boy of wisdom," he said largely. "He sees that he who takes Savaran is a made man. And you think that Savaran, the breaker of chieftains, must tremble because a love-sick boy hopes to use him as a short cut to promotion?"

"We have a proverb," said Mbotu. "It is: 'Sooner fight the elephant with bare hands than, armed with guns, cross the path of the young lion who hunts the first meat for his mate.'"



Savaran thought there was something breathtaking in the beauty of those ships at anchor—a beauty which did not apply to their calling.

By . . .

DOUGLAS NEWTON

"Savaran will make you a better," said the lean man fiercely. "What old lion fears the milk teeth of a cub?"

"But this youth, Steffi, hath teeth," protested Mbotu. "He hath the training of a soldier; he knows the ways of Africa—and he has money! See, O Zavarani, he is wise. He buys fighting askari from Za Siah of Bemoy, one hundred and twenty of them. Rifles he buys and ammunition, also carriers with skoff for a long trail. And more! He sits daily with Ntila, The Jackal, tempting him dollar by dollar to forget his fears and help in the hunt for thee."

Savaran's eagle face took on that laughing ferocity that was his when he faced real danger. No doubt of its reality. Ntila was the cleverest and wickedest bush tracker in North-West Africa. It said much for the capacity and determination of this young Englishman that he had nosed out such an expert and had stuck to his persuasion in spite of Ntila's quite natural fears of Savaran.

For a moment even Savaran knew unease.

He stared reflectively at Mbotu. He asked: "Has he won Ntila?"

"Not yet," admitted the negro. "But already the dazzle of gold gets between Ntila and his fear. You see——"

"I see," cried Savaran rising to his thin, fierce height. "That I need look no more to a dream-fearing black pedlar for what I desire."

"You give up this Gran Fess venture?"

"I! Savaran give up a triumph! And for a love whimsy," mocked the lean man. "Am I a woman?"

"But I will not——" blurted Mbotu cringing under the fierce eyes as all black skins must.

"Yallah! Certainly thou wilt not. Thou canst sit and shiver while Savaran shows thee how little he fears this terrible love."

"Thou wilt go forward?" gasped Mbotu abruptly sore for lost ivory and gold.

"Savaran goes forward as Savaran will. For Savaran sees his way. And a better than thine, fat slug, for it is a way that will cost me not a tikky, or an anxiety."

"Wa joga! There can be no such way with this young Steffi out to catch thee," cried Mbotu.

"There is the best way of all. I will march with this Steffi himself to the Gran Fess."

"March with Steffi himself! But he hunts thee!"

"We will hunt me together," grinned Savaran. "Hunt me like coupled hounds on one scent. And that scent will carry us into the Gran Fess land. It will be a hunting worthy of Savaran."

"Wa! Have fear Zavarani," cried Mbotu. "Where there is love——"

"Savaran is master of love," said the lean man largely, "as well as kings, arms and other things."

REX SEFTON clutched at the American, Lee Washington, as a drowning man grabs at a life line in a stormy sea.

Rex Sefton, one of those gilt-fair, Viking-built, thrusting youngsters, was having his bad moment. Arriving at Bemoy City heady with the optimism of youth he had abruptly been pancaked flat by one of those collapses of plan youth rarely foresees.

From the moment when he had realised that a subaltern's job in the Malaria Coast police was no high road to swift advancement and quick marriage, he had seen that his only hope for both lay in gaining renown by some big and dramatic coup. To take Savaran single-handed was quite obviously the largest item on the honors schedule.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene



SALOMES *of the* SEA

THE quaint idea of Neptune capturing a batch of bathing beauties and turning them into "Salomes of the Sea" was featured recently in an advertisement by an English firm, and our artist, Rene, liked it so much she decided to give her version of this unhistoric bit of marine life.

Party frocks featured by her nymphs for the gay occasion include a shiny white two-way stretch, with a fantasia of royal-purple embroidery motifs—yachts, anchors, and birds.

Looking very demure is the next merrymaker. Her air of extreme reserve is piquantly contrasted by the gaiety of her fuchsia-red jersey, with its side-split skirt (from laughing, they tell me).

Then there's the blue-clad one, who likes to keep her individuality even when she's submerged ten thousand fathoms deep. So she got her bayadere print in monogram stripes, and should the water go to her head she can check up on the B.M.Y., which gives the clue to her identity. So comforting to know you really are someone, even in a mixed bathing party.

Lastly, the Scot of the party, who cannily demands the maximum of cover with the minimum of waste (or waist). So she chose plaid.

And after the party they can all swim home in comfort.

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FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

Evening Frocks from famous London Salons

—Air Mail photos.









●ABOVE: Showing the new feeling for accordion pleating, this beautiful black evening dress from Norman Hartnell features a skirt which is made with seven different sizes of taffeta ribbon and tulle. Bodice of black taffeta, and large white decollete posy.

● TOP RIGHT: Violet Yorke, London dress designer, named this charming evening gown "Festival." It is a printed silk sheer, prettily patterned in gay colors, the colorings being repeated in the waist posy. It has a high waistline and very full sleeves.

● LOWER RIGHT: Reville evening gown of jet-spotted lace with a spray of flowers in bright colorings at the decolletage.

● RIGHT: Paquin black dress with the low neck that is seen right through his collections, and contrasting back fullness set in a crescent at the hips.

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The Fashion Parade sketched by Petrov

ADVICE *on* DRESSING DAUGHTERS

By ALISON SETTLE, Fashion Consultant to the Chief Fashion Firms of Great Britain.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

AFTER twelve a girl should be allowed to plan her own wardrobe and should know the cost of each article.

She should be encouraged to plan it as a united whole twice a year, going over what she possesses to see what will last on and what must be discarded, to watch the color scheme and plan a suitable whole

Let the girl have her head wherever she can even if at times she buys horrors which appal the mother. It may well be that some of our choices appal our young! There is a host of resentful young things about who think that mother is cramping their style. Well, isn't she? Is the child wrong?

True that there is on the girl's side inevitably a desire to wear too grown-up clothes, but there is just as hot an impulse on the mother's side to "keep the child young." Does she want to be kept young? No. Well, then, have you the right to do it?

There is all too much peterpannery in the nation with this passion for calling young women "this poor child" when they come to disaster in the courts, stressing the youth of the achievements of the famous when they themselves no longer feel young

Let there be fair play for the younger generation; let them have their heads to the greatest extent possible. And use their growing-up years so that they will not, repressed, have too great a love for finery later on nor too poor a dress sense so that their sense of beauty and line may be spoiled by repressing them too long.

Even if they make mistakes, is it not for ourselves that we mothers are anxious, because their mistakes of taste may be laid to our doors?

Of course, if the mother has no dress sense herself then one of two things happens: either the girl grows up dowdy and colorless or else she acquires an excessive love of what she failed to see in her mother

A definite color scheme through every season is the first thing on which a girl should ponder. A definite plan of clothes suitable to the kind of life she leads is the second.

Problem of Hats

ONE of the great difficulties about the dressing of the young girls is that most of their parents' money goes on the school uniform and that school holidays, though they may seem long, are in reality brief and the child growing at such a rate that next year at that period the little girl is more of a bigger girl and has outgrown her clothes.

So that unless there is a large family of girls, the tendency is to economise where it can be done.

Hats are a problem. I have yet to see the ideal girl's hat. Even the greatest of the children's outfitters fail here. But then, if that is any comfort, which I doubt, one may remember that for women as well this is a great problem.

The children's problem should be easier, for the fashions of the young are not the changing-month-by-month affair of grown-ups, and since our genius is for a certain simplicity and breeding in clothes line it might well follow that we achieved it in hat-line for little and young girls.

I have always thought that it was probably not a personal idiosyncrasy of their parents that the young Princesses went without hats but, judging by the hats they wore after various protests had been made as to the effect of this on the hat trade, they were unable to find hats as strictly good as were their coats—hats of a clean-cut simplicity.

Shoes there are in plenty and at any price level, high or low alike, which show breeding in line and in the absence of all fussy detail.

MOTHER *and* DAUGHTER *Dressed* ALIKE!

Line and Trimming are the same, but color scheme is reversed.



● At Left: THE MOTHER is wearing an evening gown of brown organza carrying many yards of brown lace edging and a long trailing sash of pale pink.

● THE DAUGHTER wears a party frock of pale yellow organza sashed with deep blue.

● Below: BEACH OUTFITS of slacks and jumpers in pale blue and dubonnet.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING *Stockings*

Hem-lines go gaily upwards. Silken-clad legs emerge from their retirement of the past few seasons. Thus, stockings assume a greater importance than they have for years. And, because stockings are really important, Lustre should be chosen. So lovely — so shapely — so sheer. Also — it is almost needless to add — so serviceable.

DUBLOOM 7/11 SHEER

Lustre HOSIERY • LINGERIE

Hosiery Prices — from 7/11 to 4/11

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 2, 1937.

IT'S OUR WORLD—WEATHER PERMITTING!



THE change of seasons is a pestiferous period, isn't it?

It makes one realise what a big part the weather plays in our lives—even the most sheltered and civilised lives.

Just now, for instance, millions of people all over Australia are waking up every night to throw off superfluous blankets or pile them on again, according to the vagaries of the temperature.

Housewives are spending millions of pounds restocking their own and their children's wardrobes.

Furriers are creeping away into corners for their summer sleep and swim-suit makers are bursting forth into life along with the flowers of spring.

Employment curves are playing crazy games—down to bedrock for the fuel industry, up to the tops for the ice and refrigeration trades. Change-over in sports goods departments; furious activity in nurseries and seed shops.

Not only at the change of seasons, but all the year round, weather is more important than we realise.

To country people, of course, the weather means not only profit or loss, but sometimes fortune or ruin.

But what about the thousands of employees and the millions of capital in the industries devoted to handling primary produce? All these are affected, too.

Then there's the weather business itself. The average citizen thinks of weather forecasting in a more or less flippant way, but actually it is an amazingly scientific and a remarkably successful job.

Weather men all over the world are in constant communication, charting weather to the last detail, saving many times their cost by drought, flood, and hurricane warnings.

No wonder everyone talks about the weather. It's big news!

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS of VIEW

Smart Coiffures

"AUSTRALIAN women are 'hair conscious,' and the rest of the world can teach them very little about coiffure."

So says M. Rene Henri, French beauty specialist, on his arrival in this country.

It's a refreshing viewpoint, and all the more welcome coming from a man who has visited 29 countries and 62 cities in search of hair-dressing ideas.

After the Crash

WRITES Jimmy Mollison, self-styled "Playboy of the Air": "As a flying companion I would still choose Amy, but unfortunately the woman you would pick for a dangerous enterprise is not always the one you can get along with afterwards."

There are plenty of people, however, who still regard marriage as dangerous enterprise.

Swing It, Sister!

JOYCE BARRY, on a cycling record effort between Melbourne and Sydney, decided the way to keep awake and lively through the long hours was to be followed by a van amplifying swing music.

There are those of us, of course, who, if pursued by such a van, would break all records trying to get away from it.

Joyce, however, has the right idea about this modern music. It isn't meant for the mind, or even for the emotions. It's just meant for the feet.

The Old Dart

A PAIR celebrating their diamond jubilee told modern Australians something the other day.

"There should be just as many happy marriages nowadays as in our youth," they said. "Why? Because you can't change love."

Of course you can't!

Fanatics have exorcised it as an evil spirit, philosophers have proved it an illusion, psychoanalysts have traced it to subconscious fixations, and behaviourists have demonstrated that it is purely a mechanical reaction.

But—there it is!

The Greeks said it was caused by Cupid's darts piercing two hearts at the same instant, and their guess is still as good as D. H. Lawrence's.

Comfort for Mother

AMONG the proposals submitted to Mr. Lyons for national maternal welfare work is a child insurance scheme to make it certain that every mother will have enough money to take care of herself and child both before and after birth.

A pat on the back for that idea. We already do a lot for the mother's physical well-being; this will do more than anything else for her mental comfort.

LYRIC OF LIFE

NEW MOON

The moon is a curved bow, arrowless and far,
Fastened against the velvet tunic of the night,
Gleaming among the jewels of star and star,
A slender bow, a silver bow, bending with light.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Another Bouquet

AUSTRALIAN women, says Sir Richard Terry, visiting British musician, are "gorgeous creatures — clear-eyed, robust, frank and joyous."

Come to think of it, almost every important visitor says something the same. J. C. Furnas, the American publicist, tore hunks out of some Australian institutions, but he called us, my dears, "as well-dressed as New Yorkers and 25 per cent. prettier."

We'll begin to get ideas about ourselves. Or is it just that we shine in contrast to our men, who, darlings though they are, don't pay nearly the attention we do to—

Clothes, grooming, manners, background, accent.

None of those things is fundamental, of course, but how much more civilised life is with them than without.



MRS. J. S. BLADIN holding a stuffed baby seal which was presented to her before she left Newfoundland. A pure white seal is very rare—they are usually a pale grey. See article, column 4.—Dorothy Coleman.

The Big Job

UNIVERSITY lectures on sex, love, and marriage are proving immensely popular; political lectures, on the other hand, draw crowds of five and six!

Still, that's all right. Five or six good minds can easily govern a country, but it takes thousands to populate it.

Pen Money

THE announcement that Sir James Barrie's estate has been submitted for probate at £173,467 draws attention to the fact that there are fortunes in good writing as well as best sellers.

Rudyard Kipling left a huge estate; Arnold Bennett earned a minimum of £10,000 a year for half a century; Bernard Shaw is reputed to be worth half a million pounds.

A. J. Cronin made £10,000 in the first three months following the publication of "The Citadel." This was from royalties and translation rights alone.

In literature there aren't any "mute inglorious Miltons" any more. Almost invariably genius reaps its material reward and competence in the writing game is also well paid for.

Humble Lives of Women in Newfoundland

Women's self-sacrifice down the ages has been a theme for artists, poets and ballad writers, but what nation to-day is best noted for the national spirit of self-sacrifice amongst its women?

NEWFOUNDLAND women are nominated for the honor by Mrs. J. S. Bladin, who, during 32 years with the Salvation Army, has visited many parts of the world.

Her husband, Colonel Bladin, is second-in-command of the Salvation Army in Queensland and New South Wales.

"I have never seen women capable of such self-sacrifice as the wives of the fishermen in Newfoundland," Mrs. Bladin told The Australian Women's Weekly when she was recently in Brisbane.

"Many of these women who live at outport villages are isolated for eight months of the year—during the period the winter lasts.

"Ice and snow lock them away from the world.

"Even the sea in the little bay is frozen over and sometimes their only means of locomotion is by dog sleighs.

"While their husbands are away fishing—when the thaw sets in at the beginning of the summer—the women stay at home and work very hard. They have to do all sorts of jobs about the house.

"I have seen a woman in overalls on top of the roof or her house painting it.

"They are also very handy and clever with their hands. Every woman in Newfoundland can knit and sew.

"Some have their own sheep which they shear themselves, then weave the wool into cloth, and perhaps the finished article is made into a suit for a little boy."

No Luxuries

ASKED what luxuries or pleasures the women have, Mrs. Bladin smiled and shook her head. "Luxuries? Pleasures? They do not know the meaning of the words, or if they do they have never been able to put them to use.

"The wife hardly ever sees any money because the fish that is brought home is exchanged with the local storekeeper for provisions for the long, dreary winter.

"Their kindness to one another is most touching," said Mrs. Bladin.

"Very often a mother will bring up a big family of her own under great difficulties and with very little money.

"Yet, when a fishing launch has been lost at sea, and the breadwinners of perhaps five families lost with it, the other women of the village will help these mothers with the responsibilities of a family by taking a child each.

"Many women have brought up four other children of different families, besides rearing a large family of their own.

"These poor women do not ever have, or even expect, holidays.

"Sometimes a mother will live all her life in her little village. However, those who are fortunate enough to go over to England to be educated do make good. Their upbringing seems to give them an adventurous and self-reliant spirit.

Heroic Nurses

MRS. BLADIN admires the work done by the Nonia—Newfoundland Outport Nursing Industrial Association.

A nurse is stationed at a fishing village and is responsible for several villages. She is frequently compelled to face blizzards and risks her life in her devotion to her duty.

Very often she is called out in a snowstorm and has to travel by dog sleighs. The Governor's wife takes a personal interest in the Nonia nurses, and much of the handiwork done by the wives of the fishermen, including woollen rugs, tweed garments and knitted, are sold to augment the funds of the association.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *By WEP*



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L. W. LOWER Quakes At NEW ZEALAND



L. W. Lower amuses the local inhabitants with a little whitebait fishing.

But He Knows How to Make Toheroa Soup and Grill Maori Hakas

It is years since I was in New Zealand, but I still remember the Maori hakas we used to grill over the open fire. A strange bird, the haka. It has no wings and they make boot polish out of it.

New Zealand is the place for hot springs. As a matter of fact, if a New Zealander saw an ordinary cold spring he'd wonder what the devil was wrong with it.

By L.W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

THEN there's the business of getting lost in the snow or caught in a blizzard or falling down a crevasse, dogs and all, and slowly starving to death, eating leather thongs from the sled harness. Hunger sets in and you are rescued by natives and led to a pah and given poi to drink. Poi is short for poison.

Or you can get lost in some of the most glorious forests on this side of the world. (I got that last bit out of a pamphlet, so you can take it for what it's worth.) In short, you can go to New Zealand and consider yourself lucky to get out of it again in one piece.

Of course, New Zealanders know all this, but there are a lot of people in Australia who think that New Zealand is a place full of mad footballers who do war dances on football grounds and then proceed to clean up the opposition. Either that or else the place is full of Maoris with road maps tattooed all over their faces.

Earthquakes are another great tourist attraction. It makes life much more interesting to know that at any minute a large fissure may open under your feet and you will never be seen again. Wonderful, the powers of Nature.

In Australia the Water Board or the City Council do the same kind of thing, only not quite so suddenly. They just put up a lot of trestles and lamps and tool-boxes and air compressors and things and then they go away and you have to walk around the lot for weeks until one morning you find a hole in the road. But still you've had fair warning. None of your earthquake tactics in our town.

Zane Grey said that New Zealand whitebait put up the gamest struggle of any whitebait he has ever fished for.

Real Soup

AND the toheroas! Very few people know how to make toheroa soup properly, and perhaps it might be as well to give you some idea how to go about it.

Take the toheroa and remove the pelt with a sharp knife. Gouge its eyes out and bone it. It should then be left to soak in salty water for a couple of weeks. Remove from water and wring out thoroughly.

Have a good look at it, and if you still want to have anything more to do with it, shred it lightly, place it in a pot and cover with stock. Simmer gently for two hours.

Strain the toheroa out of it—it can always be used again—and what's left is soup.

It is best when serving it to explain it. Say, "That's soup." If you say it loud enough they'll very likely believe you. Some people put a little office paste in it to thicken it up, but I think it spoils the flavor. I prefer the paste on its own.

For years I have admired the delightful Maori custom of exchanging greetings by rubbing noses. You've got both hands free, I gather, and you're close enough up to go through the other fellow's vest pockets if you're speedy enough.

And poor Pelorus Jack! I've been wondering how the ships find their way about Cook Strait since some hound bounced a bullet off his bean. It was a pretty pelorus job (All right! I withdraw and apologise).

"I've never seen a pelorus,
It's a disappointment for us,
So let's join in the chorus,
"Alas for poor old Jack!"

No, I don't like it much either. Still, you're lucky I didn't start something about the Rotoruan, who was on the road to ruin. That would have been much worse.

New Zealand is a great country, but it could do with a few improvements.

For instance, if it was flattened out there'd be more of it. There are far too many mountains in the place.

Another thing! It's the wrong shape. I learnt this very early in life. When I was going to school, as a matter of fact. I could never get New Zealand to look anything like my maps of it. It might have been that I had a crook atlas. I did try to blame it on to the earthquakes, but the teacher didn't seem to think that they could make that much difference.

Apart from these slight matters I have nothing against New Zealand that I can think of at the moment. I may think of something later when it's too late. I usually do.

Good poi. Be kind to your pah and mah.

How did she get her LOVELY FIGURE

HER problem was how to get rid of Winter fat and without taking risks with her health. She was delighted when she found that Bile Beans safely and surely removed surplus fat (which was spoiling her looks and figure) and made her attractively slim, without dieting or fatiguing exercises.

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Sheerest white is made up of seven colours — the seven colours of the rainbow. One of these colours is blue. *There's no true white without blue.* White things in the wash that have lost their sparkle and gone a yellowish grey need Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water. With nature's own colour-magic (and with never a hint of harm) Reckitt's Blue will give them a whiteness that makes you proud!



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

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RAINPROOF
12° COOLER THAN ANY OTHER HAT!

THIS summer . . . for street wear, work, or sport . . . all Australia will wear Hawley Troppers . . . the coolest and most comfortable hat under the sun . . . the one hat which really suits every man, woman, and child. It is *fashionable* to wear a Tropper . . . and *sensible*.

SUNPROOF as well as RAINPROOF. Feather-weight, yet made to withstand hardest wear. Shades eyes, protects neck. Cool and becoming on the street. The right summer hat for every purpose.

All leading stores sell the Hawley Tropper. One size for men, one for women, and one for children. The head band is adjustable to conform to any head size or shape. Prices from 2/6 to 15/-.



The perfect hat for your boy or girl. Strong — yet light. Smart — sensible — healthy. Ideal for school or holiday wear as long as it is a GENUINE Hawley Tropper — refuse all substitutes.

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TAKE ME *to* PARIS

Continued from Page 7

THAT was when the girl Sheila got in. She got in complacently, and settled herself down by Mary.

"This is grand," she said. She noticed that Mary smiled, and because she had to tell somebody, she began to babble. "I've got a job in Paris. I've wanted it oh, so much, and now I'm going to make a big success of it. I'm lucky."

She could not possibly explain the tremendous thrill it had been, after working for three years in the big dressmaking firm, to be told that she was going with the buyer to Paris. She would see it from the French angle. Learn the trade there. It wasn't an opportunity which came to everybody.

"Won't your mother miss you?" asked Mary.

"Everybody has to grow up, don't they? Even little birds leave the nest. It's Nature."

Mary smiled. There are some natural things in life which had always struck her as being most unnatural, but she knew that the little girl was happy. That was something.

An older couple were climbing in. She watched them. Mr. and Mrs. Carter had always made up their minds that they would take this holiday when the time came. A second honeymoon. A trip to Paris, when the children had started in life, a trip to widen their minds, and make them young again. She was a trifle nervous of the plane, but he had insisted that one must be modern.

Sheila was still chattering; she glanced across at the boy who was homesick. "Got a job in Paris, too?"

He nodded. "I'll be homesick because I'm the homesick kind. It's promotion and I'm lucky and all that, but I'm worried."

Sheila laughed. "You'll soon get over that. Lots of things to see. People. Places. It'll be fun," and she hugged her knees delightedly.

Last thing of all a girl climbed limply into the machine. She almost collapsed into a little heap in the last seat. As she did so Mary's eyes met those of Mrs. Carter. There was something about this girl, tragic, strained, with a hunted look in her eyes and the little ungloved hand with a ring on it.

No one here would know, Clare was telling herself. It had all been a most dreadful nightmare patch in her life, and how could she associate it with the sweetness of that evening when she and Gerald had sat together on the heather loveliness of Hindhead? Afterwards the uncertainty and his assurance, "Of course I'll marry you. We'll fix it at once. Don't worry. It's going to be all right." She had held on to her job, while he made arrangements. Winter had come; the car had skidded, and there had been that little notice from the hospital. She couldn't grasp that Gerald was dead, because her own dilemma was so dreadful. She couldn't let her people know. Realising that something would have to be done, she had taken all her savings to come to France. In France you could get babies adopted; it was easier, so people had once said, and clinging to that faint hope, she had told her people that her job was transferred there, and had come away. She needed courage, and courage seemed to be slipping from her.

THERE came the sound of the propeller whirring.

Mary had always wondered what the sensation would be like, and she peered out. Wreaths of fog hid the land, she was conscious of movement apart from the earth. She was on an adventure. Going to see "the chappies who eat snails," as Bill had said.

The aeroplane bumped a little, and she clung nervously to the side of the chair. It wasn't nervousness for herself, it was for Bill. How could he see ahead through those grey mists of clouds? How did he know what was happening? He had always been so interested in machinery, and clever with it, too.

Cloud passed the window, and far below them lay the sea. They must be crossing the Channel by now, and the oldish couple were telling one another about it, she could not help but hear them.

Kink, konk went the engine, and the plane bumped a little.

Surely, she told herself, there could not be anything wrong? The idea of an accident was unthinkable. A piece of paper with a message on it was being passed along the carriage. The woman in the corner read it and handed it to Sheila. "Oh, my," babbled she and handed it to her new-found friend, the homesick young man. He read it and grinned. "Looks like adventure," said he.

When Mary got it, she read the words:

"Fog getting thicker. May have to land. No need for alarm."

She was in that mood which did not care very much what happened, and as the homesick young man had said to the girl, it was all adventure. Something different from the kitchen at home, with the blue check curtains, and the shiny aluminium saucepans hanging each in its place.

At that very moment there came a sound from the corner of the aeroplane, a little whimper of pain, and she saw it was Clare. Mary did not know why she got up and went to her side, but somehow she could not stop herself. She found it difficult walking, just like a ship at sea, swaying this way and that, but she reached the empty seat alongside the girl.

"You poor dear, tell me about it? Feeling sick?" And somehow she knew that this might have been one of her children.

There was the monotonous droning of the engine, and the rushing through the sky, with the heavy zooming as a background, while the girl told her story. Clare's was the age-old story. The night on Hindhead sweet and lovely, and the realisation later of something which had become bigger than anything else in her life. Then their decision to marry, to marry secretly and go home and tell her people that it had taken place some time before. Her panic eased. The car accident and the knowledge that she was now more dreadfully alone than any other person had ever been before, or that was how she felt about it.

THE aeroplane was sinking. They were making the landing that had been prophesied on the slip of paper. And, Mary told herself, this was not the time to land, not with the girl like this. Her eyes met those of Mrs. Carter, who was starting off on her second honeymoon with her husband. There was apprehension in them. They were flying signals of distress which Mrs. Carter understood, and she got up quite quietly, and leaving her husband came to their end of the plane.

"Can't I help? It is all right, my dear, you are among friends here."

The plane was running jerkily along the ground, they could feel it bumping beneath them. There was a clearness here, for the fog seemed to have lifted a little, and they could see a tree or two. There came silence, and the zooming sound had gone. The engine was at a standstill and the mechanic was at the door.

"It is all right, folks. Too dense a fog up there to go on. There is a farmhouse here, somewhere, where they'll take us in till we can phone for information. I'm just trotting along to make arrangements. Sit tight, won't you?"

Sheila started babbling to the homesick young man. To her it was all adventure. "This is going to be fun. Aren't you glad you came?"

"No. I don't know a soul in Paris, and I'm scared."

"Don't know a soul? That's all my eye. I don't know a soul, either, but I'll jolly well see that I enjoy myself. I've always wanted to see Paris and I guess this is going to be good fun."

He grinned sheepishly. She wasn't a bad-looker, he was telling himself, and wondered if he could suggest that maybe they'd meet in Paris. She had go. She had push. She'd get about and see the place while he was hampered by homesickness.

Mr. Carter was glancing nervously behind him, conscious that something was afoot, and he did not quite know what. His wife and that sweet-looking woman with the girl in the corner. Funny, that. He glanced across at Esther James. "Looks as though we were going to be stuck here some time?"

"Yes." So aggravating if we do," she

Turn to Page 16

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"That young lawyer says I'm the prettiest girl in the house—is that true?"
"How do we know—we didn't hear him say it!"



LODGER: Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather lately?
LANDLADY: Yes, your bill, Mr. Smith.

MOPSY—the Cheery Redhead



"Operator—I want to change this phone for one that rings more often!"



DOCTOR (examining patient's shins): H'm, do you play hockey?
PATIENT: No, bridge.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

STAGE PRODUCER: My dear chap, that won't do at all. You must look into her face anxiously.

Actor: All right. I'll try again.

Stage Producer: That's right. Try to imagine you're in a taxi watching the face of the meter.

NEW SERVANT: I've cooked the dinner, what do you want me to do next?

Mistress: Pack!

DINER: There's something wrong with these sausages.

Waiter: Well, don't tell it to me. I'm only a waiter, not a veterinary surgeon.

OFFICE BOY: Sorry, madam, Mr. Brown has gone to lunch with his wife.

The Wife: Oh! Well tell Mr. Brown his typist called.

COUNTRY CUSTOMER: Poached eggs.

Waitress: On toast?

Country Customer: Yes; if you've got no plates.

"I'LL bet there are plenty of black sheep in your family."

"Yes, every time my wife fries lamb chops."

"AH, dear me, things aren't what they used to be," sighed grandmother. "Why, the only time a modern mother puts her foot down is when the traffic light turns green."

HUSBAND: Who is that letter from?

Wife: What do you want to know

Husband: What do I want to know

Why, you're the most inquisitive [illegible] I've ever met.



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TAKE ME *to* PARIS

IT was only to-day that she had finally made up her mind and had sent Jules that telegram. She was going to cut the old ties and leave home. She had a dull husband, and a dull home, and if she stayed in the rut there she would be tied to it for ever. She had suddenly realised that youth was slipping from her, and that she had got to make a date to keep it for a time. Jules was young and glamorous. Meet me at Prunier's, she had wired. She mustn't miss that date whatever happened.

"And now the plane is down," she groaned.

Mary heard her. She said, "I'm sure Bill will get us there if he can. He is a fine pilot and he is my son."

The passengers purred round her, all save the limp Clare in her corner. Bill was her son, was he? Mary had become the central figure in a drama. That was when Bill's face appeared in the doorway.

"It's all right. I've fixed you up at the farm. It isn't too bad. You will have to wait until the visibility clears a little and I get through to Le Bourget and hear if it is clearer there. It'll take some little time, but we are being as quick as we can."

Sheila got out first. She felt that she was standing on the threshold of life, agog with interest. The homesick young man followed her closely. Suddenly the two of them had become friends.

Mr. Carter got out. It was good to stretch the legs, he thought. Esther James came down the ladder with a frown. The others did not understand how much this meant to her. Delay was dangerous. When you are crossing the rubicon of youth and suddenly have the chance to snatch it back to you again for a few more enchanted years it is dangerous to wait. There had been that frightful row with Dick. Only last night he had said that he wanted to adopt a baby. He wanted to settle down to dull domesticity and the middle-aged spread. Not on your life, she told herself. Who wants a baby after all? They are a nuisance as children and difficult when they grow up.

Across the limp figure of Clare Mary and Mrs. Carter spoke:

"She's ill."

"Yes, what shall we do?"

"Get her into the farm. They'll have to give her a bed.' Mary beckoned to Bill. "Dear, this girl is ill. I don't think she can walk. Can you give her a hand?"

"She weighs nothing at all. I'll carry her," he said.

IT gave Mary a curious feeling, just as though she wanted to cry, seeing Bill in his uniform striding across the field with the girl in his arms. She glanced at her watch. If she had been at home she would have been dishing up. Instead, she was crossing the wide threshold of a French farmhouse, and, seeing Madame, old, wizened, shaped rather like a little witch, and beckoning them inside.

"Bonjour, Mesdames, Messieurs."

The house was grey with the fog that had penetrated in. A big fire blazed in the sitting-room, and the passengers grouped about it. Sitting in the armchair was a Frenchwoman. Mary saw her at once, and somehow she knew that her heart had been turned to stone. She was tall and good-looking in an aloof aristocratic way. She did not smile.

She was Madame Lestrange.

She saw beyond them to Bill carrying the girl in his arms. She said, "Ou, ma pauvre." And then sharply, in broken English, "She is ill? She is tired? Mais, oui?"

"She must go to bed at once," said Mary.

Madame Lestrange took command of the situation. Bill tried to explain that the little old Madame had told him that she was a paying guest who had lived there for years. She was a rich woman, Madame had said, a very fine woman, but . . . and she had hesitated a moment just as though there was some secret behind it all.

Madame Lestrange saw what the trouble was at once. "Un bebe?" she inquired.

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Continued from Page 14

Mary nodded. She said, "Yes"; then she inquired if there was a doctor anywhere at hand. Apparently there was nobody, nobody at all.

Clare whimpered, "Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me."

Madame Lestrange watched with fascinated eyes. There had been a time years ago when she had lain here like this, in this same thin bed in the ornate room. It had been in the great war. Her lover had been a Frenchman, a gallant soldier who had gone away to fight for his country, and had been killed. She was a rich woman, alone in a dreary world, and she had longed for the little child, even though she wore no ring. But the child had died too. Then something seemed to have died in her, at a time when there was death and desolation about the world, and she had not had the courage to fight on and to smile again.

She watched the others with those strangely furtive eyes of hers.

Mary did not know quite what she must do. Bill had tramped off to try to find somewhere with a telephone so that he could get in touch with Paris. A dense fog seemed to have settled down on everything so that it might be impossible for him to find the road.

"I've let you in for something, Mother," he said last thing of all, and then, "See after the girl. She is nothing but a kid," and there had been a look in his eyes that Mary had never seen before.

DOWNSTAIRS the sitting-room a meal had appeared from nowhere. They gathered round. Sheila was full of it, and she and the boy who had been homesick were great friends. They were looking at the little note-book wherein she had made a list of the places she most wanted to see in Paris. He must see them, too.

"Every day is a holiday there," said she glowingly.

"It'll seem different knowing you."

"Of course it'll be different. It is going to be the happiest time of our lives."

They drank a toast to it.

Mr. Carter was sitting quietly, and he felt this was not an auspicious beginning to their second honeymoon. By now he had gathered exactly what the trouble was about. The girl was going to have a baby. She had not got a husband and had been crossing to the Continent so that nobody should know anything about it. It was singularly unfortunate that this should have happened now. He and his wife had three children. Amy, Dolly, and Emily. Emily—the strange child—the adventurous one. He thought of his wife. She would be reminded again of Emily. Just as he was reminded of Emily. At the time it had struck him as being a dreadful thing, and for the sake of her sisters he must take a firm hand and make an example of her. Now he was not quite so sure that he had been right. The girl in the plane had not looked to be a bad lot.

He took another mouthful of casserole and then said to his wife: "How is she?"

"Who?"

"The girl upstairs."

"Pretty bad as yet, but it won't be long. It is dreadful for her, isn't it?"

"And for her parents."

She said "Yes," quietly he thought, with a hint of reproach in her tone.

He put out his hand. "I didn't mean that, dear, and on our second honeymoon, too. It reminded me of . . . you know."

"Yes, I know," she whispered.

"Where is Emily these days?"

She said, "Emily married a couple of months ago, and the man loves her child. He is a dear little chap with the loveliest ways."

"You've seen him?"

Startled that he should have discovered that much, she said, "Yes, dear, I'm afraid I have."

For a moment he did not know what to say. Then he swallowed his pride and made the supreme effort that he was to be proud of for the rest of his life. "I'd like to see him," he said a little shyly.

They held hands like lovers, under the table. Nobody noticed, for they were all chattering; they had their own stories to tell, and one's own story is always the most interesting in life.

Upstairs the baby was born.

Please turn to Page 18



His lips said "Darling" but his breath said

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When It's Market Day Round the World

Shopping is the chief career and recreation of women. These pictures give glimpses of shopping customs in different parts of the new world and the old.



MARKET DAY in a small German town, where Frauleins hunt through the haphazard displays in search of bargains.



A VEILED MOHAMMEDAN woman, shopping at a butcher's shop in Egypt. How many shoppers would like to go bargain-hunting in costume similar to this?



STREET VENDORS in South Africa. Lucky charms, talismans, curse dispellers and salts are the principal stock-in-trade. To the native African, salts is the panacea for all ills.





"A DOZEN APPLES, m'am? Right." A typical fruit stall in Australia, where the city fruit-barrowman has developed into a distinctive national character.



AN INDIAN fruit stall near Durban, South Africa.

AT a small-goods shop on the Continent, the housewife is confronted by this array of sausages and meats.



A FISH SHOP in Shanghai. Note the laundry fluttering over the stock. This scene was taken before the outbreak of the present hostilities in the East and is typical of all the big cities of China.



A DUTCH MARKET DAY. Every Friday thousands of cheeses are brought in to this cheese market, where they are laid out in rows to await the tasting knife of prospective buyers from all over the world.

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TAKE ME *to* PARIS

Continued from Page 16

He came into the world, a hard world that had not wanted him, yet with loving hands all ready to take him close to friendly hearts. Mary gathered him up into the big soft shawl. It was at that moment that she saw the look in Madame Lestrange's eyes. They were hungry eyes in spite of their coldness. Impulsively Mary said, "You need him?" and held him out to her.

She almost snatched him. Across that little bundle of whimpering babyhood, for the first time for many a long year, she smiled. "I will never give him up," she said.

From the bed the girl spoke. She said, "What shall I do with him?" and there were tears in her eyes.

But Mary was looking across to the fireside where Madame Lestrange sat with the child in her arms. She was smiling. Mary said, "He is going to be a very lucky little fellow," and she knew that was the truth.

Last thing of all they took the baby downstairs for the others to peep at him.

The party drew back a little. Sheila said, "Oh my, isn't he cute?" and then, "I'd hate to take him in case I dropped him."

The homesick young man went scarlet. He said, "I wonder if I ever looked like that."

Mary said, "If you were like it, then you were a very good-looking baby."

Mr. and Mrs. Carter fingered the tiny hand. He said, "Poor little chap."

His wife said, "No, when we start talking about faults, none of us is so perfect that we can afford to be critical."

He nodded. Perhaps he had been a bit severe. When they got to Paris he would buy Emmie's boy the grandest toy that he could find there.

Mary drew the shawl closer round the sleeping baby and went to the door. It was Esther James who asked "May I have a peep?" Somehow sitting here she had been thinking about a lot of things.

"Of course have a peep. He's a lamb!"

Esther James stood there staring down into the tiny face. There are some moments when you look into life, and she knew that she was doing that now. Real life. Nothing that you read in a book or see on the pictures, nothing exaggerated and unreal. This was truth. Truth dressed up in the frock of a long dead child which Madame Lestrange had produced, and with a soft shawl about him.

She said, rather humbly, "I did not want my husband to adopt one. I thought it would be a nuisance."

"But," said Mary, "a baby is the most precious thing in the world. Didn't you realise that it would draw you closer together?"

"I'm sick of domesticity. I wanted something that I never seemed to have found, and that was why I was running away."

She did not know why she told Mary, save that she realised that she would understand. She went on quietly. "The plane breaking down means that I have missed the chance, means that I shan't see Jules, but shall have to go back again."

Mary said, "Maybe you will adopt a baby after all and won't regret it?"

"Maybe," she said quietly.

Bill came in just as his mother got to the first of the stairs. He said, "Whatever have you got there?" and came closer. He himself turned back the shawl. "He is rather a peach, isn't he? I suppose he is a 'he'?"

"Yes, he is he," she said, "and he is going to step into the shoes of the baby that poor dear Frenchwoman lost. I believe he has done a far better day's work than any boy scout."

"What'll happen to the girl?"

"Bill, you aren't thinking about her?" and she laughed.

"Yes, I am. She was such a kid to have a thing like this happen to her. Such an awful thing, don't you see? When she lay against my heart I felt terribly sorry for her. Mother, she can't drift out of our lives again."

She said with premonition, "No, Bill."

"I'm glad." Then he pulled himself together. "The fog is clearing rapidly. It's going to be all right after all."

She went upstairs again with the little baby in her arms. So much adventure crammed into one day, she was telling herself, so much queer adventure, and she wondered whether she was really living it, or if it was a fairy tale which she had fallen asleep and had dreamt.

Maybe she would wake up soon.

They started again when the fog lifted at sunset and they were landed in Paris such a short time afterwards. There was a magical evening even more like a fairy tale than anything else, an evening when Bill entertained her and she saw the "chappies who eat snails."

The next day they flew home again.

"I've been to the stars and back," said Mum to herself. "I have seen things, learnt things, and all about a lot of people whom I shall never see again."

She was thinking of Esther James who had been dissatisfied and had missed her date at Prunier's. She would be returning next day to her husband, sorry she had made a scene, willing to start again in a new way, even to adopt a baby if he wished. The homesick boy and Sheila were going to have the time of their lives seeing all the sights together, meeting people and going places. It might lead to anything or nothing, you did not know. Both were so young.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter had found their real selves on this their second honeymoon. They had found their hearts and they would buy beautiful things for Emmie's boy, and return home far closer than ever they had been before.

And Madame Lestrange would be satisfied at last. Mary had caught



AN ENSEMBLE fashioned from heavy ivory silk crepe printed with a red futuristic design is chosen by a Warner Bros. star for afternoon wear. The double skirt is cut on the cross with front drapes.

a last glimpse of her just before she left; she was sitting by the bedroom fire, with the baby in her arms, and no one could have believed in those few hours that a face could change so much.

"I shall never see any of them any more," Mary thought, and then she knew that was not true, because she would see Clare again. She had caught sight of the look in Bill's eyes. Bill cared. She had been so lonely, that poor child in her trouble, that Mary had longed to mother her and cuddle her, and put some happiness into those sad eyes.

She would see her again, she knew that.

And here she was peeling the potatoes once more. Peeling them and popping them into the waiting saucepan with that resounding plop. Above her head there droned the aeroplane zooming through the sky. She wasn't sorry that she was here again. The homely rut isn't a bad one.

She heard the whirr of the aeroplane lessening as it got farther away. She thought to herself, "That's Bill. Bill going on his way, to France."

Then she popped the lid on the saucepan of potatoes and lit the gas.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

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So they Say

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

GIVE US LIBERTY

THERE is quite a lot of comment now about infringements upon and restriction of our liberty.

Some claim the liberty to smoke anywhere regardless of the fact that it may be a distinct infringement upon the liberty of another. For example, I saw a person smoking immediately under the window of the operating-room of a country talkie theatre recently; and who has not seen a smoker in a non-smoking carriage or in a dining-room annoying those around him! Some people claim the liberty to take strong drink to places of pleasure, regardless of the fact that their action may spoil the pleasure of others.

In a perfect world laws of compulsion would not be needed, but until that perfection comes let me have the laws that curtail the activities of road hogs, sellers of poison and drugs, and labor sweaters. Someone has said, "Liberty ceases to be liberty when it infringes the rights of another, and becomes licence." Yes, let us have more liberty; also, let us have more restrictions against licence.

£1 for this letter to Ailsa M. Hodge, Reid's Flat, via Boorowa, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

HOLIDAYS IMPORTANT

HOLIDAYS give us a chance of freedom of action along new lines, and prevent atrophy—deadness of the brain.

Holidays enlarge the mind, promote new interests in other people and other things.

Why go round in the same old track from morning till night, day after day, week after week, tugging at the same old loads, until we become uninteresting and uninterested?

A good holiday is a change of scene, a change of mind, and a total change of attitude to life.

Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen Street, Ararat, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

TRAFFIC RULES

WHY is it that the public shows so little appreciation of the work being done by the Police Department in connection with the road safety campaign?

There always seems to be one person at least dodging the maze of traffic in a bewildered fashion. He is in too much of a hurry to spare four or five seconds until the signal favors pedestrians, and makes a wild dash among the vehicles, so running the risk of being killed or injured.

If these people have no consideration for themselves, they might at least consider car drivers and think what the result of their carelessness might be to them, for it is always the driver who is regarded as the monster and not the pedestrian who, through sheer carelessness, not only helps but absolutely creates the accident.

Alan Mack, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

CAMPAIGN NEEDED

HOW about a campaign on How to hold a Woman, instead of the eternal feminine cry of How to hold a Man?

Observe when a woman is ill, as far as a man is concerned one inquiry is sufficient; but when the poor dears are not well themselves, large doses of sympathy are in order at all times, and a woman is expected to be patient and solicitous, no matter how she herself feels.

In spite of the advanced age we live in, the female of the species still regards herself as the inferior sex.

Miss P. Minahan, 94 Allison Road, Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Cutting Down on These School Holidays!

MISS V. NEVILLE believes that there are too many holidays, and suggests a plan to have only morning school work, and three weeks' holiday a year instead (11/9/'37).

As a mother of three schoolgoing children, I venture to disagree.

Especially in the summer, children become tired and run down, and the Christmas holidays come none too soon. The break of several weeks which ensues allows them to go away on holiday, bathe, play, and experience that freedom of spirit which makes for a child's health and happiness.

At the mid-term breaks, the same thing occurs.

By all means lessen long hours, and homework, but hands off the holidays!

M. O'Neill, 72 Maitland Terrace, Seacliff, S.A.

Break for Mothers!

I AGREE that children's holidays should be reduced. Most mothers with large families are glad when the schools are reopened.

But on the other hand, a little homework, such as revision, does not do any child any harm. It keeps the lessons fresh in their minds.

The recesses and the afternoons after school give the children time to play and enjoy the fresh out-of-doors.

Miss E. Bellchambers, 86 Bridge Street, Bendigo, Vic.

Schoolgirl's Ideas

BEING a school pupil myself, I wish to reply to Miss N. A. Neville's statements on "our disastrous educational overwork and cramming." Her solution and remedy is three weeks' holiday out of fifty-two.

Such a course would bring only monotony, boredom, listlessness, nervous breakdowns.

If a child had work every morning, with the prospect of a good afternoon's sport and a night's entertainment, the attitude towards the first part of the day would be "a necessary evil." Further, a morning's schooling would not be sufficient to bring good results.

Miss C. O'Reilly, Rothersthorpe, 203 Main Road, Thirroul, N.S.W.

Serious Work

MISS NEVILLE'S plan is, at least, a constructive effort to better the present educational system.

Schoolchildren do have too many holidays. Apart from public holidays and the week-ends, they have a good three months of the year in which to idle. It would be different if



CHILDREN need plenty of relaxation.

they were given some independent study along certain fixed courses to follow during that period. University students enjoy even more holidays, but realise they are given to them to study further.

Miss Campbell, Devon Rd., Bassendean, W.A.

Nervous Strain

I DO not like Miss Neville's "new solution." The month before each holiday, at the end of each term, is one in which children are, in general, bored and tired of school. This is proved by the great number of absences recorded. The same result is reflected in teachers' breakdowns and sicknesses.

The nervous strain imposed by teaching can only be relieved by complete relaxation in the form of holidays, and the only way of re-creating the tired energies of pupil and teacher is by extensive holidays.

Clare Roberts-Eden, 25 Fairmount St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Is Genius Going Begging in Offices?

I DO not agree with J. Graham (11/9/'37) that genius goes begging when large numbers of girls take up office work.

Geniuses are few and far between, but when a child is gifted with intelligence and ability above the ordinary, it is not long before that genius is recognised, and he naturally gets every opportunity of following the work for which he is most suited.

Nor is there any reason why a person of brains should not rise to the top in the business world, for work there is not necessarily confined to mere shorthand and typing.

Miss M. N. Storey, 50 Fergusson Avenue, Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Genius Not Meant

SURELY it is not genius you mean, Miss Graham! Genius and self-expression go hand in hand, and as there are many opportunities these days, young people so gifted have enough intelligence to take advantage of them.

Probably, however, there are a number of misfits in office work.

Miss M. Gramshaw, 27 Liverpool Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Who Needs Help?

GENIUS never will go begging, Joan Graham. Vocational guidance may have a useful part to play for most people, but real genius will "out." It is the average person who needs special treatment, not the genius.

Miss I. Hamilton, 6 Carnarvon Rd., Melbourne SE7.

The Only Solution

JOAN GRAHAM has aptly described the position thousands of people find themselves in to-day—that of being unsuited to their daily vocation. But as long as the world goes

Can't Blame Women For This!

THERE has been a great deal written and spoken about the hysteria women have displayed recently in connection with a cinema star.

But, taking a tolerant view, let us consider what a break it is for the average woman to see someone who is both literally and figuratively of "another world."

Our own little world is very humdrum, so that when we see someone living a romantic life such as most of us dream about, who can condemn us for becoming over-excited at seeing the glamorous one in the flesh?

Mrs. Leask, 46 Botany Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

round we will find "round pegs in square holes!" — people who actually sigh in their later days for the course they should have pursued in their youth.

The solution to the problem lies, of course, in vocational guidance.

Ida Sutton, The Avenue, Harstville, N.S.W.

Wasted Talents

IT does seem a shame. Many girls have a positive genius for dressmaking or, perhaps, housewifely arts, but just automatically follow the lead and become average shorthand typists —where they would have been excellent in their real line.

To girls, secretarial jobs offer good hours, good pay and an opportunity for meeting interesting people, and for this reason they appeal, despite individual talents.

M. H. Ross, Duke Street, Sandy Bay, Tas.

Filling in Time

IN reply to Miss Graham's criticism of girls automatically becoming shorthand-typists, I think that very little genius is wasted in that way. Most girls are only filling in time until they can get married.

If genius is there it will not wait to be discovered, but will assert itself.

Miss A. Moon, 20 Kingsley St., Camberwell E6, Vic.

Can Movies Help to Promote World Peace?

MISS HARRIS in advocating films to show the youth of to-day the horrors of war (11/9/'37) has overlooked the fact that it is not the youth of the country who are responsible for war. And haven't we already been deluged with both films and books depicting war in all its horrible reality with obviously very little effect towards world peace?

Joan Barker, Morriston, Carlton, Tas.

Scenes of Heroism

FILMS certainly have a great effect on the minds of young people, but I do not think films of the horrors of war would make them incline towards peace. No war picture is without scenes of heroism, gallantry, sacrifice for a friend, and the glamor of uni-



"FILMS have great effect on . . . young people."

forms, all of which fire the imagination of the youth and make him wish he had an opportunity to be heroic, too.

Mrs. W. H. Hooper, Box 100, Innisfail, N. Qld.

Criminal Waste

MOVIE "shorts" showing the evils of war, even full-length feature films, would undoubtedly help to promote peace. Pictures so far have only succeeded in glorifying war.

It seems such a criminal waste when we have this excellent opportunity of getting right at the people in their leisure moments, not to actually depict all the horrors of war.

Mrs. M. Moore, Glengarry Avenue, Glendone, S.A.

NO SELF-RESPECT?

NOT so long ago I heard a young man mention that he met a very nice girl at a certain dance hall. He put it this way. "I met her inside the hall and brought her home." Then, last night, a girl told me that her mother was worried about her, as she was going to a dance by herself and the mother did not know when or with whom she was coming home. I was told, "If it's a successful night, I should at least get a car lift home."

I have often wondered at the sight of hundreds of girls, clad in evening frocks, often alone, hurrying towards dance halls to dance with strange men.

Haven't modern girls any self-respect?

Mrs. S. Ryan, 8 Egan Street, West Richmond, Melbourne.

❖ ❖ ❖

ANOTHER FALLACY

ISN'T it time someone exploded this "Mother instinct" fallacy? In most cases it cloaks a petty tyranny which would not be endured by intelligent men and women in any other walk of life.

Hearts are broken, marriages fail, careers are ruined, simply because "mother knows best," and it is rare indeed that mother even has a reason for the stand she takes. She calls it "instinct," and no crime is too great to commit against youth, in its name.

Berne Pearson, Peak Downs, Peak Hill, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHILD'S GROWTH

CONTROVERSY arises frequently when the greater significance of environment or the individual personality is discussed from the viewpoint of a child's growth, physically, mentally, and morally.

Environment is a very determining factor in the development of child personality. The child is generally the reflection of the home—unruly children coming from unruly homes, and vice versa. If, however, a child is of the very strong-willed, unconventional type, environment will give place to the mastering instincts of the individual, and they will determine his conduct. For the average child, however, environment is the more important.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. A. Salmond, Shepardstown, N.S.W.



'Tell me, doctor . . . **About disinfectants — for personal use, I mean. Surely it is unwise to use strong, staining chemicals that have to be measured so carefully! What is good that is really pleasant as well . . . ?'**

Nothing better was ever discovered for women than 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic. This highly efficient killer of germs will not stain linen, and is clean and clear, pleasant in smell and an excellent deodorant. 'Dettol' is non-poisonous, and is gentle and tender on human tissues. *Ask your Doctor—Buy a bottle from your chemist and be ready. Price, 2/-.*



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said Friend "Jan"



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Wolfe's Schnapps eliminates many distressing disorders by cleansing the kidneys and purifying the blood stream. Start taking a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps each day, you'll notice the improvement in your general health. Get a bottle to-day—there are three sizes, large, half and quarter bottles, at prices to suit your purse.



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OS.103

THE *Young* LION

Continued from Page 8

THAT journeyman king and trouble-maker had again set all Africa a jig by almost founding another fighting empire, and the desire to suppress him for good and all was universal and earnest. When, therefore, word came that the eagle-faced man was making for Bemoy at precisely the moment that Rex Sefton was packing for six months' leave, the boy did not hesitate.

It was his chance of chances. Instead of heading straight, as his heart desired, for a certain Old-World mansion in England, he sailed for Bemoy.

Destiny seemed ready to work overtime for him there. The Sultan of Bemoy was eager to grant any sort of lethal permit that might lead to the extermination of Savaran, already reported on his southern marches. More, he personally introduced the young Englishman to certain pious traders he should have gaoled under the Backward Races enactments of the League of Nations for traffic in arms. And Rex Sefton had money to spend with them. A year ago an uncle had left him a small nest egg, too tiny to be worth investing, but now just the thing for fitting out a useful kaum (commando) of fighting men and carriers. Certainly, he argued, Fate was dealing him all the aces.

And then, just as his plans were complete, when they only needed the crowning touch of winning Ntila, the tracker, the bottom fell out of everything. His fighters and carrier "boys" scattered in a single night, while Ntila was as if he had never been. Something had happened. Something mysterious had lifted out of the darks of Africa and struck his men into headlong panic. But none could tell him what or why.

Za Salah, responsible for "boys," muttered something about a greegree man who, coming out of the void, had read the stones and foretold naught but disaster for any who marched with Steffi. Beyond that Za Salah could say no more save that he did not intend to refund a zinc cent of what Rex Sefton had paid.

Even the Sultan was a broken reed. He suddenly developed an unaccountable indifference to Rex Sefton's plans, and even took to quoting those passages of the Koran that dwell on the beauties of patience and inaction, though eyes less harassed than the boy's might have noted how readily his hand reached for his sword and how quickly he brought an audience to an end at the mere mention of Savaran's name.

Rex Sefton was too sore to notice anything save that his dreams had flopped a very bad flop indeed. And it was while he was in the midst of this bitter realisation that Lee Washington swam into his orbit.

Rex Sefton had noted the man vaguely as a large opaque body occasionally inhabiting the same fly-embattled lounge of Bemoy's one white man hotel as himself. Being British his consciousness of brother man got no farther. Being military British he was even ready to call out the guard when he saw the fellow lumbering towards him obviously intent on the crime of conversation. Lee Washington, however, had a method of approach all his own.

"Colonel," he cried, "are you needing an expert in caravans, the organising and handling of same?"

REX SEFTON gave a gulp at the very suggestion and his icy glare melted into a more human attention. He saw hugeness before him. A huge, full figure of a man; a huge beard; a huge, well-cultivated bulbous nose, plus tinted, horn-rimmed [illegible] huge, too. But also he saw beyond the natural extravagance of this stranger. His kit, if frayed, was workmanlike. He had an air tough, genial, experienced and purposeful, while not even the dark lenses could quite mask the bright vitality of his eyes. Rex Sefton, trying not to show excitement, drawled: "What's the big idea?"

"You're this young Goliath hunter, aren't ye?" boomed the big man. "The local David who's going slinging for Savaran?"

Youth stiffened in all its damaged pride. Rex Sefton was about to deliver a curt and angry answer when the big man flashed a wide exposure of stained teeth.

"All right, son, I know you are. Just my way of opening the ball. An' you needn't worry about me. I don't mind you being a fool. Fact, I like a lad with spirit enough to tackle tornadoes. That's one of the reasons why I'm ready to hitch in—well, as far as the Gran Fess border, anyhow."

"Gran Fess!" frowned the puzzled boy. "Why the Gran Fess?"

"Well," said the big American, "Savaran's heading that way, ain't he?"

"Is he, by heck!" snapped Rex Sefton. "How do you know?"

"And you don't," grinned the other, which was not surprising since nobody did, except Mbotu—and Savaran. "Say, you do need me as your chief of staff."

"But how do you know?" the boy insisted.

"Me!" said the big man calmly sitting at the boy's table. "I always do. I'm just off the trail, anyhow, I'm Lee Washington, of Missouri. Mineral hunter. Broke for the moment in all but experience and a master gift for handling natives—the same being now on offer."

"I don't quite follow——" began the boy.

"TAKE it easy, it'll penetrate," grinned Lee Washington. "This is the way of me. I'm after metal—my career or job, understand. I've been prospecting Bemoy, down south. Found nothing there, but I did get word that there's quartz gold and diamond clay a-plenty in the Gran Fess country. Awkward that, because I haven't the cash to outfit me as far as the Gran Fess. Then, hitting this bug-bitten burg in this dejected and dollarless state, I heard you are organising an outfit to catch this Savaran fellow. Well, another word I picked up down south was that Savaran was heading for the Gran Fess—don't that look like little Lady Fortune dropping luck into my lap? You've got to go to the Gran Fess to catch Savaran, I want to go. You're obviously the original babe and suckling; me, what I don't know about Africa ain't useful. Therefore we can be mutually helpful in chasing our respective moonbeams, an'—well, here I am offering to work my passage."

Rex Sefton listened first astounded then amused and taken by the man—this Lee Washington had a curious and powerful charm—and finally with an almost sickening sensation of renewed hope.

"Are you," he cried thickly, "are you offering to join me in hunting Savaran?"

"Son," said the big man genially, "we'll begin as we'll go on, lying no lies. I do not hunt Savaran, nor the sabre-toothed tiger, nor anything so certainly fatal to human life. But I do submit and agree to help, labor, advise, guide, shoot for the pot, kick sense into black boys and generally prove myself indispensable to your caravan as far as the Gran Fess border—as far as that, no more. Is it a deal?"

Rex Sefton sat back, his strange fair fineness a shade whiter. He did not know whether to shout aloud at this new gift of fortune or be sicker than ever at his lost chances.

"And if we come up with, catch Savaran before the Gran Fess border," he demanded huskily. "What then?"

"No need to discuss Acts o' God or the breakdown of the natural law," grinned Lee Washington.

"You don't think I'll take Savaran then?" snapped the boy his face setting in a fighting hue.

"You're a likelier-looking proposition than I thought," said Lee Washington studying him, "an' handsomer. Savaran is undoubtedly Savaran——"

"And I'm going to get him," said the boy grimly.

"It'll be worth watching anyhow," said the American with his broad show of teeth. "But count me in as a watcher only. Is it a go?"

Rex Sefton sat back and laughed harshly.

"Three days ago I'd have been asking you instead of you me. Now ——" He poured out the story of the strange collapse of his plans. Lee Washington was sympathetic but not overwhelmed by surprise.

Please turn to Page 42



Now
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WHATEVER the natural colour of your hair . . . and particularly if it be 'difficult' . . . try this "new way to wash hair," that everyone's talking about! . . . Created specially to give that rich, lustrous, beauty-salon effect!

You *feel* the difference instantly its extra-active "cocoanut-bubbles" start to foam through your hair . . . and you *see* the difference in the way waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress!

Colinated dissolves every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film, or scalp acid. Rinses quickly. Leaves hair *silky-clean*, and with a magic new sheen. Bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists. Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty-wash"!

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The fragrance of a face powder is important. You might have the best powder in the World but if women do not like its perfume then they won't buy it.

In the famous Charmosan face powder we have combined the two great elements that go to make a powder a success—the best powder and the most gorgeous perfume in the wide, wide World.

Women in their thousands and thousands simply rave over the fragrance of Charmosan face powder. There's something about it that "gets you" and holds you. It's of Paris—just that.

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All shades and sun tan. Stays on for hours. Double size box 2/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "make up," dust, etc., from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.***

HAD AGONISING PAINS IN HER BACK

Could Not Turn in Bed

Like many other sufferers from backache and rheumatic ailments, this woman decided to try Kruschen Salts in a last attempt to obtain relief from pain. To her surprise, the pains did grow less, and in a few months the backache had disappeared. Having made sure of the results, she now writes as follows:—

"For about four months I had agonising pains in my back, and could not turn in bed. During that time I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief, and was seriously considering going into hospital. However, seeing a case similar to mine described in an advertisement for Kruschen, I thought I would try it, and was more than surprised to find the pain getting less. I have been taking Kruschen for four months, and would not be without it for anything. I must say I am free from those dreadful pains."—(Mrs.) B.C.

The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action, so that not a particle of poisonous waste matter remains unexpelled. Your inside is thus kept clean and serene. You experience joyous relief from those old dragging kidney pains.

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BLAME the WOMAN

A Complete Short Story

By

Martha Banning THOMAS



Illustrated by FISCHER

On and on they went—riding the seas, plunging down in the grey furrows. The other boat was a huddle of figures amidships.



LITA FERRALD, lying in bed in her little, lonely lovely country house, gazed about her. High time to be up and doing. Her days of convalescence were over. Last evening she had endured a final scolding from the doctor, who glared at her as if she had made herself ill for the sheer fun of it.

"You've had a serious time of it. Great nervous strain; complications; a condition I am at a loss to diagnose correctly, since you choose not to reveal the basic difficulty." He glared harder and Lita glared back. "You cannot, without grave danger, have another setback. You must leave; that, I insist upon."

"Indeed?" she sneered impolitely—for she liked this gruff physician, and they were on the friendliest of sneering terms—"and how long the change and rest?"

Once Lita had been strong and arrogant with youth. Once she had ranged with the best in sports, even collecting an amusing, audacious row of medals for her prowess. Then thunder growled across the sun. In a few hideous moments her life had been wrenched away from health and joyousness. She had grown wise and cautious through pain and fortitude. Being desperately hurt was enough tragedy, but heaped on this she had endured such injustice as still rankled in her heart and behind the shadows of her dreams.

Summer

OH, send a prophet for the spring,
A seer for the fall,
But summer no interpreter
Of any kind at all.

Degrees of beauty cherish
Each tint and hue, and find
Hope in a single blossom
And wisdom in a rind.

But here resides perfection
And utter peace is told,
To all the wise and simple,
In green and blue and gold.

—J. B. McGRANE.

She recovered from the restraint of splints and suffering but the unfairness of criticism dragged down her pride and nearly broke it. For Lita had been brave to recklessness. She had saved a boy's life to the sacrifice of her own young, strong years. Yet they said of her, whispering in groups, eyeing her with slanted looks, that she had ruined for ever the child's chances of a normal boyhood. The humor of it was a little too grim for laughter.

Hospitals; money melting away like water in dry sand; a frantic scratching together of her tattered inheritance; retreat to the country, and slow recovery. A dull, placid, life begun all over again. A life she had to learn, as a child learns arithmetic. And now another rest from rest. Fantastic; insufferable.

Obviously she could delay no longer asking Conte who he really was. She had felt happy, afraid, and forlorn about him, all in the same breath. There would be pity in his eyes when she told him of the doctor's ultimatum. He would be sorry for her. He might even ask her to marry him. Lita was certain that Conte liked her more than a little; and he hated to see anyone hurt. She must be very, very careful not to take advantage of her own desolate spirit and his impulsive generosity.

The five-year-old phantom could scarcely fail to make trouble, if Conte were the person she supposed him to be. Not even for him could she yield her deep-rooted abhorrence of his mother. There was still a *remote* chance of his belonging to a different branch of the family. Now she must be quite sure before she went away—if she went.

And Karol Gray! Blindingly beautiful; offensively athletic. She had acquired a dashing decorative style, and wore her laurels like sleek plumage to attract attention. To Lita, who had flung the last ounce of genuine enthusiasm into competitive sports, there was cheapness in Karol, even a kind of dishonor.

Perhaps it was more a tarnished integrity. And worse, the girl had been a vanishing, woeful item in the change in Lita's life. A casual guest at a picnic who came and went and was never seen again until this summer. She had not even known Karol's name that long-ago dreadful afternoon, but she recognised her the instant Conte brought her over from the Cove to call, earlier in the summer. Karol had not remembered her. Why should she?

The rather haphazard days of social going and coming which followed had been enormously upsetting; especially as Lita found herself growing undeniably fonder of Conte. The doctor had been exasperatingly correct in reminding her that she was none too robust under the best of circumstances. And these two—Karol and Conte—had been the final chip that bore her down. And who was to blame for that? Who but a wilful boy, a foolish mother, and Karol?

Her thoughts quivered in the heat of a mounting anger. Of course now there was nothing further to be said or done; it was all pushed behind her. And bleak honesty suggested that, in spite of friendliness and affection, Conte might be very much involved with Karol. Lita had served too long an apprenticeship with unhappiness not to be prepared for disappointments.

Now she jumped out of bed. Her hair, long and lustrous with chestnut lights, hung below her waist. She knew as well as anyone how lovely and unusual it was in these modern days of clipped locks. As she flung on a blue lounging robe, violence stole along her arms like a physical tide. What had she become at twenty-four to be so hedged about with middle-aged restraint?

Suddenly she knew what she would do. She saw it clearly as writing on the wall. All right. She'd go away and never come back. She'd do exactly as advised. Far, far away where neither friend nor phantom could find her. She'd had enough and too much. You squandered your health and strength in decent impulse for people who meant nothing to you—with appalling results. She'd leave people behind, and live by herself and to herself. It was the only safe course to follow.

Everything of value she'd turn into cash. The rest she would destroy, and the sound of that destruction would be healing music to her ears. She bent above a shelf of bottles, selecting first a large, stout flagon of cough mixture. Bracing her feet and bending backward so that the shining curtains of her hair fell away from her waist, she hurled the bottle at a window. It drove through like a catapult, leaving a jagged hole in the centre of a crystal star.

Superb, delicious noise! So, to the sound of fury the room became barer and barer, until Lita glowed with the heat of a strange victory. Her house. Her garden. Everything tossed into the pool of a new life far away.

Resting for a moment, with her hands clasped about her knees and her blues eyes alight with conquest, Conte found her. Short pipe in mouth, he had first circled the premises, standing astonished by the heap of debris below the broken window. "Having a nice little ruin all to yourself?" he inquired upon entering.

Lita was, as Conte often remarked, more beautiful than she looked. She gave you surprises, and was seldom twice the same. Now she seemed a sultry-eyed goddess of destruction. "I'm taking the brass lamp next," she informed him, "as soon as I get my breath."

Conte said, "Indeed?" and arranged himself uncomfortably on the rugless floor. "And news to give out—for the Press?" His lips were indulgently mocking.

"Plenty." Lita lifted her chin and looked up at the ceiling so that the white V of her throat was stretched into a column. The burnished sheen of her hair fell loosely about her.

"I'm going away soon. I'm never coming back. I'm going where I'll have to make no excuses, where I can be eccentric if I wish, and where energy need not be paraded in public like an advertisement."

"Well, well," murmured the man in disappointing mildness. "When did the fit come on?"

"Hit the ceiling this morning."

"Do it frequently?"

"Off and on. One form of indoor athletics."

"Sounds serious." Conte waggled his head from side to side. "What about this house?"

"Selling it—everything that will bring a penny." Her voice shaded off to wistfulness: "I expect I'll miss my orchard, though."

"Then why the cataclysm?"

"I'm worn out mentally thinking up excuses for not going to parties that whang all night, swimming tournaments, all the sizzling social life of the summer. I wish to be gloriously alone. I will not endure any longer the supercilious stares of the strenuous. I'm fed up."

"And me, Lita?" He pointed at himself.

"And you—I like you. You like me. We've had some nice times together. But you come here to this house; you leave me for the colony across the Cove, and Karol."

"Not jealous? Doesn't sound like you."

"Oh, no; just a bit worn down by the dazzling vision of her perfection. Tell me—and I won't breathe a syllable to anyone—don't girls do anything these days but win swimming and golf tournaments?"

Conte knocked the ashes from his pipe into his hand. After somberely emptying these through the jagged hole in the window pane, he stood near Lita and, lightly touched her hair. "I comprehend more of your feelings than you suppose, my dear. You've kept up a brave fight when you've felt tired and unequal to it. You've been ill, too. It's difficult sometimes to get a true perspective on life for a long while afterwards. I've had a chat with the doctor myself."

"Oh," said Lita.

"I can understand why you want to be free to do anything you like unquestioned. But you'll be lonely. You'll yearn to come home. You'll be cut off like a wistful wanderer of the earth."

"Admitted," agreed the girl shortly.

"And the leopard lilies. Have you forgotten them?" He reached down his hand for hers. "Come, let's go out to look at them now. They're a tonic for unhappy eyes."

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Rescued from the Sea

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5283850

BLAME *the* WOMAN

CONTE led her to a warm corner of the garden where delphiniums stood sweetly against a grey wall. "There is some new and poignant quality in you, dear, which makes me sorry for a lot of things. I've guessed your true calibre, but I've been tardy in confessing my faith, as it were. I'm fond of you, awfully. You must know it. And yet I've hurt you, forgotten you, left you out of things from sheer carelessness, and because you did not seem to want to do them. And I love you. Queer, isn't it?"

Lita caught her breath and moved away. She told him that she must go away.

Conte kissed her hair. His dark eyes brushed across her vision, clouded by regret. "You must go, then. I can see that," he said. "Staying would fret you and undo all the gain you've made. The doctor made me see this vividly. But I wish I knew—just why." He studied her face as if he were storing up every detail of coloring and feature against her absence. His hands held hers. "Where are you going? Can you tell me that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. It must be so far away, so isolated and rugged that I shall be reminded of nothing at home."

"Yes, yes," he soothed her, his lips against her hair. "Good-bye, then. I won't try to see you again. Might as well try to keep a wild duck from flying."

"I've never asked you much about yourself, have I?" she began. "I did not even know your last name for weeks after I met you at the Country Club dance; but, Conte—have you a family?"

"Yes, my darling. Quite customary in some cases. Does it distress you?"

She kept her gaze gravely upon him, not answering.

"A mother—father died years ago—and two brothers. One is a twin of mine; used to think it a frightful disgrace, you know, same clothes and all that rot when we were children. Now we usually manage to keep half a hemisphere apart to save confusion among friends. We've had," he laughed, "some alarming experiences. We're practically identical except for a mole on my left brow." He pointed to it solemnly.

But Lita would not smile. "And the younger brother?"

Conte looked at her in surprise. "How did you guess he was younger?"

"Oh, I thought maybe——"

"Well, he is. About fifteen."

The girl turned a trifle white in the morning sun. "I was afraid so," she breathed to herself. "Is your younger brother well?" she inquired.

"Why pick on him? My twin is swell, even if he does look like me."

Lita said nothing.

"Keith," the man then remarked, "was never really hardy. Had an accident when he was ten, rather serious. Crutches, braces, and that sort of difficulty for a number of years, but has shed them now. Remarkably better, though still a bit lame. Goes to prep school—a nice kid."

Lita looked at the tall man among the tall grasses, not seeing him but another place beside the sea, hearing a child's high, echoing scream, a splash in the water. She shivered.

"How was he hurt?" she asked at last. "Were you there at the time?" She knew very well that he was not.

"No; abroad for three years. Don't remember much about it. Mother made an unholy rumpus, I understand. Blamed some girl, I believe; though Keith was an inspired young devil, and spoiled to death."

Lita's blue robe was a richer, darker blue than the delphiniums. Her hair trembled a little in the light breeze.

"More than probable," added Conte, who seemed to feel a certain expectancy in the girl's manner, "that the boy got himself into some harebrained scrape and my fond mother never said a word. You know how mothers are."

"Yes," said the girl, "I know how mothers are." Her tone changed. "Good-bye, Conte. Don't altogether forget me, will you?" Her words were no more than a ghost of a sound and scarcely reached him.

SO Lita journeyed to a great many distant and out-of-the-way places, drenching cramped habits of mind in vistas of magnificent scenery, soaking up new and foreign beauty like a blotter. Living was cheap in the tiny villages where she chose to stay.

Month after month. Her wants were simple. She lived modestly, and many small adventures served to strengthen the timbre of her self-esteem. A year. A year and a half. Old troubles diminished as she gained a less personal perspective. Pleasant desultory wandering. Then because somebody fired her imagination by describing a remote northern island as "rugged, picturesque isolation," she went there—reached, at what seemed great risk, in a small open boat tossed on the shoulders of the sea.

And here, for no traceable reason, she felt immediately at home. "I like a taste of the bleak and the bitter in my surroundings," she assured herself. A Mrs. Gammige took her in as a boarder for a ridiculous sum, and Lita grew to love the low stone house, her room and the wide view of sea and cliffs from her small-paned window.

One afternoon when she had been gone from home two years, she reeled under a shock which nearly shattered her far-sought, difficult peace. An open fishing boat crossed the channel to bring back visitors to the island. A world-cruise steamer had docked at the mainland, and this was one of the short trips arranged for the few passengers who risked a rough passage and thorough drenching from spray.

Lita had climbed to a rock cranny above the wharves to watch the little boat as it returned, decorated at every plunge with plumes of white. Her heart hammered at her ribs. On the wharf below, men were busy over nets and trawls. Waves quarrelled in the next cove.

Now the dory was almost in. Lines were thrown. Alongside the wharf willing hands reached down to help the visitors up the iron ladder.

Now she heard a feminine voice say distinctly. "Exactly the sort of outlandish place Lita would choose. It fairly reeks of her. Perhaps she's here—housekeeping with kelp and seagulls."

Lita's heart rocked in a smother. Now the answering words were blown to her. "Don't be absurd, Karol. The last letter I had from her was marked from a town on the southern mainland. Quite likely she's gone from even there by now. But she'd have the courage and appreciation anyhow. This is a gorgeous, unspoiled beauty."

Reproof for the first speaker. Defence of herself. Those deep, slow syllables. Whose but Conte's. She stretched out a sudden hand to him and nearly lost her balance. Conte . . . here on her island! Yet instead of joy, she was engulfed with chill misery. Next came the thought, will he inquire for me of the men on the wharf? But the people went on. Conte felt sure she was somewhere else. Now in a few minutes she must decide what to do. Let them go, or try to pick up broken strands which might ruin all she had striven so hard to gain? Vanity, long buried, tweaked at her heart. She wore a clumsy woollen skirt, knitted cap and heavy reefer coat, plus shoes of indescribable dreadfulness, battered by climbing over the rocky shore. No time to run home and change. If she saw Conte it must be just as she was. Visitors from the mainland usually returned on the next tide. She did not think of the others; they did not matter.

Continued from Page 21

SHE climbed down to the wharf. Even should she meet the travellers face to face they might not recognise her. In these dun-colored clothes she looked like every other island woman.

Up on the higher road the wind tore off her cap. She ran after it in a panic, her long hair tumbling down and streaming behind her. Frenzy seized her . . . hurry, hurry! . . . find her cap and tuck up her hair. Just as she scooped the woollen thing up from a ditch, she saw that at the turn of the road ahead the people had decided to come back. They were approaching now, looking about them, talking. And now, on closer view, Lita became aware of a startling similarity between the two men. Their height walk, very gestures were alike. Conte and his twin brother. Yet she felt certain it was none but Conte's voice she had heard; she could not be deceived in that. She remembered every inflection and rich, mocking drawl, its lazy gentleness with fire smoking sometimes beneath the words. Nowhere in the world was there a voice to match it. Of all qualities about him, she had thrilled to that the most.

When she reached the squat stone house where she boarded, Mrs. Gammige greeted her with hearty excitement. "See them new folks to the Island? Well, my man run home to tell me they wanted a place for the night. Like it so well here they're going to stay until to-morrow's tide. I said, right off before I thought, they could stay here. I got one spare chamber and I kind of hoped," she hesitated, "you might be willing to sleep on the kitchen couch this one night . . . and give your room to the young ladies. Maybe I'd ought to of waited and asked you first." Her round good-natured face shone with a bright flush.

Mrs. Gammige had been exceedingly kind to Lita in many ways. "I'd be very glad to give up my room," she agreed. "Who are they?"

"My man didn't rightly catch their names, but seems one of 'em was Cattrill or Cuttrill—a mister and missis—besides two others not married."

Please turn to Page 24



YOU CAN GET STRONG Quickly!
Complete Home Gym. in one Outfit.

HERE'S an opportunity for you to develop big muscles and obtain great strength by taking advantage of this astounding bargain! Now only 20/- for this famous £3 value Complete Home Gymnasium. Watch your muscles grow! Surprise your friends! Everything GUARANTEED. The big chest expander alone is worth more than you pay for the entire outfit.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET
1.—Complete set of Wall Apparatus Attachment.
2.—Two high tensioned Grip Apparatus, builds strong wrists and forearms.
3.—Book on Ju-Jitsu.
4.—Foot Stirrups; for legs, thighs, stomach.
5.—Complete Muscle Building Course.
7.—Rowing Machine Attachment.
8.—Three strand Progressive Chest Expander.



HURRY COUPON!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Let us send you this whole wonderful Muscle Building Outfit, Courses, etc., to try at our risk, for only 20/-. If you're not satisfied within 10 days, just return the course, and your money will be refunded in full without question. We will send it C.O.D. if you like; just pay the postman a few pence extra for postage. (No C.O.D. to N.Z.)

GYM. SUPPLIES, SALES DEPT. 3,
107 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,—
I enclose 20/- for your complete Muscle Building Outfit and Courses, and, in accordance with your GUARANTEE, if I'm not satisfied you will refund my money in full.

NAME
ADDRESS 28/9/'37

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:—

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole to rescue
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. Walking through a wall of steam at the Pole, they find themselves in a prehistoric world, peopled by neanderthal men and primitive animals. They find Molly, only to see her carried off before their eyes by a huge winged lizard, the pterodactyl. Mandrake conjures up a huge bow and arrow, and commands Lothar to shoot him off as he clings to the arrow. Mandrake goes speeding into the air, and grapples with the monster, which, startled, releases Molly. As she is falling, Lothar runs to catch her, but slips down an icy slope. Just before Molly reaches the ground, a handsome stranger catches her in his arms. NOW READ ON—



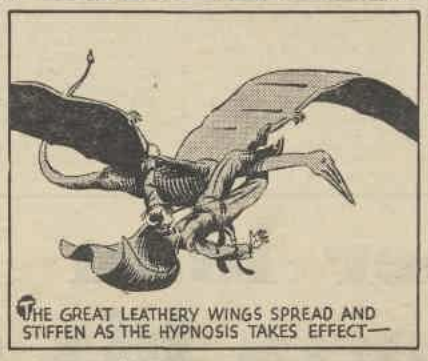






































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BLAME *the* WOMAN

Continued from Page 22

"OH," said Lita, going to her room to make it ready. A Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell. Why not? What had she honestly expected? Why had she been deceiving herself with a dozen half-admitted hopes? A Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell. Obviously she could delay no longer in her decision about seeing them. Old hurts rushed back to haunt her. Resolutely she rode them down. The visitors would be returning to the house before long, and there was Mrs. Gammige. That good woman would expect her to have supper with the guests. It would certainly look queer for her to leave altogether, and go hunting up a new place for the night. What excuse could she give so as not to hurt Mrs. Gammige's feelings?

Walking back and forth in her room, Lita saw herself in ridiculous and pathetic plight. Was she being too theatrical? Making too much of a situation which coolness and common sense should carry off with ease? Staring out of her window she saw the heads of the Island visitors at the top of the hill. They were on their way here. A swift and painful shyness consumed her like a fever. Calling herself an idiot did not help matters. Yet all at once a simple solution presented itself. In the kitchen she would offer to help Mrs. Gammige, who was becoming, by the sound of slatting tins and opening and shutting of doors, somewhat flustered at the thought of her guests. In this way she would be out of sight, yet able to catch a glimpse now and then of the people at supper, hear a phrase or so. This would afford her a wider margin for decision. Perhaps alone to-night she could reach some composure of thinking.

Supper proceeded with as small concern as if in reality Lita were a humble serving-maid unseen in the kitchen, and the guests just any people. One candle in a pewter candlestick at each end of the scoured wooden table threw an eerie light on the faces of the diners. Mrs. Gammige bustled in and out, grateful for Lita's competent help, though she had at first demurred. "Don't say a word about me, please," Lita begged her. "I came here for a long rest and I really don't care to see strangers."

MRS. GAMMIGE nodded her promise. Lita still wore her woollen skirt, clumsy shoes and grey jumper. She had also pulled on a tight cap, laughingly remarking that as she was playing at being chef she'd keep her hair out of sight. But she knew that in case of a vanishing glimpse of her, this drab ensemble would be the best disguise.

Once her heart stopped beating when she heard Conte ask Mrs. Gammige if by chance there had been at any time a Miss Lita Ferraild on the island. This emergency she had completely ignored. But Mrs. Gammige, whisking off plates from the wooden table, evaded the question with amazing glibness. "If there'd been such a body here . . . I'd of heard tell of her." A moment later she smiled at Lita in laughing connivance. "No need for folks to know what ain't their business."

After supper when the others had gone to walk, Conte smoked his familiar short pipe before the open fire. Lita watched him from the shadow of the door. She longed to go to him, to confess her presence, to see his dark eyes smiling down at her, as he told her about the leopard lilies. But she checked herself. They would all be gone tomorrow and life would continue without them. Thus she fought to hold her far-sought peace of mind.

Later, outside in the darkness where she had escaped to breathe the keen night air, she brushed against Conte as he unexpectedly turned the corner of the house. The touch of his coat sleeve on her hand was like the sweet stinging of thorns. "It is very beautiful here on your island," he said in pleasant friendliness. "You are more fortunate than you know in being able to live here always." There was a new and sadder echo in his voice.

She said nothing but waited since she could not easily pass him. "I once had a friend," he continued as if thinking aloud, "who went away. She wandered here and there in distant places. I've grown to believe she was very wise. If she has lost much of the world's pleasures she has also escaped much of its futility."

"Yes?" murmured Lita in a low voice, and trembled from head to foot.

That night she slept little on the narrow kitchen couch. A high wind howled in the chimney. That meant a bad day for crossing the channel to-morrow. Emotionally, in a dozen unforeseen ways, Lita was far more disturbed than she had thought possible. Curiously she had scarcely given a thought to Karol. Her imperious good looks were like thin shadows compared to Conte's solid reality. Karol should count tremendously but she did not. Nor the other two. In the dark, Lita scowled trying to recall what they looked like. One, of course, looked like Conte. The physical resemblance was startling, yet meant nothing. He was not Conte; and that was that. The other young woman was just another young woman. One man's beloved personality had partially blocked her vision.

Why churn up old troubles when she knew she was quite outside Conte's life and interests now? Better wisdom to let them go and say nothing. "Go to sleep," she charged herself. No, she'd not see the island visitors in the morning.

As often happens when people tangle themselves in a snarl of indecision, other matters outside Lita's control conspired to shape her affairs. Next morning she sought the familiar niche in the rocks above the wharves. The wind pushed at her with ungentle force. "Rough day for crossing the channel, miss," a lone fisherman hailed her. "No one hardly to haul the folks over to the mainland but Brian." His eyes crinkled up with humor. "And he's the devil's own errand boy—afraid of nothing."

Anxiety touched her next question. "Will he be able to get there?"

"He's a-setting out to," was the calm, ominous reply.

THE sea looked angry and forbidding. It growled like ogres fighting at a feast. As Lita waited in the rock niche, the wind pressed against her as if she were held there by the palm of a great hand. Her woollen skirt flapped about her ankles; her heart hurried and halted from minute to minute as she watched for the visitors to come to the wharf.

Then perversely she wished she had not come to see this doleful departure. Queer how your body persisted in taking you to the very place your better judgment has disavowed! A loneliness, grey and wide as the sea, spread about her. Desperately she longed to go home with the others. But she had no home to go to. She watched the road, sheltered from view by the cold clammy rocks on which she stood.

And just as the dreaded supper the night previous had begun and ended with the march of minutes, so the departure of the island guests. In a quarter of an hour the open dory had pushed off from the wharf. No fuss, no good-byes. Lita's sharp moment for decision was over; life would go on as before. She hardly felt the knife-edge of the wind. Her heart seemed to have left her body and gone with Brian's boat. She was a shell, light and empty, standing on the cliff.

The lone fisherman lingered on the wharf watching the outgoing dory. Beyond the shelter of the long breakwater waited the treachery of the cross-currents. Now the boat, looking small as a toy, rocked violently and whirled about. She did not head into the seas but bobbed this way and that. The man on the wharf cupped his mouth with both hands and called up to Lita. "Something wrong out there!"

The girl was down beside him in half a minute. "Looks like Brian's lost an oar somehow," now remarked the fisherman, "though I don't nowise understand it. Having a proper bad time of it."

"Brian . . . lost an oar?"

Please turn to Page 53

Another man faces his doctor — and gets the truth!



This man's a chronic case. But only six months ago he felt as well as you do now. He took his regular dose of medicine every morning, just like you. There were still no danger signals of the havoc that harsh medicines, taken constantly, had already played with his bowels. And then he became listless—tired—his eyes would blur—his head never stopped aching. An old-young man. He tried to rouse himself to take more exercise. Blindly he kept on dosing himself with medicines. The one sensible thing he did was to go to the doctor. Only then did he hear

The Truth About Constipation

Far from correcting a condition of intestinal sluggishness, the habitual use of harsh medicines can so weaken the system that actual chronic constipation and other serious disorders will result. This is how an eminent medical authority sums up the case *against* all harsh medicines. "Anyone can understand that if their intestines come to depend on a harsh stimulant to force them to act, larger and larger doses will soon become necessary. There is a very real danger in this habitual use—or rather abuse—of purgatives by individuals who rely almost entirely on some sort of drug to get their bowels to act.

"Here is the safe way to Health"

Nowadays people have accustomed themselves to a constipating diet. Our most common foods, white bread, milk, meat, fish, eggs and potatoes contain very little or no bulk. If you wish to rid yourself of ordinary common constipation and (much more important) its results — including ordinary cases of so-called "chronic catarrhal colitis"—you must get more natural "bulk" into your meals. What is here advocated is the addition of bran to the diet, for bran is the best possible source of "bulk" . . . For this reason one must acknowledge the very practical conveniences in Kellogg's preparation".

Your doctor will confirm every word of that statement. He, too, will tell you that—

Natural Bulk in Diet can cure common constipation and prevent its subsequent misery.

To keep the intestines "regular" all any normal person needs is plenty of natural "bulk" in the diet. Without this vital "bulk", natural normal inner stimulation to the intestines is missing, and they become sluggish and inactive.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this natural "bulk" your system needs. All-Bran is pure 100% Bran prepared in nut sweet cereal form. It absorbs moisture within the system and gently sponges out the intestinal tract. Once you add those two tablespoonsful of All-Bran to your daily diet, you will soon begin to feel better, and your bowels will act regularly and without artificial stimulants.



Kellogg's All-Bran is a nut sweet breakfast cereal.

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran each morning served just like a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar, should have you well within a week or ten days. After you are back to normal, two tablespoonsful three times a week may be enough to keep you regular. Free yourself of that dangerous daily habit of using harsh medicines.

Your Grocer Sells All-Bran.

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FARMER'S



TUSSORE SUN SUITS

A typical outdoor style, gaily youthful with a pleated skirt and a square finish neckline. Alternately coloured buttons. Red and blue. Sizes 34 to 40. **29/11**

Sportswear — Second Floor

BELOW HALF STEP-INS

Usual 14/6. Fancy brocade with strong elastic each side. Gore in front gives easy freedom of movement. Waist sizes 23 to 28. Now below half **6/11**



5/11 Lastex Brassiere, 2/6. Moulds the figure to perfect lines. Sizes 30-36. Below half special—they'll be gone soon.

On the Fourth Floor



XMAS HAMPER

For your friends "at home"

Order before Oct. 23rd, at Grocery Dept. or Information Desk. Packed with choice delicacies. Sent to any address in the United Kingdom or North Ireland, **25/-**



BUTTONS AND BUTTONS

New treasures here from abroad

They come in all shapes and sizes, all designs. Wooden men in happy 'Tyrol' colours China ones with dogs and flowers and wooden ones with flowers. All are inexpensive.

White china buckle, flowers, **2/-** China button, ¾" 2½d. ½ inch, **3d** Wooden buttons, ¾", 1¼d. 1", **2d** Wooden men, . . Tyrol design. **4½d** Marigold flower china buckle, **2/3**

Buckle and Button Department on the Ground Floor



7/11



14/9





14/9

"HOLIDAY SHOES"

Linens and veldts . . cool as sandals, flexible as slippers. A lay-by?

"Hi-lo-Heelers", cool and fresh as a cabbage. Linens in eight colourful designs. The "Craigie" . . . a light, white buck sportster. A grand trio for holiday wear. Or put a pair on the easy lay-by now for later.

"Cavalinen" in 8 colours—1 for each frock. Half sizes, 2-7. **7/11**

"Craigie". White buck; Leather soles. . . Halfs, 2 to 7. At **14/9**

"Coolie"—all white. Perforated ghillie tie. Half sizes, 2-7. **14/9**

Shoes . . . Third Floor. Special stocks for mail orders!



Toyo panamas

Smart little summer hats

A chic grosgrain band adds an air of nonchalance to this stout-hearted sun panama. Black, navy, brown, beige, natural, white colours. Costs only **10/11**

Millinery — Third Floor

"BABNAPS"

Infant Squares

Made from a special hygienic fabric, soft and comfortable. They're luxuriously smooth, their surface will not chafe. 27 x 27in. Doz., **11/9**

On the first floor





Cyclax

sends Thelma Besant to Farmer's for a very short return season

Miss Besant, talented beauty expert from the London Mayfair salons will give you her advice or a personal treatment in the new third floor Cyclax Salon. 'Phone M 2405 for an appointment. Or book now for Miss Besant's lectures—every Wed. and Friday till Oct. 8th.

Reserve at Cyclax Section — Ground Floor

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Shirley Ann Richards says "It's Fun to Keep Fit on a SPEEDWELL"



SHIRLEY Ann Richards, playing opposite Lloyd Hughes in Cinesound's "Lovers and Luggers", is one of the thousands who ride Speedwells for sheer fun and good health.

Shirley Ann chose a Speedwell because she wanted Speedwell's glistening, lasting colours, Speedwell's sweet, easy pedalling and other important features, all of which she knew she would get only in Speedwell; that's why 9 out of 10 are Speedwells.

See your local Speedwell agent to-day or send coupon to:—

LADIES and GENTS MODELS FROM £7/19/6 TERMS FROM 10/- and 4/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY

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Please send full particulars of Speedwell Cycles.
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UNORTHODOX CURES *Where Doctors* FAILED

Readers Tell of Unofficial Treatments that Succeeded

In a previous issue we invited those who had any experience of successful treatment of common complaints on unorthodox lines to write describing these, for the benefit of our readers.

The invitation was prompted by the statement of Dr. Adey, at the recent Medical Congress at Adelaide, that unorthodox methods and healers often succeeded where qualified medical men failed to effect a cure.

Dr. Adey Said:

"THE medical profession shuts its eyes to the fact that many unqualified practitioners do get a certain number of results.

"It is quite useless for us to dismiss these with a wave of the hand and say they are charlatanry and quite unworthy of a reputable practitioner.

"I do not suggest we should copy their methods, but if some methods of charlatanry have curative value they should be subjected to proper scientific investigation, and their results used in the proper manner."

OUR appeal resulted in such a flood of correspondence that we find it impracticable to publish in full the various letters.

Instead, we briefly summarise reports of some simple treatments worth trial in "the lesser ills of life"—the main object of our original quest.

Several readers have discovered simple methods of alleviating asthma, a complaint which admittedly baffles the medical profession.

"For years I was a sufferer," writes Mrs. J. Lawn, of Gosford. "I had a throat and nose operation, injections and various medicines from orthodox medical men, but with no success. Now I am free of every symptom and feel fitter than I have ever felt."

Her cure is simple. "Cleansing of the body through fasting, orange juice and water only being taken for several days."

Success on similar lines is reported by Mr. D. C. Peterson, of Fivedock, who suffered for 35 years, and was often unable to speak. Now he has cured himself simply by cutting down the amount of food taken.

"By eating moderately and leaving off drinking with meals, I keep altogether free from attacks." His method is to treat asthma as a stomach complaint. When an attack threatens, an aperient is taken.

He avoids kapok or flock mattresses or pillows, and finds it advantageous to keep the body at an even temperature, and the feet dry.

Still another home remedy is offered by Mrs. D. M. Brown, of Revesby. It cured her five-year-old son's asthma after doctors' treatment (including injections) had failed. Half a cupful of saltpetre is dissolved in half a pint of boiling water. Strips of clean white blotting-paper are soaked in this; when dry, they are lit, and the fumes inhaled. (This, by the way, is a very old remedy, and was once included in the British Pharmacopoeia).

Chilblain Remedy

A NOVEL way of treating chilblains is supplied by Mr. J. Freer, of Cootamundra. It is simply to rub the feet with olive oil on rising in the morning. The oil is not washed off. After suffering all his life from chilblained toes he was free for the first time last winter, one of the coldest on record.

Olive oil has been found a quick cure for coughs and colds by several correspondents (a tablespoon internally after meals). Oil taken internally, by the way, does not reach the breathing-passages, but our informants vouch for its success.

Rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis and sciatica provide some queer "cures."

A Newcastle correspondent cites the cure of her mother, aged 68, bedridden with sciatica and lumbago. Doctors could do nothing. In desperation an old Irishwoman's remedy was tried. Raw potatoes were minced and placed in a muslin bag, on which the hips rested like a cushion. As the potatoes turned black they were renewed.

Two novel home remedies are described by Mrs. M. C. McCauley, of Crookwell. The young green tops of ordinary lucerne are boiled and either drunk as tea or eaten as spinach. This cured our correspondent of indigestion.

She obtained the recipe from an American, who stated that lucerne is the American "alfalfa." The other is a blood tonic. "Young green stinging nettles are cut, washed, boiled and chopped fine. Mix with mashed potatoes and butter." Mrs. McCauley vouches for this.

Nettles, by the way, are an old herbal remedy, and used to be considered a nerve tonic.

Weed as Cure

COD-LIVER oil in milk cured a young Homebush woman of rheumatism after every other treatment failed, including hospital treatment for two years. She took one drop in a little warm milk every morning, beaten up to a froth.

She combined this treatment with taking half to one pint of fresh unpasteurised milk daily, and a balanced diet including green vegetables. The facts in the case are certified by her father.

Poisoned fingers and hands were frequently mentioned by correspondents. Mr. W. H. Thomas, of Peterborough (S.A.), badly bruised and cut both hands while working as a shunter at railway yards. The wounds turned septic, and in spite of treatment by his local doctor and chemist, refused to heal.

He was relieved from duty and went to his father's home in the Adelaide hills. Here he was persuaded to try marshmallow treatment.

The marshmallows (marshmallow is a common Australian weed) were boiled in water; the hands were bathed in the hot water and afterwards a hot marshmallow compress applied. The hands healed after 10 days of this treatment (two or three times a day).

Another unorthodox prescription for poisoned hands is jalap leaves crushed and used as a poultice.

A correspondent avers he has made many cures with this where doctors' treatment failed. The same correspondent mentions a cure for burns and scalds which has been used for years by his family, and in old days was famous among country neighbors for miles around. Leaves of common rib grass are boiled in lard for three hours, and a little resin added. The resulting salve (says our correspondent) heals without leaving a scar.

As to the poultices mentioned above, modern medical science would no doubt ascribe their virtues to the heat rather than the ingredients.



ENDS RHEUMATISM AND NEURITIS . . .

UNUSUAL SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ROOTS OUT CAUSE

"Rheumatism and Neuritis are caused by self-poisoning" . . . says Dr. Agasse-Lafont

Scientists have now traced the cause of Rheumatism and Neuritis to self-poisoning. Let this scientific treatment—COLOSEPTIC—free you from this menace to your health and happiness. Let it show you how you can at last be free from constant torture.

Rheumatism and Neuritis cannot be overcome until the real cause is rooted out. This, Dr. Lafont points out, is autoxima or self-poisoning. Incomplete evacuation of the intestines caused by to-day's demineralized and devitalised foods, leaves acid-forming food-waste adhering to the walls of the colon. Opening medicines cannot remedy this. They only purge the lower end of the bowels—leaving them irritated and weakened.

The decaying acid-forming waste in the colon develops virulent poisons which seep into the blood stream. The whole system becomes loaded with uric and other acids. At every change of the weather these acids crystallise out in razor-edged deposits which lacerate the nerves at every movement, thus causing the cruel pains of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and lumbago.

You may get temporary relief from rheumatism, sciatica, muscular pains, gout or lumbago by the use of pain-deadening drugs, but to be rid of them permanently you must dissolve away the acids in your system. COLOSEPTIC does this. It gently stimulates and tones up the colon, thus restoring life to its weakened walls. It restores normal alkaline balance and also activates the three other important eliminative organs—the pores of the skin, the kidneys and the respiratory system. COLOSEPTIC means a permanent end to rheumatism and neuritis.

"*Wonderful Relief.*"

My husband and I have been using COLOSEPTIC. Before using it my husband was drawn down one side with rheumatism. I myself spent pounds each winter in medicines for pains in the legs. Since taking Coloseptic we have never been so well in our lives.

Mrs. A.M.L.

(The original of this letter can be seen at Head Office.)



Clogged Colon.

Banish COLON CLOG and you banish rheumatism. The left illustration shows how your colon becomes clogged. Acids from the decaying food waste poison the blood stream, which affects every important organ in your body. Regular bowel movements are no guarantee of safety. It is the encrustations that must be removed. The right illustration shows the colon cleared by COLOSEPTIC. All clogging waste has been removed, incomplete evacuation is remedied because life has been restored to the walls and the basic cause of rheumatic affections has been swept away.



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AT ALL CHEMISTS
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Family Size . . 5/6

FREE—Liberal Sample of COLOSEPTIC. Mail the coupon for a free trial sample of COLOSEPTIC. You'll receive it by return mail and, in addition, an interesting book telling you more about the vital and intimate subject of autoxima will be sent to you—FREE.

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

Coloseptic

CHECKS SELF-POISONING AIDS NUTRITION
COMBATS ACIDITY — BUILDS HEALTH

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Coloseptic (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, SYDNEY.
Please send me my FREE sample of Coloseptic and copy of the Autoxima booklet. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing, posting, etc.
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PIANO SALE!



OCTOBER SAVINGS!

BUY NOW from WINKWORTH'S WAREHOUSE during October, and save from £10 to £30.

Winkworth's stocks are FULLY GUARANTEED and incorporate the most improved type of piano action and modern attractive encasements.

£1 is all you need to book a model NOW for delivery at a later date.

BABY GRANDS

	Was	Now
WERNER	£110/10/-	£105
WERNER	£130/10/-	£125/10/-
ALLISON	£159/10/-	£149/10/-
SCHEID-MEYER	£285	£255
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Trade in your old piano as part payment.

EASY TERMS from 6/3 WEEKLY

'Phone, B.4628. Open Friday Nights.

WINKWORTH'S 51 YORK STREET
Near Lottery Office—SYDNEY

LADIES! Learn a trade and start a business of your own.

WE TEACH INVISIBLE MENDING!

Classes shortly commencing. Write BOX 60121 WOMEN'S WEEKLY SYDNEY.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

Did You Know

That the Tom Mitchells, of ski-ing fame, will be the guests of Mrs. Walter Mitchell at a cocktail party at the Queen's Club next Tuesday?

That as a relaxation from their medical examination at the University, Mr. Basil Diethelm and his brother Tony entertained at a supper dance at Romano's recently?

Orchids and Herbs

WONDERFUL orchids, in all the glory of full bloom, growing in tubs set about the lawns and verandahs, were the centre of attraction at the garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dixson on Sunday afternoon at Elwatan, their lovely home at Castle Hill.

These exotic blooms, in all shades of green, mauve, pink and gold, are the special pride and hobby of Mr. Dixson, who devotes much time to bringing them to perfection. Mrs. Dixson shares her husband's love of gardening, but her chief interest lies among more homely plants. Her own particular corner of the vast grounds is a herb garden, a sheltered sunny spot of mellow brick walls and crazy pavement paths, filled with the fragrance of rosemary, thyme and rue.

* * *

Major K. Brook, who is on two years' exchange duty from the English Army, and Mrs. Brook have taken a flat at Edgewater, Elizabeth Bay.

* * *

Such Parties

BIDDING fair to outdistance allcomers in the private entertaining stakes during the spring racing carnival, the menfolk are doing things in a big way. Members of both the Australian and Union Clubs will, as in past years, entertain hundreds of guests at after-the-races parties.

Mr. Deuchar Gordon, of Manar, as president of the Australian Club, will receive the guests at the club's party this Saturday, when, as usual, the floral decorations will be of special beauty.

Ladies' day is always chosen by the Union Club for its party, when, infected by the genial gaiety of the hosts, members of our oldest and best families revive the joy of pulling crackers, and, in the true party manner, carry off as souvenirs of a "lovely time" the brightly-colored balloons which are invariably a part of the decorations.

* * *

One of the biggest social events of Race Week, the Pastel Ball at the Trocadero on Tuesday of next week in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution, promises to be as beautiful as the White Ball held last year for the same object. The Governor-General and Lady Gowrie, who are in residence at Admiralty House, will attend.

* * *

October Week in Canberra

IN Sydney after a holiday in Canberra, Dawn Jackson, of Melbourne, daughter of the Director of Personal Services for the Commonwealth, Lt.-Colonel R. E. Jackson, and Mrs. Jackson, is the guest of Major and Mrs. John Chapman at Randwick. Later she will be joined by her mother, and together they will go to Canberra for October Week, when Duntroon Military College will be officially opened with many attendant gaieties.

"Way With Him"

WHEN the George Mains arrive in town for the Spring Meeting, they will be accompanied by Mollie, the eldest of their three daughters, and will make Hampstead Flats, Edgecliff, their headquarters.

Mr. Main, newly appointed chairman of the A.J.C., not only takes the keenest interest in racing, but has a "way with him" when dealing with horseflesh. I have seen him wander about the horse paddocks on his station, Retreat, Illabo, in a most nonchalant fashion and make friends with four-legged outlaws that most of us would strenuously avoid.

Travellers Welcomed

MRS. KEITH JOPP arranged a delightful luncheon party at the Garden Club last Saturday as a welcome to Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, who returned that morning by the Aorangi from their tour abroad. Mrs. Jopp is Lady Chauvel's mother.

Guests invited to greet the travellers included Lady King, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Main, Mrs. George Armstrong, and Mrs. N. Tregarthen.

Lady Chauvel and her sister, Mrs. Harry Bundock, missed one another by one week, for Colonel and Mrs. Bundock left on September 18 for Perth, where the Colonel will take up his new appointment.

* * *

Staying with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Maddrell at their country home, Katella, Wellington, are Mrs. Spencer's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Turner, of Adelaide.



LADY WARD and her daughter, Miss Theresa Ward, of New Zealand, who, after a holiday in Sydney, are now visiting Brisbane. Women's Weekly photo.



Bachelors' Ball

THAT fancy dress must be worn by guests is an edict to be strictly enforced at the Bachelors' Ball at Elizabeth Bay House this Thursday. Greatest secrecy prevails as to the costumes chosen. Rumor whispers that they will be mostly of a humorous character

But I can tell you that all the hosts will be dressed exactly alike. They include Jock Pagan, Wallace Anderson, Hugh Giblin, Bill Campbell, Vincent Fairfax, Bill Dawson, Don Finlay, Monty Hicks, Reg Robson, Cam Webb and Sandy Robertson.

Resisting all invitations to join the many dinner parties to be given before the dance they will all dine together at a secret rendezvous.

To Winter in Switzerland

LATEST news of Joan Inglis comes from Germany, where she is enjoying the sights with a party of friends. Joan, who has been away six months, has already toured England and Norway and future plans include Austria and Sweden, with Switzerland for the winter sports—a new experience to which she is greatly looking forward. Sydney will not see her until after Christmas.

"Over She Goes"

"OVER SHE GOES," which had its premiere at the Theatre Royal on Saturday night, demonstrates the new slogan of "bigger and brighter" shows adopted by J. C. Williamson.

A joyous welcome back to Sydney from the crowded house awaited George Gee, whose quickfire salvoes of wit have not lost their savor in the time he has been away from these shores.

Stage notables and prominent first-nighters were among those who celebrated the occasion at a jolly back-stage party after the fall of the curtain. Mrs. George Gee, who always attends the premiere of shows in which her husband appears, was accompanied by her daughter Moya, very charming in a midnight-blue frock and a tapestry coat, the cream background embossed with a floral design.

* * *

Australia's Trade Commissioner in Japan, Lieut.-Colonel Longfield Lloyd, and Mrs. Lloyd, with their sons, Ian, Brian and Owen, are back in Sydney for a short holiday. They arrived from Tokio by the Tanda last week.

* * *

Eight Miles an Hour

HAVING but recently mastered the art of driving a car, Mrs. Roy Hendy, wife of our Town Clerk, is now rejoicing in the possession of her first automobile.

Although Mrs. Hendy is a new chum at the game her husband was one of the first in Sydney to hold a driver's licence, issued to him when he was eighteen years old. He has driven practically every day since and looks back with amusement to the days when the speed limit was eight miles an hour!

Plans for Sport Abroad

RIDING kit and golf clubs will be included in Miss Marie Lysaght's baggage when she sets off on a world tour by the Rabaul, which sails some time this month, though the actual date is not yet announced. A leisurely route round the islands to Perth will eventually land the traveller in London. Tall and slender Miss Lysaght, whose home is at Campbelltown, is a much admired figure in riding events at the Royal Easter Show. Polo is another of her interests, and she frequently acts as line umpire at the Cobbitty tournaments. She is looking forward to some hunting in England.

Germany will be visited to acquire an extra polish in ski-ing before the Austrian snow fields are attempted. As this is her first trip abroad Miss Lysaght is counting the days to sailing date. She plans to be away indefinitely.

Have You Seen—

The amusing trinket brought back by Marie Holmes from her trip abroad—a silver bracelet hung with at least one hundred fascinating silver charms typical of the various countries she visited? There is a tiny harp from Ireland, a miniature gondola from Venice, and from London a model of Westminster Abbey.

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DENTAL DECAY MENACE MUST BE STAMPED OUT!

Follow These 7 Vital Rules—They Will Help You Save Your Teeth

At the recent Australian Dental Congress many dentists stated that Australians did not know how to include enough calcium-bearing foods in their diet. Any dentist or doctor will tell you that you cannot possibly have sound teeth and strong bones without plenty of calcium in your diet. With these facts in mind the following 7 vital rules have been prepared to show you how to get enough calcium-bearing foods in YOUR diet.

7 Vital Rules Which Will Help You Save Your Teeth

1. Prenatal diet should include wholemeal bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)

2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables and fruits.

3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.

4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provoke much chewing.

5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Halivol, milk, egg-yolk, and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones.)

6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.

7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol—the Germicidal Tooth Paste.

Be Sure You Use a Germicidal Paste. Euthymol Destroys Dental Decay Germs Within Thirty Seconds.

It is most important that you select a **germicidal** dentifrice rather than a dentifrice which is simply and solely a polishing agent or detergent.

Euthymol Tooth Paste is standardised to a definite bacteriological power. And every batch of Euthymol is given a strict bacteriological test.

The countless tiny crevices between your teeth and gums, and the moisture and warmth of your mouth, provide an ideal breeding place for bacteria. In following the 7 rules for the care of your teeth remember to brush them frequently. Use Euthymol and you will make that brushing doubly effective. Euthymol foams through into the most inaccessible crevices between the teeth. It causes a germidical action to take place that destroys germs within less than thirty seconds' contact.

The Rideal-Walker Test Proves Greater Value of Euthymol.

This is no idle claim. The Rideal-Walker test is a standard method used in the evaluation of germicides and antiseptics. In this method the antiseptic properties of Euthymol Tooth Paste against the Bacillus typhosus are compared with those of pure phenol. The minimum standard required is a phenol co-efficient of 0.14, which implies that the tooth paste has a germicidal action equivalent to that of a theoretical 14 per cent. solution of phenol.

Free New Booklet—"How to Save Your Teeth"

250,000 copies of the new authoritative booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth," have been released to all chemists. Go to your chemist and ask him for a tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, price 1/3 at all chemists. Ask your chemist to give you a **free** copy of this new booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published in the interests of the general public and should be read by everyone in your family.***

BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

Try These Spring Doubles If You Haven't a Thing to Wear for the Races

By BETTY GEE



In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

Well, what's a modest-betting flapper to do?

I've taken a double on the spring races—100 to 1 Talking and Gay Knight for the Epsom and Metropolitan.

That should take care of the spring ensemble.

My Derby and Metropolitan double is Ajax and Young Crusader. That should do for hat, gloves and accessories.

THEN it will be winging south and the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups for me.

Shall I have a two-piece suit of gay patterned paisley out of Talking?

Or redingotes or boleros from Ajax?

I must have some short skirts, too. Dickie says I have the legs to go with short skirts.

When Mala wins the Spring Stakes I shall have short skirts. And won't they help me to get down to the betting ring before those horrid sharp-shooters grab the market on Mala?

There are no Spring Stakes doubles involved, but Mala is one of those weight-for-age "certs" of which hard-headed men whisper in asides, leaving the issue in no doubt.

As a matter of fact, Mala buys me one of the new peacock evening dresses so ultra-smart this spring. He may not know it. Neither may his owner, Mr. £26,350 Cooper.

But if Mala sees me in that heavily draped-in-front, bare-backed, split-to-the-knee creation like a divided skirt, I'm telling you his chivalry simply won't let HIM let ME down.

I KNOW that Talking will win the Epsom, because when Lynch Law didn't start I turned round and put £2 on him at Rosehill the other day and he simply ignored the opposition, and ran right away to win by two lengths.

He's only got to go as fast as that again in the Epsom and those others won't worry much about chasing him.

I really believe that Fred Williams, Talking's trainer, must have been a champion racehorse in some previous incarnation.

Anyhow, it's funny he keeps on training the winners of Epsoms.

For instance, he won it with Greenstead in 1920, then again with Ciaro for Mr. W. C. Douglass, of Breakfast Delight fame, in 1923.

He won it again with Vsals in 1927, and finally for good measure brought off a handsome double with Chatham in the 1932 and 1933 Epsoms.

A man like that simply can't help going on winning Epsoms, can he?

Value of Short Skirts

Why I like Ajax for the Derby is that he could beat Hua and Avenger by five lengths over six furlongs last Easter, and Maurice McCarten has been told THAT SPEED MUST BE USED TO BEAT THE DERBY OPPOSITION.

Admittedly the Derby isn't six furlongs. It's twice times six furlongs. But how I work it out is that if he could beat the other three-year-olds over six furlongs by five lengths, why shouldn't he beat them by ten lengths in a twelve-furlong race?

Of course old stick-in-the-muds who theorise on these things say that staying goes by contrary, and the superiority of a champion sprinter disappears in a gradual diminuendo when he starts to run the longer journeys.

That's Dickie's opinion.

But I earwigged into the conversation of Mr. Fred Smith and Mr. E. L. Baillieu and other sportsmen from Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia the other day when Ajax won the Guineas, and they were quite convinced that Ajax would stay the mile and a half.

Another thing those short skirts will be helpful for, too, is to get down in time to get the good odds about Duke Caledon in the Kensington Handicap.

Actually, I'm hoping that the Kensington will be run in two divisions.

You might regard this as greed.

But Ramdin is being saved up for it. If he could only win one division, and Duke Caledon the other, well, with all my singles and doubles, the Spring Ensemble is of course definitely paid for, and no further worries.

Dickie says he remembers the time, not so long since either, when they had to divide the Trial Stakes at Randwick on Derby Day.

Now, that's a race definitely made for the punters. And why shouldn't they make races occasionally for the public, especially on a Derby Day when we all come to the races at great expense to ourselves in the matter of costume?

But what I'm trying to get at is that Sir Regent would be "a sitter" for one division and Brazilian for the other, providing, of course, that they drew different divisions.

I'll leave that to the A.J.C. to arrange suitably.

Don't do anything about the Cups until I give the final word.

In the meantime, Lynch Law is a certainty for the Caulfield Guineas.

Britain Likes Matinee Idols Made in Australia

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Matinee idol 1937 model—6ft. tall, four-inch chest expansion, good-looking if possible, otherwise attractively rugged, athletic build.

SINCE women stopped sighing for Rudolph Valentino and decided they liked their heroes a little bit "tough," these have become the qualifications of to-day's 100 per cent. heart-throb, and Australia gains a new industry—production of matinee idols.

In the British film world there is an increasing number of young men from Australia wooing and winning—on the screen—some of the most famous glamor girls of the English stage and screen.

"Women picture-goers don't like lounge lizards any more," a film magnate told me. "They want he-men who can ride, swim, fight, look full of brains, and make love realistically, as well as romantically.

"That is why your Australian actors are doing so well. They are tall and well-built, magnificently healthy and sun-tanned; they can ride and swim, and they make very impressive screen lovers."

Outstanding among them is Frank Leighton, who has only been in London eight weeks and is already playing the lead in a film at Welwyn Garden studios. The picture is "The Last Chance," co-starring another Australian, Judy Kelly.

Frank is a thoroughly tough hero, a gun-runner on the south coast of England, and a gaol escapee, but a handsome lover who wins the lady in the end.

John Warwick, six feet of bronzed, fair-headed slim Queensland manhood, came to England two and a half years ago to go on the stage. Less than eight months ago he had his first film test and has since made eight pictures. He has now been chosen as lead in the M.-G.-M. production, "John Halifax, Gentlemen."

The fact that he is three inches short of the hero measurement of six feet hasn't stopped John Wood, the 27-year-old, good-looking young actor from Forbes, N.S.W., becoming one of the most-sought juvenile leads in British pictures.

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You can hide grey or white hairs . . . restore natural colouring and regain youthful appearance, with Imedia. It is absolutely indetectible and does not affect the suppleness and sheen of the hair. Ask your hairdresser.

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All Skin Diseases
ULCERS, BOILS, FUNGUS GROWTH, ETC.

Mrs. Myra Farrell has had so many requests for her wonderful ointment that she has decided to place it on the market.

For about two years I was a sufferer of a terrible skin disease on the face, which was of a thick, ropy nature, heavily discharging. I could not sleep at night with the dreadful feeling of crawling and eating into the flesh, and the pain I suffered was unbearable. I was being treated by Dr. ——, of Bellevue Hill, who did all he could for me, but failed. He gave me a letter to Dr. ——, Skin Specialist, of the Sydney Hospital, as he could do no more for me himself. Dr. —— called several doctors in to see my face. I was under him for several months. My face gradually became worse and one day he said, "Dad, you are an old man, and there is nothing more I can do for you." I left the hospital after months of suffering, worse than when I started. No sleep, and the agony of mind was awful. I was distracted. I then commenced on Mrs. Myra Farrell Ointment. Within one month my face was completely cured, and as clean as a baby's. It is several years since my trouble, and I have had no resurrence, and I feel it my duty to let other sufferers know of this wonderful treatment.

(Signed) Mr. W.F.

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OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT **W.W. Campbells'** ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS



5/ 2/

This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one Drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent, and we have never offered a better bargain. **This Week's Cash Price.**

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5/ 2/

Every young lady desires a beautiful Trousseau Chest. Here is a charming design with contrasting Walnut Veneers. Fully fitted with three long sliding trays, etc., it is superlative value at **This Week's Cash Price.**

(Or on Easy Terms)

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This superb Lounge Suite, at an enormously reduced price, is a truly "Sensational Offer"—an opportunity not to be missed. The Settee and Chairs are extra large and luxurious with deeply sprung backs, and five super-sprung loose cushions. Upholstered in rich Genoa Velvet, it is marvellous value—**at This Week's Cash Price**

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This new Two-tone Dining-Room Suite is distinguished by superior construction and impressive appearance remarkable at the price. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has cupboards, shelves and drawers (one divided and baize-lined), 5ft. Refectory Table has box legs, and Four Chairs have lift-out, upholstered seats and backs shaped for comfort. Make a certainty of this excellent suite at the **Introductory Cash Price.**

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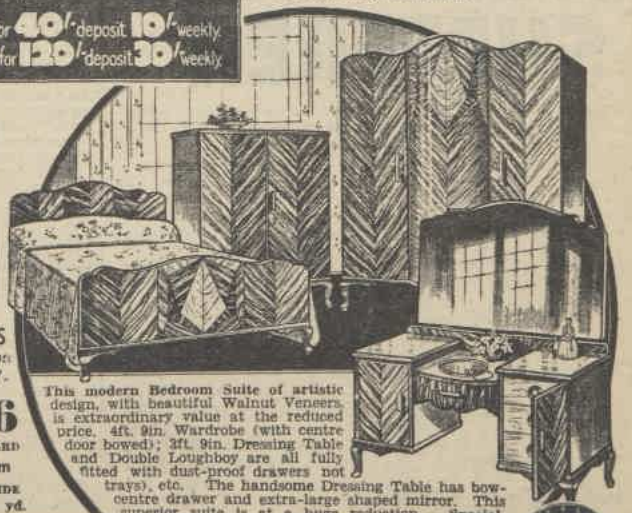
British FELT BASE SQUARES

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Genuine Cork Linoleum — TWO YARDS WIDE 5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.

Imit. linoleum — TWO YARDS WIDE 2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.



This modern Bedroom Suite of artistic design, with beautiful Walnut Veneers, is extraordinary value at the reduced price. 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe (with centre door bowed); 3ft. 9in. Dressing Table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with dust-proof drawers not trays), etc. The handsome Dressing Table has bow-centre drawer and extra-large shaped mirror. This superior suite is at a huge reduction. **Special Introductory Cash Price.** (Bedstead Extra.)

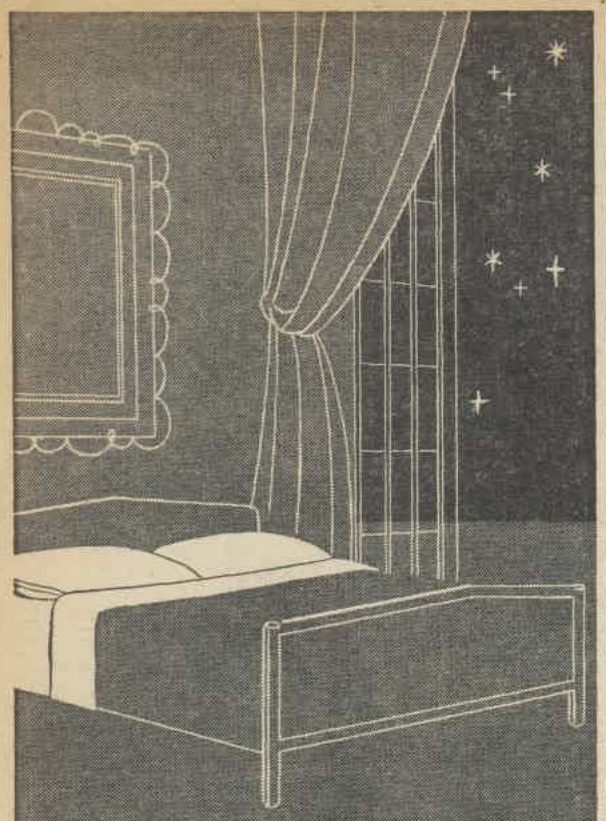
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Thousands worn out and reduced to a desperate state of nervous exhaustion by loss of sleep through maddening skin irritation, have been saved by the prompt healing power of Cuticura Ointment.

You long to be totally free from torturing itching which makes you scratch madly. You long to see that horrible disfiguring eruption heal and disappear. Then buy Cuticura Ointment today and relief will come immediately you use it. The instant Cuticura Ointment touches your skin all itching irritation and burning stop. By its aid you will sleep in peace.

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Use Cuticura Ointment to quickly and totally heal Eczema and all Itching Eruptions, Ulcers, Boils, Abscesses, Pimples, Poisoned Wounds, Cuts, Burns and all disorders of the Skin and Scalp.

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★ The soap you use is very important. Until healing is complete use only Cuticura Soap which is especially soothing to irritable skins.

Books

Conducted by Leslie Haylen

Poignant Story of Struggle Against Environment

Robert Chambers' Novel

How long is it since ladies wore corkscrew hairpins in their hair and gentlemen always walked from their clubs swinging malacca canes?

How long is it since gentlemen said, "I won't kiss you, my dear, in case I muss your hair"?

TIME marches on, but "The Fifth Horseman," by Robert W. Chambers, gives us all these things.

It is obviously an early novel of Chambers', now published for the first time by his executors.

Some of the passages are out of date.

It must have been a bathing belle of yesteryear who attracted this sort of attention:

"Josephine dropped her bathing gown and kicked off her crash slippers. Every detail of nature's chiselling became pitilessly apparent in the sunshine, outline, curve, skull construction, every contour, every symmetry, every fault."

Robert W. Chambers was the "daring" novelist of 1916, and all that, and although his style may be outmoded he is still very readable.

A poignant and moving story is woven about Josephine Moriand. Daughter of a civil-war veteran and a drunken, cruel mother, she lives in squalor and degradation in a small American town.

She struggles o.. of the environment in which she was born and goes to New York. There she has a love affair with a married man which threatens to wreck her life. However, she wins through to happiness in the end.

Some vivid pictures are conveyed in the writing, particularly in the grim conflict between the girl's parents, which brings about her father's death.

The child had never before seen a dead person.

Suddenly her mother burst out hoarsely: "I didn't know nothing about it. I was cookin' supper, so help me God! All I know is I heard him holler. If they try to say I done it they're liars——

"I—I didn't do it," sobbed Cora, her entire bulk trembling, and tears running over her baggy chin.

"Hush up!" said the girl fiercely, and almost frantic with horror. "You did do it! You did it, somehow!"

"I didn't! I didn't! I——"

The Accusation

"YOU did! I know. You wanted kindling. There wasn't any in the kitchen. He told you to get it yourself out of the wood-shed——"

"I didn't!——" sobbed Cora.

"—and Pa went to hitch up Mac and go for the cows——"

"No—no—'tain't so——"

"—and you swore at him and followed him out to the barn, and you hit him and hurt his back, and he fell on the scythe!"

"Oh!" wailed her mother.

"I'm not going to tell," said the girl. Suddenly she began to shiver all over.

"M-ma," she managed to say, while her teeth chattered, "we've got t-to t-tell somebody. We've g-got to get help. We can't leave Pa there l-like that——"

In the dark kitchen Josephine lighted a lamp with shaking fingers. With the light, reaction came. She turned furiously upon her mother, confronting her with clenched fists and dauntless, pallid face.

"You did do it! I'm not going to tell. But I'm not afraid of you! And I'll never let you touch me again. If I do you'll kill me, too. That's how it will end; you'll beat me harder and harder every time until some day you'll kill me! . . . I'm going to get dressed and I'm going to get help somewhere. . . . And when the doctor and the neighbors come you'd better keep quiet or they'll find out the truth the way I did!

"You better be careful," she said, "when the neighbors come." And she turned and went out of the kitchen and steadily mounted the stairs to her bedroom.

"The Fifth Horseman." Robert W. Chambers.



SIR PHILIP GIBBS, whose new book, "Ordeal Over England," is an outstanding survey of the times.

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KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 2, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

Garbo As Hamlet

CAN you imagine Garbo as Hamlet? Maybe not, but Reuben Mamoulian most definitely can—and since he is a world-renowned producer he ought to know.

Mamoulian is taking a look around London, and when I met him in his West-End hotel he was terrifically enthusiastic about Garbo in the role of the Prince of Denmark.

"Normally," he said, "I am not keen on women playing men's parts. . . but Garbo is an actress of astounding versatility.

"Further, she herself presents many of the same psychological problems as the Prince."

There's a rumor that he and Greta are secretly married, but Mamoulian declines to speak of it.

* * *

Misfortunes of Mary

LITTLE Mary Maguire, otherwise known as the "Mary Pickford of Australia," has been having a run of hard luck.

Almost immediately after she signed a long-term contract, the 17-year-old girl was stricken with a nervous breakdown. Having recovered from that, she contracted a cold while working on location at Santa Barbara, and almost lost her voice.

* * *

Mother-in-law!

TOO much mother-in-law was the complaint of Victor Orsatti, handsome players' agent, in his suit for divorce from June Lang.

Their Honolulu honeymoon, with its memories of moonlight on the water and soft Hawaiian music, was rudely interrupted, according to Orsatti, on their arrival home, the very first night, when they found June's mother in the apartment.

Says Victor: "Without any reason, her mother went to her room without saying good-night, and went into hysterics."

The mother-in-law difficulty was manifested some time before the marriage. "When we were engaged," Victor testified, "June's mother insisted that if we got married she was going to live with us, and so we broke our engagement."

The Court granted the divorce.

World Tour for Muni and Wife

● *With the safe launching of "Zola," Paul Muni has decided to treat himself to a long holiday. He and his wife, Bella, are going on an extended world tour.*

As for his future plans, Muni declares that the only thing he is sure of is that his next role will be a beardless one.



Slave Trade Filmed

● *"Slave Ship" (20th Century Fox) is a story of the American slave trade in the "earlies." Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allen (top left) provide romance. Joseph Schildkraut and Wallace Beery (below) are responsible for the roguery.*

Humphrey Bogart Divorced

MARY PHILIPS sought and won a divorce from Humphrey Bogart, screen villain No. 1. The actress testified, in a small, hurt voice, that her husband frequently told her he didn't love her.

She went on to explain that Bogart found married life too monotonous, depriving him of the freedom that he craved. He would stay away from home and refuse to explain his absence.

* * *

Jack and Maurice?

A NEW Jack Buchanan film will be under way at Pinewood soon. It already has a bunch of stellar names in the cast, and now they're planning to drag Maurice Chevalier from his playground on the Riviera and bring him to London to team with Buchanan.

Jack and Maurice are to play a couple of not-so-bright vaudeville comics trying to get a job from a famous actress-manager.

Fred Astaire's sister, Adele, who's been away from the footlights and the cameras for quite a while, is the manager.

★

End of the Quest for Glamour . . .



If you want your face to look delicately lovely—enchanting and magnetic as a film star's, you can have your heart's desire. The Quest for loveliness and glamour ends when you decide to rely upon Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream and 'Velvet Skin' Powder.

A Face Cream *that is different . . .*

'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream restores dull, lifeless skin to glamorous, youthful freshness—giving a suppleness that defies time's attacks. It clears, whitens and protects; holds powder for hours—prevents facial hairs, smooths out lines and wrinkles, and removes blackheads. 'Facial Youth' will double your beauty! It is indeed a marvellous discovery! Everywhere—Tubes, 1/3 and 1/9; Jars, 2/6.

A Face Powder—*Silky-Soft*

'Velvet Skin' Face Powder gives to the skin a marvellous, living radiance—a transparently smooth freshness that has no hint of artificiality—effectively protects the skin against the harsh effects of sun and wind—positively ensures the velvet skin of YOUTH! It is superfine; stays on for hours, will not clog the pores, and does not shine. In shades that are flattering and lovely. Smart boxes at 1/- and 2/3. Use—

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for radiant loveliness!

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STARS LANGUISH For the STAGE

Footlights, Not Kleig Lights, Attract Film Celebrities



● *RIGHT: Margo, who, after playing in the screen version of "Winterset," has returned to the stage to act in "The Masque of Kings."*

IT'S hardly necessary or original to preface this story with the observation that Hollywood is an odd place, peopled by odd individuals who lead odd lives and cherish odd desires, which, oddly enough, considering the cash that comes their way, they are usually unable to gratify.

Among the oddities of this decidely odd town is the fact that, while almost every inhabitant of the outside world would give his eye-teeth (genuine or otherwise) to get to Hollywood and a screen career, most of the really successful stars would gladly make a similar donation to get out of it.



● *LEFT: Margaret Sullavan, currently on Broadway in "Stage Door."*

☆

● *BELOW: Adolphe Menjou, who, after years, still itches for the thrill of the theatre.*



BY this I don't mean to imply that your average star is anxious to forsake the profession of acting for homelier pursuits. Nor do I include in this category those stars whose success is on the wane—they cling to Hollywood more tenaciously than a cat to a blanket.

But the really big boys—and girls—of the film firmament would sacrifice every particle of hard-won screen success for the lead in a Broadway or West End play.

Fredric March partly explained this phenomenon to me the other day when he remarked:

"It has been the custom for top-line stage people to come to movies, and for movie failures to go to the theatre. I want to go to the theatre when I am among the tops in pictures, when I don't have to go."

Like the traditional bad man of fiction, the trouper has a desire to return to the scene of the crime—the stage. It may take years, yet always is that desire bursting in the actor's soul.

Not even Hollywood's fabulous wages and luxurious living are enticing enough to keep a stage actor away from the stage. One and all, were it not for the strangling effects of long term film contracts and the scarcity of stage roles offering, the stars would be packing their bags right now for a general exodus.

By JEAN SPAULDING

☆

From Hollywood

To the layman this doubtless sounds ridiculous, but I assure you that many have naively confessed to me that they would consider a Broadway or London stage engagement for a fraction of their screen salaries.

It's not the money that interests them. As one of our most popular players recently put it: "In Hollywood you work your fingers to the bone, and what do you get?—a measly fortune."

What really intrigues is the adventure of the thing. The thrill of an opening night, and the notices in the papers the next morning. In the cases of many of the present-day screen stars this burning desire for the stage goes even deeper.

Most of our greatest idols of the silver sheet cut their teeth on a make-up tin and slept in suitcases. Theirs was a heritage of one-night stands, early morning jumps, crooked managers who skipped with the pay envelopes, unpaid landlords and hurried exits via the back windows.

The element of danger is deep in them. They don't want the sure thing. They don't want to sit back and admire their bank accounts and some luxuries. They want to suffer — and Hollywood won't let them.

If an actor didn't want to suffer, and if he didn't count on being a martyr, he wouldn't be worth a hoot either to the pictures or the stage. The harder the road, the better the actor. The stage is the hardest road of all. Every actor knows this, and he knows too that, however favorable or otherwise his screen career has been, if he makes the grade in a New York or London play he is the real goods.

Spencer Tracy, who did many brilliant Broadway roles, would enjoy a return to the stage; so would Kay Francis, but at the moment neither can get out of studio obligations.

Let somebody offer Joe E. Brown, always a great stage comedian, a red-hot Broadway musical, and the planes couldn't get him there fast enough.

Clark Gable, never forgotten in New York as the gambler in George M. Cohan's "Gambling," Joan Blondell, Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou are just a few others who have the stage itch so badly they're trying to break their film contracts.

A number of big screen names of a year ago actually have given Hollywood the slip—and without any definite leave-of-absence. Margo, for instance, is now in Maxwell Anderson's "The Masque of Kings," and Dudley Digges is in the same play.

Margaret Sullavan has been playing all season in "Stage Door"; Gertrude Lawrence is starring in Noel Coward's one-act sketches in London, after a New York season; Helen Hayes has been on Broadway all the year in "The Wingless Victory"; and Frank Albertson, who was last seen on the screen in "Fury," is making his first stage appearance in the sensational hit, "Brother Rat." He made good in one jump.

Then there are Marguerite Churchill in "And Now Good-Bye," Brant Mitchell in "Tide Rising," and Burgess Meredith in "High Tor."

Considerably more fortunate, however, are those who have been nimble-footed—and nimble-minded—enough to avoid heavy film commitments. Among those who flit from screen to stage and back again are Leslie Howard, now working on "Stand-In" for Walter Wanger after a season on Broadway in "Romeo and Juliet"; Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, John Halliday, Robert Donat, and Charles Laughton.

Audience Necessary

LAUGHTON, in fact, is so imbued with the spirit of the stage that he believes that he can do justice to a difficult portrayal only before an audience. When this isn't feasible he does the next best thing; he peoples the empty canvas-back chairs behind the camera with imaginary spectators, laughing and crying and—such an uncompromising disciplinarian is he — even yawning at his histrionics.

To the true actor there can be no art without a public. Fan letters are comforting, but they cannot spur an artist as can the continual awareness of an audience close at hand, nor can they fire enthusiasm in the same manner as a burst of applause in a crowded theatre.

And while the film colony's greatest stars cry out to be set free, the rest of us fervently wish that Hollywood's offerings of fame and fortune could be securely shackled around our own necks. It's certainly odd.

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WHY They Lost MONEY

Mad Spending in British Studios

From Our London Office
By Air Mail

IN the last eighteen months the public has been staggered again by the colossal financial losses which have occurred in the British film industry.

In all, they have been estimated to total something between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000, which is more surprising when you view the industry as an infant which is still in need of State nursing.

THAT surprise was heightened last week, however, when it became known that Mr. W. C. Crocker, the famous insurance lawyer who investigated the depredations of the Harris arson gang and brought its ringleaders to book, had been asked by certain Lloyd's underwriters to investigate a number of claims made on behalf of film companies.

This was a step expected by some people, because the disturbing financial situation has for months been a principal topic of conversation in film circles, and leading trade papers have stated frankly that money has been thrown away or mishandled.

In the mad orgy of spending of the last two years it is quite certain that anything might have happened.

Before that masterpiece which all Britain and America remembers—"Henry VIII"—made its spectacular and profitable appeal, British films rarely cost more than a few thousand pounds each.

Borrowed Money

AFTERWARDS, in the circumstances we shall reveal, £30,000 to £50,000 has been regarded as a smallish sum to spend.

And when such sums consist mainly of borrowed money, obtained on nothing more tangible than optimism, how could one expect to avoid disaster?

As it is, British film producers to-day, having spent £5,000,000 in 1936, are faced with the possibility of a dead loss of £2,000,000 unless something in the nature of a miracle happens to save them.

Let us give a few examples of how losses have been incurred. In one case, where a company had been financed by a large loan, two films were made which lost more than half their production cost, while a third fared only slightly better.

The same, in each instance, was put on the star, but the real reason was high production costs.

In another case film production was stopped because the company's officials decided to let the studio's floor space for £700 a week; while, in yet another, the scenario for which the cast had been booked was sent, page by page, to the producer by aeroplane!

The astonishing thing is that an awesome and almost incredible system of finance-raising has been calmly accepted.

Even small producing companies, run by people who understand art more than finance, have been able to obtain sums running into tens of thousands of pounds without difficulty.

They have just gone along to the financial men, shown them documents concerning their film companies and plans, told fantastic stories of the millions in the making, and—got the backing they sought.

Just as simple as that.

A company was promoted and registered under the Companies Act with a small, nominal capital. Under the aegis of this, the producer approached a film actor or actress of international fame and offered a lucrative contract.

When the favored star had signed, the producer came to terms with a popular director and got in touch with a good scenario writer.

The preliminary expenses to cover the cost of these earlier proceedings were generally privately raised, but, once the star, director, and story had been fixed up, the producer turned to a film broker as his next move.

The latter was told about the star, director, and the proposed "big" film's "certain profits," and asked to provide a guarantee of £40,000 or £50,000 to cover the cost of its making.

A heavy premium was paid to an insurance company or group of underwriters, and an overdraft granted by a bank on the security of the policy.

The financiers (generally not known to anyone save the broker concerned) hoped they would not be called upon to face the liability they had thus underwritten.

But when it was found that producers were spending money lavishly, could not finish the films at anything like the estimated cost, and went back to the backers for more money, events in the city began to move swiftly in a different direction.

Faced with the fact that their money was lost if they did not agree to guarantee the further capital required to complete the films, underwriters grew alarmed.

At least two "Big Five" banks, towards the end of last year, finally intimated that they would not advance any more money for film production at all.

Receivers were appointed to take over backers' interests in certain companies.

Ugly rumors and dangerous gossip spread throughout the film world. Studios decided to suspend work on films half-completed. Thousands of men and women were thrown out of work.

Huge Daily Costs

FAMOUS stars, brought from America and elsewhere to play leading roles in some of the new "big" British films that were produced on borrowed and mortgaged capital to compete in America with Hollywood productions, stood about drawing huge salaries but doing nothing.

There are cases on record where the daily expenditure amounted to as much as £1000 to £3000 once actual "shooting" had commenced.

So it came about, inevitably, of course, that a sham boom developed gradually into a very grim and dismal slump.

In December last the Film Council set up a small research group of investigators to find out what the position was.

Their report showed that, unlike other great industries, the film world lacks an Intelligence Department and, with millions of pounds invested in it, still operates, like any village grocery store, on "rule of thumb."

The report disclosed that, in a period of eighteen months, the total amount raised by way of guarantees, loans, and (in a few cases) debentures, was in excess of £4,000,000. In many cases the producing companies concerned were private concerns with relatively little capital of their own.

"One of the most striking features of this expansion from a financial point of view is the fact that on the production side it is based entirely on expectation without any concrete results to justify that optimism," the report adds.

Evidence was obtained by the Film Council investigators that finance groups are preparing to take control of companies as soon as a crash provides them with the cause to do so, and points out that between 1935 and the first ten months of 1936 film "financing companies" increased from one to seventeen!

Finally, it suggests that a Film Commission should be set up to take steps to bring order to finances.

That from the trade itself. Now the underwriters make their move.

Remember that 80 per cent. of 1936's squandered millions was borrowed. That between twenty and thirty companies, if not in Queer Street, are near to the corner of it.



GALLERY OF STARS

Ronald Colman

Whose next picture is United Artists' "Prisoner of Zenda."

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● GAIL PATRICK stars in "Artists and Models," Paramount's new musical beauty-parade.



● TYRONE POWER, newest rival of Gable and Taylor, wants to visit Australia.



● SIMONE SIMON, cosmopolitan French star, spent part of her childhood in Madagascar.

ROUND ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

Calculating Chorines' Curves

By GWEN HOWARTH

GAIL PATRICK fans should be pleased with her work in Paramount's latest musical, "Artists and Models."

This film glorifies the American torso with wild enthusiasm. Candidates for places in its galaxy of pulchritude were selected by a novel device called the shadow-box.

WHEN each girl steps into this box, clad in a bathing-suit, her silhouette is projected on its sides, which are fitted with measuring lines to indicate height and width.

Observers outside assess her proportions with scientific accuracy.

If you see the film, keep your eyes open for Sandra Storme, London's most beautiful model—she is only visible for a few seconds.

Also stand by for "Whispers in the Dark," a number which induces dangerously tender sentiments.

✣ ✣ ✣

Shearer fans will be glad to hear that Norma is returning to the screen. Not for a while, though, as she will remain in semi-mourning until October—a full year's retirement from professional life.

✣ ✣ ✣

All sorts of legends circulate about the origin and history of piquant Simone Simon. The facts: Born in Marseilles in 1914, she was taken to Madagascar by her mother in 1924, and later educated in Berlin, Tunis, and Paris.

She intended to study sculpture, was persuaded to take a screen test, got a contract.

After playing in several French pictures she was seen by a Hollywood talent scout and signed by Darryl Zanuck in 1935. She is 5ft. 3in., weighs 114lbs., has reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, dimples, and a quaint nose. She hates hats, and prefers slacks to dresses. And her name is genuine.

✣ ✣ ✣

Don't be surprised if Tyrone Power sets foot in Australia one of these days.

"As soon as I am given a long vacation I'll probably head straight for there," he told me. We chatted as he waited for lights to be adjusted in one of the scenes of "In Old Chicago," the big Fox film in which he is appearing with Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

But this overnight runner-up to Gable and Taylor is in such demand at the moment that it does not seem as if he will have a long vacation for some time.

He peppered me with questions as soon as he knew I hailed from "down under." "Dad was out there years ago," he said. "I have heard so much about the country that I'm determined to go and see for myself."

✣ ✣ ✣

Have you ever noticed the amount of talent that has been sent to the screen by the newspaper world?

Gary Cooper was once a cartoonist; so was John Barrymore, till they fired him. Gloria Stuart was a sob-sister, and Frances Farmer (remember her in "The Toast of New York"?) made a tour of Russia as special correspondent for a Seattle paper. And there are numerous others.

I heard Charlie Ruggles say recently: "Actors should try to cultivate the newspaper man's sensitivity to what interests the public. But nothing saddens me more than the newspaper man who thinks he is an actor."

✣ ✣ ✣

The language of the coiffure is changing fast in Hollywood. Old terms like "platinum blonde" and "Titian" are now obsolete.

The latest whim is to give alcoholic names to famous heads of hair. Ann Harding and Jeanette MacDonald are "Champagne," Jean Parker is "Burgundy," Grace Moore and Irene Dunne are "Chartreuse," Mary Rosell is "Oporto Red," and Claudette Colbert has been classified as "Dubonnet."

Medium blonds are scared to death lest they become "Pilsener."



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HERE'S *Hot* NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

EVEN father doesn't know if Kathie Hepburn is married to the multi-millionaire flyer and movie producer, Howard Hughes. He admits that his red-haired daughter has been tripping about the New England coast with the oil heir, but has no information on their marital status.

Asked if he would be surprised if they were married, Dr. Hepburn, after considering the question gravely, replied:

"No—no, I would not be surprised."

Several days ago, Kathie and Howard made an aeroplane trip to New London, where they inspected the Viking, a luxurious yacht, ideal for a honeymoon. No report of its purchase has as yet been made.

* * *

TO celebrate his fifty-sixth birthday, his thirty-fifth wedding anniversary and the start of his sixty-fourth picture, "The Buccaneer," Hollywood's most colorful producer-director, Cecil B. de Mille, entertained several hundred movie people and newspaper folk at a gala luncheon in the Paramount commissary the other day.

As all the above occasions came within one week, de Mille decided to celebrate them in one fell swoop, and his Hollywood friends turned out en masse to pay tribute to him.

As the picture "Buccaneer" is laid in New Orleans many years ago, the affair was done in Creole style and the lunch consisted of a series of amazing dishes made from recipes handed down from old Creole families.

* * *

RUBY KEELER, Al Jolson's beautiful wife, has been operated on for appendicitis. The singing and dancing actress was stricken suddenly. Her condition now is satisfactory.

* * *

FOR the first time since she married Roger Pryor a year ago, Anne Sothern has secured a leave of absence from her studio and will be able to spend four whole weeks with him in Chicago, their longest period together since the wedding.

A few hours after the marriage, Pryor had to fly back East to fulfil an orchestra engagement, and has had to remain there ever since, only seeing his wife when she has managed to fly up for week-ends, or for a few days between pictures.

All in all, Anne has flown thirty thousand miles on her visits to her husband, but finally she has tired of the endless chasing and demanded a holiday.

SOME people will tell you that Paris in autumn is a bit of a trial, what with the heat and one thing and another. But when I saw Rene Ray out at Denham she was just about to pack for the Channel crossing.

"I'm going to Paris," she told me excitedly, "to play in underground scenes for 'The Rat'."

Ruth Chatterton is another member of the cast, but she is staying in England—for the moment, anyhow.

Ruth came to England for a holiday, but the film folk just couldn't let her enjoy it in peace. She is interested in old castles and the centuries-old traditions, but she happens also to be an actress who loves her work.

When tempting offers began to arrive, Ruth just wrote politely to say that she would much prefer the open fields of old England to the hot and rather breathless atmosphere of the studios, but in the end she capitulated.

* * *

IN order to avoid attention, Greta Garbo moved to her new home in the dead of night.

When the news leaked out that she had moved, her former residence was mobbed by souvenir hunters.

Watchmen had to be installed to keep the place from being torn apart.

* * *

IF his contract and salary difficulties are ever ironed out, Freddie Bartholomew will have another chance to bring one of Rudyard Kipling's famous characters to life on the screen—this time, "Kim."

In the production, which will not be started for a few months, Freddie will portray Kim as a child, while Robert Taylor will take over the character when he gets out of knee pants.

This will be the third venture of this type for the child star. You remember he and Frank Lawton did a double job in "David Copperfield," and he later did the child's part, to Tyrone Power's adult, in "Lloyd's of London."

At the moment Freddie's aunt Cissie, who is also his guardian, is threatening to take her young charge back to England to put him in a school and let him forget movies if M.-G.-M. doesn't agree to pay him five hundred pounds a week instead of the two hundred he gets now.

Miss Bartholomew feels, taking into consideration his tremendous drawing power, and the fact that he will probably not be able to remain on the screen for more than two years, it is not worth while for him to lead the more or less abnormal life of a child actor, neglecting his education to a certain extent, unless there is a sufficient recompense.

* * *

AUTHOR A. J. CRONIN, himself a doctor, is putting the medical profession in the news—and on the screen and stage. "The Stars Look Down," which told of a doctor's experiences in the industrial north of England, was one of the best-sellers of recent times, and Dr. Cronin followed this up with "The Citadel," which tells first-hand a lot of things about which the public never dreamed.

"Movie-makers, seeing that people were deeply interested—"The Citadel" sold 85,000 copies in four weeks—began to bid for screen rights.

Producer Alexander Korda won, with an offer of £10,000.

I am exclusively informed that Robert Donat has been lined for the principal part, that of a young doctor.

DOTS and DASHES

● MRS. SPENCER TRACY returning from a holiday in Honolulu only to return again immediately, but this time with her husband, who just managed to get leave of absence from the studio. ● The director of "Double Wedding" crowding forty-seven people, including a singing quartet, into a fifteen by six-foot trailer for the screwy wedding sequence in the picture. ● Barbara Stanwyck and Bart Marshall exchanging portraits on completion of "A Love Like That," but we think Bob Taylor is still head man for Barbara. ● Director Frank Lloyd having a terrible time getting Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who have been married for five years, to do a good job of their love scenes in "Wells Fargo" ● Joan Blondell satisfying a whim of her young son, Normie, by taking him riding on top of a bus on Sunset Boulevard, to the great delight of fellow-passengers. . . .

THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.]

Racing is in the air!

* * * *

So let's talk of the timeliest picture of the year . . . "*Saratoga*".

* * * *

Here is a racing story which challenges the most sensational finish ever seen at Randwick, Caulfield or Flemington.

* * * *

A finish that has the judges guessing, and upon which the fates of three people depend . . . to finally be solved by the all-seeing eye of the slow motion camera.

* * * *

"*Saratoga*" stars Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan and Una Merkel, and was actually filmed on the famous race track of that name.

* * * *

While fans are thrilling to "*Saratoga*" at Sydney St. James, with Melbourne and Brisbane preparing for the same treat, "*Maytime*" continues merrily at the Sydney Liberty.

* * * *

Record sales of the musical number "*Will You Remember*"? so charmingly rendered by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, speaks volumes for the popularity of this MGM operetta.

* * * *

The last word in all star casts is provided by "*The Last of Mrs. Cheney*".

* * * *

Joan Crawford, William Powell and Robert Montgomery head the list, which includes Frank Morgan, Jessie Ralph, Nigel Bruce, Aileen Pringle, Benita Hume and Ralph Forbes.

* * * *

Frederick Lonsdale's clever comedy was filmed before with Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler. Personally we like this new modern version much better.

* * * *

A new starring trio is on the way in "*They Gave Him a Gun*", story of a man brave only when he held a gun in his hands.

* * * *

Grace George, blondely beautiful stage star, joins the M-G-M headliners in this production, and with Spencer Tracy and Franchot Tone brings a thrilling entertainment to the screen.

* * * *

Yours for entertainment,
LEO of M-G-M.

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Every one with artificial teeth should use 'Steradent.' Satisfaction is guaranteed or money is refunded. Ask your Dentist about it. Remember—it is absolutely harmless to every kind of denture material.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★★ QUALITY STREET

Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone. (R.K.O.)

A VERY delicate job was attempted in transferring to the screen the fragile charm of Barrie's famous comedy.

Katharine Hepburn, least earthy and most airy of all film actresses, is probably the only star who could have preserved that light and wistful sentiment without dropping into common "sob-stuff."

In the genteel setting of a little English town at the time of the Napoleonic war she exquisitely portrays Phoebe Throssel, the sweet spinster who found it so hard to love without being unladylike.

When dashing Dr. Brown (Franchot Tone) instead of making the proposal she expects announces that he has enlisted for the wars, her pathos is conveyed with a gossamer touch.

Ten years later, when he returns, she has become a prim schoolmistress whom he can no longer love.

So she rejuvenates her looks, and, masquerading as a young coquette, a mythical niece of herself, she captivates the dashing captain. But in the end he finds he loves the true Phoebe more than the flighty impersonation.

Her acting in this second role of a frivolous butterfly is a brilliant bit of virtuosity, skilfully contrasted with her sincere and modest Miss Phoebe.

Franchot Tone is a humorous and attractive Captain, though his rich American voice is out of place in the elaborately English atmosphere.

Quality Street, that concentration camp for spinsters, is shown as a dream-thoroughfare of rose-covered Georgian cottages.

The whole production keeps the formality of a novel by Jane Austen, the propriety of a period of curtsies.

But it is not slow or dull.

Eric Blore, a bewildered sergeant, and Estelle Winwood, an acid busybody, are the funniest of a strong comic support.

And a fair number of Barrie's whimsical "cracks" survive. Example: "If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, how many would you get for elevenpence?"

"Eleven."

"Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes. I once worked it out with real herrings."

Mayfair; showing.

★★★ WAKE UP AND LIVE

Walter Winchell, Alice Faye. (Fox.)

WALTER WINCHELL, world's No. 1 gossip columnist and radio spy, famed for his inside knowledge of the private life of New York's well-knowns and, above all, for his uncanny prophecies of "blessed events," is the hub of this whirling musical.

Cinemaddicts will find it howlarious and swelegant (if we may borrow these words which Winchell has donated to the American language).

His real-life feud with Ben Bernie, "the Old Maestro," a New York band leader, has been put on the screen in a mad barrage of insulting witticisms.

Much of the action concerns the quest for "The Phantom Troubadour," a mysterious crooner whose lush notes cause delicious shudders among female radio listeners and who is eventually identified as Jack Haley.

Alice Faye sings and dances with vim and grace, and proves once again that she is an actress as well as a first-class soubrette.

The musical score is by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, authors of "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "You Hit the Spot," and other successes.

Their best numbers this time are "Never in a Million Years," and "It's Swell of You," both of which will soon be very familiar.

This is one of those rare occasions when author, producer, director and actors have all been infected by the same mood of hilarity. And they have turned in as good a piece of hot entertainment as we have seen this year.—Regent; showing.

Week's Best Release

"QUALITY STREET"

Tender period comedy, with superlative acting by Katharine Hepburn.

★★ TALL TIMBERS

Shirley Ann Richards, Frank Leighton. (Cinesound.)

FROM the Palm Beach surf to the towering bush of Northern New South Wales, Cinesound's production "Tall Timbers," swings its colorful and action-filled drama.

Against the panorama of the State's logging industry is played out a speedy story of rivalry between two companies.

"Tall Timbers" culminates in one tremendous piece of spectacular realism—when a hillside of trees crashes in a colossal timber drive.

Romance is, however, the introductory note in the picture. Down at Palm Beach, among the bathing beauties and life-savers of a Sydney summer, Frank Leighton rescues Shirley Ann Richards from the surf.

Frank deserts beaches for the bush, to become forestry officer to the Burbridge acres.

He does not know that Shirley Ann is the adopted daughter of kindly Burbridge—played by Harvey Adams.

Enter drama. Burbridge has undertaken a race for a big contract with a rival firm of which the principals, two suave and unpleasant gentlemen, Campbell Copelin and Ron Whelan, are determined to beat Burbridge by fair means—or foul.

So Frank Harvey, as the slouching, sullen Darley, undertakes to ruin the Burbridge chances.

A subsidiary motif is played out against magnificent natural backgrounds.

In spite of sabotage, blown-up bridges, attempted strikes and smashed "flying foxes," Harvey Adams manages to win the contract—and Frank Leighton and Shirley Ann resolve their lovers' quarrels in a happy ending.

How this is achieved makes tough and exciting melodrama in which the New South Wales logging industry takes a fascinating role.—Lyceum, showing.

★★ CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD

John Wayne, Louise Latimer. (Universal.)

THIS is one of those pictures in which American producers show their ability to seize an everyday job of work and invest it with melodrama.

You remember the excitement that was knocked out of the work of telephone linesmen in "Looking For Trouble."

This time the work of motor-truck drivers is the theme, and though the film is not as vivid as "Looking for Trouble," it is quite a lively release of the more simple kind.

The competitive tactics of American truck drivers appear from this film to be very rugged.

One, Padula, shifts a "Road Closed" sign so that his chief competitor drives a load of nitre into a swamp and gets blown to pieces.

But even Padula's methods are not tough enough to check Biff Smith (John Wayne), whose name explains his method of settling an argument.

Biff pioneers a transcontinental hauling service by leading a fleet of trucks to Los Angeles, after much trouble in the snow of the mountains, which is well photographed.

The film involves a lot of screaming by business executives, especially by Robert McWade, who creates a delightful character as a wizened and hysterical magnate.—Lyric, showing.

★ THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN

Walter Connolly, Irene Hervey. (Columbia.)

THE men are a group of old Harvard classmates, and they are frightened because somebody keeps killing them.

Nero Wolfe (Walter Connolly), stout and sedentary sleuth, is torn from his orchid plantation to probe the crime.

But repeated killings fail to excite the spectator of this mediocre film.

No shiver of horror, but the languid interest roused by a jigsaw puzzle, is all the response you may expect.

The examination of a typewriter is about the most egrie thrill that is offered.

Walter Connolly is a pleasant personality, though his gifts don't get as much scope here as in his usual comedy role of puzzled parent.

Lionel Stander, as his "stooge," is mildly amusing in his efforts to unmask the classmate-killer.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ CALLING ALL STARS

Flotsam and Jetsam, Turner Layton, and others. (Gaumont-British.)

THIS variety-musical assembles a big list of leading performers from the London stage, whose work is strung together on the pretext of a disaster in a gramophone factory.

Carroll Gibbons, Turner Layton, Ambrose and his band are a few of the topliners who are called together by Flotsam and Jetsam, comedy duettists, to make records in replacement of others which have been broken by a clumsy messenger.

Flotsam and Jetsam render their most famous number, "The Changing of the Guard," and Turner Layton gives his celebrated version of "These Foolish Things."

An average specimen of a type of film very popular in English studios. —Mayfair; showing.



KATHARINE HEPBURN is at the top of her form in the film version of "Quality Street," Barrie's delightful comedy of the early eighteen-hundreds. Franchot Tone is her opposite lead for the first time.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett





Ours is a complex and a changing world . . . but there are some things in it which never change. Music, the noblest of the arts, still yields its rich rewards . . . still weaves into the prosaic fabric of existence its bright, golden thread. Teach your child now to know and to love good music! For him, at first, the whole of music may be comprehended in a song . . . a soldiers' march . . . some gentle, haunting air. But as he grows, and as appreciation grows, music will come to mean friends, opportunity . . . a source of lasting pleasure, of deep contentment through the years.

If you were to attend Rachmaninoff's next recital . . . Rubinstein's, Paderewski's, or Hofmann's . . . you would discover what you very probably already know: that the piano used is a Steinway. And if you should visit almost any of the important broadcasting stations in the world you would find there, too, the instrument of the immortals. What is true in concert hall and broadcasting studio is true, also, in the cultivated home. For the Steinway is pre-eminently the instrument for people of modest means! A student probing the depths of Bach or Beethoven . . . the young mother playing to the child . . . friends gathered around for an evening's "sing" . . . it is at such moments that the Steinway is most familiar, and perhaps most welcome.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Libra People Have Good Judgment

People born between September 23 and October 24 belong to the zodiacal sign Libra. Their planetary ruler is Venus, the goddess of love, laughter and beauty.

This desirable rulership, however, is both a blessing and a nuisance, for it endows such strong desires for luxuries and peace (at almost any price), and for pleasure and popularity, that Librans often become their own enemies.

LIBRA produces some of the most natural humorists and the best entertainers in the world, so that they are generally much sought for their jolly company. On the other hand, they can also be rather surprisingly grave, quiet and "correct."

They are usually renowned for their kindly and sympathetic natures. Those in trouble or need will seldom call upon Librans in vain.

In fact, their lives are so often ruined by impostors and the selfishness of their associates that Librans would be wise to carefully investigate appeals made to their generosity.

Librans are capable of excellent judgments and advice—advice which frequently pleases the Libran as much as it does the recipient since it is often intuitive rather than calculative. In other words these people sometimes have remarkable "hunches."

Another gift which Venus brings to many Librans is the ability to express themselves in an artistic sphere needing refinement, good judgment and a sense of "balance." They frequently excel as actors, dancers, designers, singers, mannequins and artists. They also make some of the best healers, judges and advisers in the world.

In fact, the gods seemed anxious when the blessings of this world were being handed out to those belonging to each sign of the zodiac to give Libra people more than their fair share.

In addition to their kindly, wise and artistic attributes, these folk often possess good looks and social poise and a goodly amount of magnetism.

Moreover, combined with their desire for the nice things of life is their ability to enjoy whatever gifts the gods may bring.

Still, they have an inclination to underrate their capabilities and to rely too much upon the good opinion and judgment of others. They are too ready to be influenced by stronger personalities. They will change their opinions, plans, personal desires, and even their appearance to please other people.

This is a mistake. They should remember that fate has endowed them with intuitive powers which are far superior to most reasoning processes. They should assert themselves and their own opinions if they wish to be really successful and happy.

And lastly, whenever a really important decision has to be made, Librans should wander off to some quiet place and try to reason the matter out from their own point of view and without the distractions of other people.

Thereafter they must "stick to" their decisions, for changes or vacillations will usually be regretted.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Use all caution on September 28 and 29 (till noon). Do not be over-confident or impatient. Let important matters wait some weeks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Poor on September 29, 30, and October 1. Fair thereafter.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be ready to make much of opportunities. Force issues, ask favors, be optimistic, especially on October 4 and 5. Do not be over-confident on October 2 and 3.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly. Avoid changes or new enterprises. Routine work best for some weeks to come. Be particularly cautious on October 4 and 5.

MOST Librans are light and graceful of build in youth (though sometimes inclined to stoutness as life advances), and can usually grace their clothes even more than the clothes grace them.

They should always strive to be well-groomed, for this creates self-confidence and helps them to overcome one of their faults—a tendency to be over-modest and rather vacillating.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair on September 29 (afternoon), 30, and October 1.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on October 2 and 3.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Opportunities possible, so be confident and optimistic. Seek advancement, favors and changes, especially on October 4 and 5.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): October 28 and 29 (early), fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Improvements possible, so bargain for opportunities and changes. September 29 (p.m.), 30, and October 1 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Delays, annoyances, and upsets are likely, so live quietly. Take no risks on September 28 and 29, and October 4 and 5. Be sure not to start new matters of importance then.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Make opportunities. New ventures and changes advisable now, especially if started on October 4 or 5. Be sure to use these days wisely. Ask favors; seek advancement.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unspectacular. September 28 and 29 (a.m.) just fair. Routine work best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

SEASHORE *Gigolos* FOR HIRE

By Air Mail from our New York Office.

DASHING beach Adonises hired by the hour by holiday girls at Atlantic City are making men holiday-makers furious with jealousy.

Many girls are throwing over their men friends for these fascinating Adonises, who are hired out to them like deck-chairs by an agency.

While rejected men-friends look on in anger, girls and their paid escorts bask on the beach in bathing costumes.

These seashore gigolos fascinate girls because of their Hollywood-like looks and physique.

Any girl wanting an escort like Clark Gable or Robert Taylor simply telephones the agency. Then she is visited by a woman, who produces a sheaf of photographs of handsome men from whom the girl takes her choice. Within a few minutes he arrives, gallantly presenting her with a small gift, the cost of which is included in her bill.

A girl can hire an Adonis for morning bathing and sunbathing for four shillings an hour. In the afternoon he costs five shillings an hour.

Every Adonis is carefully picked from society and the Universities, dances divinely, swims, plays bridge, talks intelligently, and pays charming compliments.

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MT2.—**Heavyweight FANCY SHEER FROCK,** also cut on tailored lines, with lattice design, lined with White. Flat Crepe Pointed collar, finished with White brooch design. Skirt has pleats centre front and back. Finished with belt and buckle. **In Black and Navy only. PRICE SPECIALISED - - 69/6**

MT3.—**Another smart style in Heavyweight FANCY SHEER,** featuring high neck with tie. Bodice and sleeves trimmed with fancy two-tone buttons. Pleated Petersham ribbon on bodice and on skirt, which is gored. Belt and covered buckle add an attractive finish. **In Black & Navy only. PRICE SPECIALISED - - 69/6**

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WOMAN, *Aged 100,* Off On Motor Jaunt

Australia has at least one woman centenarian who likes to "get around."

She is "Grannie" Curry, who has just packed her boxes, donned her charming black bonnet, and set out for a motor trip from Adelaide to Wentworth, N.S.W., a distance of 350 miles.

ALTHOUGH she celebrated the hundredth anniversary of her birth on April 16 of this year, there is no stay-at-home spirit about Mrs. Curry.

Mention any excitement to her and there is positively no restraining her.

Quite recently, Mrs. Beatrice Jane Curry, alias Topsy, alias "Grannie" (the last name is the one she likes everyone to call her), left her tiny home in North Adelaide, where she lived alone, did her own housework, and cooked her own meals and held court like any queen.

She has now taken up her abode with a friend, Mrs. H. Brown, and with Mrs. Brown she has gone on a holiday to Wentworth.

It is not her intention to go there for a rest-cure. It is just the thrill of having a holiday that appealed to Mrs. Curry, who intends to be away only a fortnight altogether.

Treasures Stolen

IT was with a sense of relief that her friends saw her pack up her belongings to transfer them from her own little house to that of Mrs. Brown, as although she would not complain for worlds, she has lately had to put up with a lot of petty pilfering, probably from souvenir hunters.

On her hundredth birthday even sticks of firewood bought out of her scanty old-age pension were taken from her home, and when she came to light the fire that evening there was scarcely any wood left to do it with.

Souvenir hunters also pocketed some of her cherished birthday presents which were sent her by often unknown admirers from all over the Commonwealth.

Mrs. Curry does not hold the record of being the oldest woman in Australia, but she must surely hold the record for being the most energetic, irrespective of age.

She had her first experience in flying recently, when she amazed some friends who motored her to Parafield Aerodrome. She accepted an impromptu invitation from a pilot to fly over Adelaide.

Her latest escapade is this holiday at Wentworth, which means that she will have travelled 700 miles by service car by the time she returns to her home.

Ready Wit

IT is her great delight to entertain people she likes, and there is no doubt about her conversations being entertaining.

She has a tongue so quick one has to keep one's wits about one while chatting with her, and she has a sense of humor and a ready flow of quips.

Doubtless the service car ride from Adelaide to Wentworth will have been the brightest run the car had done for a long time, despite the stormy weather.

Mrs. Curry's recipe for a healthy life and happy old age is to work hard all one's life, never to complain about work, and to have lots of children. She herself has had 23, including four sets of twins.

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GRAPHIC LETTER *from War* OBSERVER

Wife Found "Tin Hat" Useful When Bombs Dropped in China Air-Raids

Following is one of the most graphic personal accounts of the present Eastern conflict yet received from China.

The writer tells how, during an air raid, he placed his old Aussie "tin hat" on his wife's head to protect her.

The comments are extracts from a letter written by an Australian in Shanghai to a friend in Sydney. For obvious reasons the writer's name is withheld from publication.

SHANGHAI, August 24.

My dear Pal,—

You owe this letter to the fact that for the time being "all is quiet on this sector of the western front," the fighting and bombing having shifted over more towards Woosung and Pootung, though yesterday a bomb killed over 200 a few yards from here.

You have had a fairly accurate accounts of the "incident" which started off with great eclat on the morning of the 13th, and is still going strong.

The causes we need not seek, as they are well and fully understood and published in the Press. The immediate excuses for the outbreak, both in the north and here, are too fantastic and badly staged to interest us, so I'll try and tell you how it affected my wife and me.

On the morning of Friday, "13th," the friction between the Chinese and Japanese, resulting from the shooting of a uniformed Japanese naval officer and his naval chauffeur, who had attempted to force their way into a Chinese Government aerodrome in Chinese territory (probably under orders, and as volunteers), came to a head with a clash along the Paoshan Road, in Chapei, much where the last show broke out.

That afternoon my wife and I went down nearly to Woosung to a farewell party on board the Saint Vincent de Paul, all refitted and painted up, and now well away on a very profitable time charter.

Coming back we could hear sporadic bursts of machine gun and rifle fire, but little else. We noticed that the river was filling up with Japanese naval vessels, and saw that they were all "cleared for action."

As we live on the Pootung waterfront, and as we knew that about half of the Chinese 87th Division were entrenched at the back of our wharf, we rather felt that we might be "in things" a bit before long.

Petrol Blaze

THE next morning all was quiet, and I went up to Shanghai as usual and did a survey. Finishing the survey I came into the office and started to write, when the Chinese Air Force made a determined raid on the Japanese ships in the river.

Off we went, forgetting all we had been taught about air raids and anti-aircraft guns, and watched the fun from the roof.

The bombing and the gunnery were both "rotten," and no damage was done to either ships or planes, but wharves on the Shanghai side suffered.

I went down river to Holts' wharf for my tiffin. That over, I strolled outside with my wife to watch the air raids, which were now fairly constant, isolated machines (Chinese) using the low clouds as screens and making very inaccurate bomb attacks along the line of Japanese ships.

About 4.30 p.m. a plane, caught under anti-aircraft fire, low down and nearly over us, dropped two 250lb. bombs, probably to gain altitude.

These bombs struck the Asiatic Petroleum Co.'s installation, less than 70 yards from our house, and the place was a furnace in a few seconds. I managed to get everyone out of the row of residences, and up to the other end of the wharf, as we feared the main tanks would explode as the heat got greater.

It was a wonderful sight, and really awe-inspiring, but our efforts to help stop the blaze from spreading were somewhat hampered by having to duck from splinters from anti-aircraft guns and bursts of machine-gun fire as the raids went on above us.

Towards midnight it became clear that the main tanks were saved, and we retired to bed. That was the last time we slept in our house!

The next day, Sunday, things started to happen all round us, and at 3 p.m. all wharf women (wives of the foreign employees) were told to go aboard the Stentor, sailing for Hongkong. My wife refused to go!

That night we had dinner, and the five men and one woman remaining decided on our routine of watches, etc. They were never kept!

Shelling and sniping at the Japanese from the wharves above us and from behind our own wharf brought the inevitable reply, and things became most unpleasant.

We then got our launch and went on board the U.S.S. Augusta, flagship, for shelter. She was hit during the night.

At daylight on Monday we went back to the wharf, and, finding less damage than we expected, decided to "carry on," but at noon we received wireless orders to evacuate, and were told that H.M.S. Falmouth would come alongside and take us off.

So with what we could pack and all the pets we arrived on the Bund just as another air attack developed. I put my old Aussie "tin hat" on my wife's head. She looked very funny, but there you are.

We haven't seen our house or goods since, so don't know how we stand.

I told you when I started this that the war was away from here just at the time.

Well, it's come back since I started to write this, and the Japanese ships are now bombarding from just off the Bund outside, and playing hell with Pootung. They are using "big stuff" from the old Idzumo.

YOU will have read about the terrible loss of life and property in the Settlement.

The Japanese appear to be having a hard time fighting their way up from where they landed near Woosung. If the Chinese only had the necessary artillery support, they say the Japs would be back in the sea by now.

But the concentration of the guns of the Japanese fleet at Woosung and in the river here is about almost unopposed by Chinese artillery, and the Chinese troops are suffering heavily, gallantly fighting every inch.

Legacy Players in "Journey's End"

VERY few plays without a woman in the cast have been box-office successes. Sherriff's "Journey's End," is a notable exception.

This brilliant play, which made a fortune for its author, will be presented by the Legacy Players at the Conservatorium on October 7 and October 9. And for a good reason.

During the past 12 months the Legacy Club has placed over 1200 children of deceased soldiers in positions. This work caused their expenditure to overshadow their receipts by more than £500, and "Journey's End" is one of the vehicles which will enable them to bridge the gap and even extend their self-imposed work.



CHINESE WOMEN GO WARLIKE. An indication of the new unity of China is the manner in which women have flocked to the aid of their embattled menfolk. Here is a medical unit made up of Chinese girl students in uniform.

LITTLE BUSH *Girl's Symphony* OF LIFE

Here is a story that reads like a delightful little tale from the books of Hans Andersen. But, in place of the fairy princess, we have petite Perry Hart, eight-year-old prodigy of the violin.

MID the rustic simplicity of Ewingsdale, a tiny centre deep in the heart of the Far North Coast dairy country, Perry is now engaged in learning the compositions of the masters, such as Bach's Concerto in A Minor, Handel's Sonata in F Major and the Sonata in B Flat by Mozart.

Passing along the bush road running by her father's farm, one may pause and hear the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," or the light, lilting tunes that invariably find their way into the Eisteddfod programme.

When she won prize after prize at the 1935 Sydney Eisteddfod, she was warmly praised by a number of well-known musicians.

"She is artistic to the fingertips," said the adjudicator, Mr. Hadyn West, adding, "I'm glad she is in safe hands, for I believe that in ten years, if she continues her studies, her name will be big in the musical world."



Miss PERRY HART

In June Perry was given an audition in Brisbane by the eminent Polish violinist, Bronislaw Huberman, who was impressed by her playing and her charming manner.

The young musician lives a contented life at Ewingsdale, happy with her violin.

While other members of the family are helping with the milking, she is to be found practising in the neat, little farm cottage, with her mother and her four-year-old sister Pamela, also a budding violinist, as her audience.

Occasionally, she wanders down to the dairy shed, where she delights in giving her father and brothers "a hand," as she puts it.

Often she perches on the old farm dray to watch them at their work.

Her disposition is as sunny as the country in which she was born. She has a perpetual smile and the deep blush of the country child.

The prospect of a career as a violinist has made Perry enthusiastic, but it will be a sad day for her if she has to leave the contentment and peaceful atmosphere of the farm.

Her teacher, Beryl Gundlach-MacGillivray, gave Perry her first lesson on a "baby" violin at the age of three. Since then a fond attachment has grown up between them.

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GIRLS WHO FOLLOW *Unusual* CAREERS

Testing Ice-cream, Soap, Meat . . . Carting Bread

HANDYWOMEN OF TO-DAY

What girl would like a job as an ice-cream taster? Or a soap tester? Or a meat analyser? Or a bread-carter?

These four unusual jobs held by young Australian women are typical of the strange careers in which you'll find women engaged these days.



MISS M. PATTERSON, who tests ice-cream

AN unusual occupation, and one which has little appeal for women generally, has proved most absorbing to Miss Florence Fowler, of Waverley, one of the few women butchers in the State.

"There is no more fascinating trade than butchering," she declares. "I've given it more than a fair test, and if I had to make a choice again, I would select this trade."

Years ago Miss Fowler started out as a bookkeeper in her father's business.

But the practical side soon proved more interesting than the clerical, and she began to study butchering in all its branches.

After 12 years as bookkeeper student to the meat trade Miss Fowler decided to purchase her own business, and since then has become well known as a successful suburban butcher.

Miss Kathleen O'Mara, the petite brunette secretary of the Clarence River Jockey Club, Grafton, is the first woman to hold such a position in an Australian jockey club.

Miss O'Mara has acted as secretary to the Clarence River Club for many years with great success, and her frank cheery disposition coupled with her outstanding administrative ability has inspired the confidence of all with whom she comes in contact.

Hewing stone for a living sounds rather hard work for a woman.

This is precisely what Mrs. H. Blake, quarry owner of Kogarah, does.

For the past 14 years she has helped to hew stone, assisted to load lorries, and supervised the construction of roads. She has built 12 roads in the Rockdale-Bexley district.

Since her husband died, about 12 years ago, Mrs. Blake has carried on the quarrying at Blakehurst, producing the finest white stone in the district.

Pleasant Job

MISS MARGARET PATTERSON, of Brisbane, has a joyful job. She is an ice-cream tester.

She works in the laboratory of an ice-cream factory and finding the legal standard for bacteria in each batch of milk and cream that arrives at the factory is her task.

In all ice-cream that is made, the bacterial content has to be estimated to see that it is well below the standard.

As the mixture of the ice-cream is being made, the fat content has to be estimated so that the mixture can be standardised. It must always contain the same percentage.

Miss Patterson finds her work absorbing, and is looking forward to a busy ice-cream season, for naturally she is busier in the summer than in the winter.

Miss Helen Heale, another Queensland girl, spends her days at the Queensland abattoirs, where her work entails analysing meat for the interstate and overseas market.

Modern sales are conducted on an analytical basis, so her work is naturally very important.

In the stock foods she determines such things as proteins, carbohydrates, fats, calciums, etc.

To the average person this sounds most complicated, but not so to this student.

She has been employed in her present position for the last five and a half years, and is recognised as chief analytical chemist. There is no other girl in Queensland doing similar work.

Electrical Specialist

MISS COOKE, of Melbourne, has been an electrical specialist for fourteen years. She does electrical repairs to all heating elements, and her workroom is as good as a hospital for sick irons, kettles, hot-water jugs, radiators, and even stoves.

This brisk and businesslike little woman began as a milliner, but when she discovered that milliners might work as hard as men, but could not hope to earn anything like the same amount of money, she decided to learn a man's job.

She had a natural aptitude for electrical work, which she began at home. Then she worked for her brother for a time, and in 1922 opened her own business.

Miss Ruth Butcher, another Queenslander, spends her days testing soap. She has always been interested in research work and studied chemistry as an extra subject at school.



MISS RUTH BUTCHER earns her living as a soap chemist.

Soap testing is really a big process. There are three main stages. The first test is made when it has finished boiling to see if there is any fat in it. Then after it has settled for two to five days, according to quality, it is tested to see if all the excess caustic and salt are separated from it. Finally it is cut into bars and tested to see if it is lathering up to standard.

Toilet soap starts life the same way as ordinary household soap, but has to be perfumed and colored and often stamped and wrapped up in as attractive a way as possible.

These latter details do not come under Miss Butcher's scope of work, which is concerned with the soap testing — a most important and responsible phase.

To see Miss V. Hage, an Adelaide girl, going about her everyday job is to think one has stepped into the private screening of a very artistic movie by mistake. This pretty lass lives at Port Lincoln, South Australia, and, clad in neat breeches and with a cash-bag slung across her shoulder, she does duty as roundsman for her father's bakery.



MISS V. HAGE is a bread-carter.

She looks quite boyish seated up in her cart, and she manages her horse with unparalleled ease.

Miss Hage helps in the bakehouse, does her daily rounds, and is also very fond of fishing in her spare time, for her father has a boat with engine and sails, and owns part of an island off Lincoln, where he keeps sheep.

Another Australian woman in unusual work is Miss Doris McCullock, who is tutor in philosophy at the University of Queensland.

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HOW A *Radio* PLAY IS PRODUCED

Glimpse Behind the Scenes

To be a member of a band of radio players seems to be the ambition of thousands of people. Yet few of them realise all the hard work and long hours entailed in radio drama.

The B.S.A. Players at 2GB often commence their day at 10 a.m. and are still hard at work at 9 o'clock at night.



KENNETH PAWLEY, a talented member of the 2GB drama unit.

THOSE who have played in the theatre declare that the work in radio is far more exacting and tiring than theatre work.

In the theatre a couple of weeks' rehearsals serve for a season that may last six months, and once the play is in production there are only six night performances a week and perhaps two matinees.

In its very nature, radio drama is more exacting than stage work. Once the microphone is on and the show begins mistakes must not be made. No wonder that even experienced players feel "jittery" at times.

These days when so much dramatic work is recorded for future use in other States and overseas, the strain is even greater.

After a couple of rehearsals the show is ready for recording. Everyone is at concert pitch, and for the next fifteen minutes everything must go with clock-like precision.

One mistaken pronunciation, a failure of an actor to get his cue or even a sneeze means "cut," and a new recording.

Tempo is all-important in recording. A show rehearsed on time may be taken at too slow or too swift a pace in recording, and that means additions or deletions to the script or another rehearsal for time.

But radio certainly has its other side to make up for hard work. There are moments of fun and good - fellowship which relieve the tension, for radio folk are born entertainers.

Sometimes, for instance, a test has to be made. That is when the players let off steam, and the whole box of radio tricks are spilled in a glorious medley of nonsense. Someone announces in his most pontifical voice: "The B.S.A. Players presenting 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Around the Corner.'"

Delicate theme music comes up with a roar and in entire inappropriateness. Characters from every show dash in and say a few lines.

Horses stampede into a drawing-room and finally the whole cast is mowed down by imitation machine-gun fire. (But as the B.B.C. say: "We can't let you broadcast that!")

Then there are the microphone tests for sound level, when one of the players will retail the latest studio gossip in the voice of a well-known talkie news-commentator, or do a travelogue up Martin Place in the famous Fitzpatrick manner.

When fun is required young Peter Finch is always ready to put on a show.

One corner of the studio is curtained off. From behind the curtain emerges the face of Peter, and a hand creeps round and seises him by the neck, and then ensues a realistic fight between Peter and his own hand. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Filling in Time

WHILE waiting for calls, the actors have to provide their own relaxation. For instance, Lou Vernon, being of a mechanical turn of mind (he says he would have been an inventor if he hadn't become an actor), examines the workings of the recording machine, or even turns a chair upside down to discover the mysteries of upholstering.

Frank Bradley is generally to be found telling stories of famous people he has met, including Cecil de Mille, Hollywood's producer of movie spectacles, who wrote a number of sketches for him.

Harold Meade finds relaxation in reading. He reads anything that comes his way. "I'm amazed that my supply of reading never seems to run out," he says, "but fortunately my tastes are pretty wide."

Kenneth Pawley finds his relaxation in writing, and when not required in the studio turns to a typewriter.

The girl players, Betty Suttor, Mary Macgregor, and Barbara Smith, vary their day with discussions on their favorite hobby, riding, or a short shopping expedition.

But whatever it is they do, radio actors remain remarkably fit and cheerful, when their long hours and arduous work are taken into consideration.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, September 29: 11.45 a.m., London Calling; 3.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, September 30: 11.45 a.m., Things That Happen; 2.45 p.m., The Movie World.

FRIDAY, October 1: 11.45 a.m., So They Say; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 2: 6.15 p.m., The Music Box; 9.30 p.m., Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm Orchestra, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

SUNDAY, October 3: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital; 6.10 p.m., Charles Hackett with His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra.

MONDAY, October 4: 11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, October 5: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News; 2.45 p.m., Things That Happen.



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THE *Young* LION

Continued from Page 20

"Too bad," he said, "but of course, that's him."

"Eh?" gasped the boy.

"Savaran," said Lee Washington.

"You think he stampeded my men?"

"Son," said the American, "he'd stampede the trained bands of Hades."

"But he's in the south you say."

"Heading north and west to reach the Gran Pess," corrected the big man. "He's probably passing Bemoy now and your bright boys got wind of him and just naturally faded away."

"And my chances of taking him with them," cried Rex Sefton bitterly.

"Such as they were," nodded Lee Washington, "on the other hand you've got me."

"You," frowned the boy, "but what can you do?"

"Miracles," grinned Lee Washington, "are among my most profitable sidelines. Just sit back and watch Lee."

Rex Sefton had six weeks of Lee Washington and miracles and came to have a vast liking for both.

Lee Washington had a large and astonishing way with him. For instance he walked calmly into the smugly contemptuous presence of Za Salah, wholesaler in pious texts and cut-throat gunmen. He listened mildly while the Arab made it more than plain that Rex Sefton would get neither a cook boy nor a cent of his advance. Never a word said Lee Washington until Za Salah reached for his keef pipe with a gesture of final dismissal. Then he said with a strange, ferocious softness.

"A hundred and twenty fighters Steffi hired through thee—so! Well, two hundred and forty will be ready by noon to-morrow, O Mangy Mosque Rat. Also two hundred and fifty carriers. They will gather at the Hill of Crows, and they will be punctual. The price of each will be half what thou charged Steffi, and what he has already paid settles thy bill. And they will be good men, Za Salah, all of them, else thou wilt speak with me on thy swift way to death."

Za Salah shuddered back from the wolf grin on the big bearded face, yet was ready to fight, being an Arab with money at stake. The American laughed softly and lifted his tinted spectacles. . . . And at that Za Salah went limp and began to whimper that prayer which should give full protection against a personal visit of Satan.

"It will be as I say?" said the American, returning his spectacles to the normal.

"Wa Sidda!" wailed the Arab. "All shall be as the Feared Among Lions desires. On the Stone I swear it."

Lee Washington wasted no more words or time on him. He had other calls to make. He visited Chakula who was hugging himself at having been overpaid for food he need never supply to Rex Sefton; Nymo, The Rat, who was in the same happy mood over the matter of pack-donkeys and saddle-mules, and Patamo, gun-runner in extraordinary to all the best local revolutions. Upon each he had the same reaction, even on Patamo, whose name was terror and who called in three bhang-crazy dagger men to back his robber talents. But the dagger men as well as Patamo and the others all wilted under the ferocious and sardonic glare the lifted spectacles exposed, and when Rex Sefton rode out to the Hill of Crows next day, fully equipped for the trail, which seemed absurd to him, he reined in gasping at the sight he saw.

"Jove!" he cried to Lee Washington. "You're right. You work miracles. Why, we can march in a day or two."

"We march—now," grinned the American. "You can't hang about where Savaran is concerned."

"No, by heck," nodded the boy, "but it's marvellous. No other man could have done it. Not even Savaran."

"You've a nice turn in compliments, anyhow," grinned Lee Washington. "I'm really getting to like you, Rex, my son."

Miracles continued. The caravan was still in a rough and ruffianly state, for some of the men were considerable devils and liked the world to know it. Rex Sefton, used to commanding men as he was, could do little with this criminal brood. Not so Lee Washington. He went softly among the most blood lusty, speaking gently in their native Bemoy Tok, which was a dialect too difficult for the boy to master, of violent death and pegging out among the ants, and other sedatives for rebellious temperaments.

He also put his words into practice. In a week he had moulded the worst of these rascals into a mainguard of such fighting quality that, when a rezzon of Arabs made a darting attack on the caravan, they responded so beautifully that he all but nipped the raiders in a swift encircling movement from the flanks. Indeed, only headlong flight saved the wild desert men from extermination.

"Jove, Lee," cried Rex Sefton in admiration, "that was dashed good work. You ought to have been a soldier. Why—why you'd be a colonel at your age."

"So I've been told," grinned the American. "That was the drawback. I've got a Field-Marshal complex."

"I know," laughed the boy. "I've had—am having some. Whatever you feel you've got in you the Service Mandarins tie you down to a subaltern's pips and a village policeman's job. And there you stay, your brain and heart drying up from sheer dullness, waiting for the old men above you to die off. Maybe you're right in remaining as you are."

"I guess I am, seeing what I mean to be," said Lee Washington. He shot a shrewd glance at the boy. "But feeling like that why don't you cut loose and make a name and fortune on your own?"

"I'm a soldier," said the boy stiffly. "However I grouse there's a—a sort of tradition to uphold, a duty. I've got to go on with it, even though I've got to hurry things if I can, too."

That meant taking Savaran. His determination to hunt and capture Savaran was a fanaticism. And here again Lee Washington performed miracles for him. Rex Sefton, because of his youth, his official manner, and because he knew no native language but Swahili, would have been hopeless in tracing Savaran. He could never extract a particle of news from the villages they passed or the caravans they met. Lee Washington never failed.

"You're a marvel," cried the boy. "I should never have trailed the beggar but for you. I'm beginning to feel that Savaran himself would have to be a bigger wonder than he is to beat you."

"You have discovered our secret," grinned Lee Washington, "I am the one man in the world Savaran fears."

They made first-rate partners. The American was wise, brilliant in his experience and method, and genial good company. Rex Sefton was something more than out of the rut good-looking. He was cheerful, keen, hardy, and a ready learner also, on no less an occasion than their brush with the Arabs he had interposed his big body and ready pistol between Lee Washington and a slashing scimitar.

Please turn to Page 43



SAUCY STRAW SAILOR

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THE *Young* LION

Continued from Page 42

THAT was the sort of thing the American could not forget, even though he repaid it by nursing the youngster through a bout of fever, sitting with him through two light-headed nights. Many things indeed made him love the boy, and not the least of them was his generosity of spirit. There was n rancor even about his hunting of Savaran. He actually admired the bizarre rascal for the touch of romance he brought to a humdrum age.

"If you feel like that about him, why go gunning for him?" demanded Lee Washington.

"Why go hunting lions?" smiled the boy, "and Savaran is the biggest lion in Africa."

"I suppose so," grunted Lee Washington, "and anyhow the cash on his head is a small fortune."

"Hang the cash," cried the boy. "Thank goodness I can't touch it."

"What's that?" demanded the startled American.

"Government officers are barred under British rule, I'm glad to say. I'm not out for rewards."

"Just the glory," Lee Washington grinned slyly.

"Promotion and—and that sort of thing," agreed the boy uncomfortably.

"A rank and a station worthy of Crystal Lind," grinned Lee Washington. "Nice girl Crystal—and pretty."

"CRYSTAL!" Rex Sefton was on his feet, his eyes blazing. "Hang you, Washington, have you been going through my pockets?"

"Didn't have to," said the American genially. "You talked quite a lot when you had fever. Also the pillow of a camp bed is no sort of hiding-place for that photo you carry about with you. It must have dropped to the floor a thousand dozen times while I soothed your heated brow."

"Well, we are engaged," said the boy, half resentful, half captivated by the strange, fierce charm of the man. "She wants to join me out here as soon as possible, and I want it even more. But you know how things are. How can a man bring a girl like that out to a pest hole like mine on pay like mine? And it'll be years before I get a step up. Years of waiting——"

"So you decided to take a short cut up by 'chopping' Savaran?"

"The man who takes Savaran is a made man," said the boy.

"Or a dead one," Lee Washington corrected grimly.

"You've got to take a big risk for a big prize, and Crystal Lind——"

"I know," jerked the American quickly. "I had all the love lays while you babbled under fever. You made her sound like a combination of Cleopatra and the Holy Grace . . ." The boy scowled. "All right, son, I know she's a nice girl and the power behind your celestial idiocy. . . . but there's Savaran. Savaran's no lover's favor. Savaran's a hard nut ——"

"We'll see about that," interrupted Rex Sefton. "For I'm going to get him—or bust."

"And that," said Lee Washington, "is going to include the whole Gran Fess nation, I suppose."

"The Gran Fess nation," frowned the boy. "What do you mean? They're at peace, and they've never given trouble to whites, anyhow."

"To whites—no," said the big man. "But along their frontiers are as fat a packet of rich tribes as ever invited conquest, and the Gran Fess are good fighting stuff. Moreover, their queen, the Kola Ambar, has lately been afflicted with such a heady draught of progress—mainly Paris jewels and frocks introduced through the Belgian Congo—that the Court cries out for money to meet her bills. As the Gran Fess resent taxes with the sword, conquest is the Exchequer's only hope."

"And Savaran means to lead them in such conquests?" frowned the boy.

"That to begin," said the big man genially, "with more to follow. Ambar the queen has signified by eight previous attempts that matrimony has become almost a settled habit with her."

"What! He'll marry a nigger?" cried the boy in disgust.

"Nigger be darned," snapped Lee Washington, strangely touched to anger. "She's pure Arab with a lineage that goes straight back to Solomon's hundred-and-fifth wife. And she's a beauty, too, as only an Arab queen can be."

"But still a native. And for a white man to marry color," the boy shrugged in contempt. "Still, I ought to settle Savaran's hash before that happens."

"You'll follow him—even among the Gran Fess?"

"I'd follow him into the throne-room of Potsdam if he was heading that way," said Rex Sefton grimly. "But it won't be so hard. He's only two days ahead of us. He'll have no time for building armies."

"Don't be so sure. This is Savaran," said Lee Washington. "He can create armies by the mere rumor of his coming."

"Even if he does, I'm going to get him," cried the boy fiercely. "I'll get him even if I have to tear him out of the very heart of his own bodyguard."

"And that'll be a sight worth watching," grinned Lee Washington, and no doubt that was why he did not leave Rex Sefton at the Gran Fess border, as he had promised, but remained with him even to the coming of the Gran Fess impis.

THE semi-Arab horde came on them two days after they had crossed the Gran Fess border, at dawn, and as they broke camp. At the first flood of tall, fierce, fuzzy-haired warriors from the bush, Rex Sefton was rapping out orders; excellent orders that should have surrounded their camp with a breastwork of saddle-packs—only his askari did not heed them. They looked towards Lee Washington instead.

Rex Sefton, suspecting nothing, shouted: "Make them jump to it, Lee. A bold front may bluff them."

"How does one bluff ten thousand spears?" asked Lee Washington. "Besides, they may not be unfriendly."

There came a rush of tall demons, a stamping halt that seemed to shake

GIRLIGAGS



"NO GIRL ever thinks a man is insane if he is raving about her beauty."

the earth, a wild upward surge of arms that filled heaven with a forest of spears.

"Jove, you're right, as usual, Lee," Rex Sefton cried. "They're friendly. Only—it's darn rum. That's a royal salute, isn't it?"

"Naturally—a royal salute," said Lee Washington's voice behind him.

"But why give me that salute?" frowned the boy.

"Why, indeed? Especially as they don't. Listen?"

Thousands of voices were roaring as one, and it was one word they roared, "Zavaran! Zavaran!"

"Savaran!" gasped the boy. "They're crazy. They think Savaran's with us."

"Oh, they're not entirely wrong," said the American. He strode forward, right hand high in a superb gesture, and at his gesture the shouting redoubled. . . .

And Rex Sefton understood at last and gasped.

Lee Washington's huge beard had gone, his spectacles, his bulbous nose had gone, even his bulk. He stood there in the harsh sun as lean as a fighting panther, his eagle face and bright eyes ablaze at the greeting of armies—his armies!

"Savaran!" gasped Rex Sefton.

TWO silk clad warriors led sleek blood mares forward.

"Mount," said Savaran crisply, "and ride by me."

"No—I'll stay," said Rex Sefton in a dazed voice.

"It's an order," snapped the entirely new American. "We ride to the queen."

"I'll see you damned," cried the boy in sudden fury. "What's more, you stay, too. You're a dead man if you move, Savaran."

Savaran laughed fiercely down at the pistol in the boy's hand; "There are ten thousand spearmen here, Rex, do you shoot them all?"

"We'll put up a fight first," snarled the boy.

"We?" mocked Savaran. "Who stands behind you?"

Rex Sefton swung a wild glance back at the askari his money had hired. They were cheering Savaran as wildly as the Gran Fess warriors.

"You've won them over, you treacherous beast," Rex Sefton cried.

"All right, then." He lifted his pistol and fired point blank at the spider-spare adventurer's breast.

The pistol clicked feebly four times, no explosions came, and Savaran laughed.

"Good boy, Rex," he said. "I knew you had the pluck of a wild cat, that's why I took no risks." The boy choked and put his hands to his face. "Play up, man," snapped Savaran, "and mount. Can't you see I'm helping you save face. You'll ride before the queen at Savaran's side."

The boy mounted mechanically. A flutter of wild riders closed round them and they rode off between wildly cheering ranks. Savaran, his bright eyes missing nothing, cried triumphantly:

Please turn to Page 44

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THE *Young* LION

Continued from Page 43

"FINE stuff, Rex. First-rate fighting material. With these I'll have an empire in a year."

"Hang you," snarled the boy. "Why did you play this filthy trick on me?"

"Trick, maybe," cried Savaran, "filthy—no! Don't you recognise the daring of a master when you meet it?" His eyes gleamed at his own brilliance. "Think of the boldness of it, son. You had not only sworn to take me, but you had blocked my road to the Gran Fess—yet it was you, my very enemy, I made carry me in safety to the Gran Fess."

"You made use of my helpless position at Bemoy——"

"Made use!" the eagle face twisted in its dry, fierce laugh. "Boy, haven't you grasped the meaning of Savaran yet? It was I who made your position hopeless. I was the gree-gree man who scared your 'boys' into bolting. It was a word from me that made Ntila run. Savaran leaves nothing to chance. I meant you to return to Lee Washington as your only hope—as, indeed, I was."

"You fooled me up to the hilt," cried the boy thickly, "actually joined me in hunting yourself."

"The best cover," grinned Savaran, "is always under the nose of the huntsman."

"Hang you, you've made me the laughing-stock of Africa," cried Rex Sefton. "All because I trusted a liar——"

"And those, Rex Sefton, are words you will eat," cried the lean man with that fleck of fury that always came when his vanity was touched. "Savaran does not lie. I told you plainly I would not join you in hunting Savaran."

"You told me plainly time and time again that you had word from natives that Savaran was heading for the Gran Fess——"

"Well, wasn't he?" cried the lean man, with a flash of white teeth. "Savaran was heading for the Gran Fess—with you. The main fact was accurate if the circumstances made me add a little romantic embroidery. I had an appointment with the Gran Fess, and Savaran never fails an appointment, no matter what redoubtable young lion stands in his path."

HIS bright eyes studied the misery-strained face of the youngster.

"Stiffen up, Rex," he said. "It was a big gamble in which we both risked things. You challenged Savaran, and a devilish stiff challenge, too. You barred my way, you set all Bemoy itching for blood-money. You smashed my chances of reaching the Gran Fess on my own by frightening the man I depended on into withholding carriers and money. You had me in a corner, Rex, and the only way out of it was to get you to carry me in safety through a wilderness of enemies. It was a stroke after Savaran's own heart, so I dared the gamble."

"And won," groaned the boy. "And what of me? Do you gaol me or hang me or what?"

"Not necessarily either," grinned Savaran. "I like you Rex. Also you are a good soldier. Within a month there will be campaigning here such as your service will never offer you, with promotion and rewards to match."

"I'm a soldier," said the boy fiercely, "but a British soldier, not a dirty filibuster. I'll see you in Hades first."

"You'll see me," cried Savaran, with his eagle's gesture, "on the throne beside the Kola Ambar. . . . I think I'll send you back then to Crystal Lind with a trunk full of jewels to show her how magnanimous conquerors can be."

Before the boy could find the suitable venom for a reply, Savaran spurred ahead to where an old, grey Arab with an anxious face was waiting to talk with him.

After three hours riding they came to the maze of mud huts that made the capital of the Gran Fess. Women screeched the victory vaunt from the flat rooftops and flung great tropic blossoms down at Savaran—and even more at Rex Sefton. His strange, gilt fairness seemed to intoxicate eyes used to dusky skins.

Into the great palaver place they rode amid a whirl of cheers, and across it to where, incongruous as a wart on a face, one of those tipsy cake and over-ornamented villas that French millionaires build on the Riviera stood bright amid the houses of mud.

"The Royal Palace," said the sardonic voice of the lean king-maker at Rex Sefton's side. "The Kola Ambar has a feeling for Progress. There she is on the terrace."

Rex Sefton looked quickly, said quickly: "Good heavens! She's lovely."

And indeed Ambar, queen of the Gran Fess, was. She was a slim and electric creature; golden skinned, delicate of feature. And there shone from her splendid eyes that burning ardor that tells of the quick and untrammelled passion of the tropics.

"Not bad for a—nigger," grinned Savaran.

"Nigger! She's white," cried the boy thickly, "and wonderful."

Savaran looked at him with bright sardonic eyes.

"Certainly, a wonderful Arab princess—but a native all the same," he reminded. "And for a white man to admire her——!"

The boy answered nothing. He stared at the Golden Queen, who stared back at him.

"Wonderful, yes," frowned the lean adventurer, following his own thoughts. "But beware of the women of the East, my son, however wonderful. They're more devastatingly wayward and capricious than all others put together. She's even trying to play her fancy female tricks with my plans—Savaran's! She's decided she won't be queen of half North-West Africa just now, if you please, but will take a slap at the Belgians instead, because they give her only a ten-gun salute where her dignity demands nineteen." He grinned ferociously at the boy. "This king-making business has its trying moments, for the one thing certain about female potentates is their fundamental uncertainty."

Rex Sefton did not answer. His fine drawn pallor set in grimness he was looking straight into the eyes of Ambar, the queen.

They dismounted, bowed before the Kola, who cried in French, of which she was rather proud:

"Welcome, Zavaran, Sword of Kings and humbler of the Belgians to be," and gave a slim hand for his wry lips to kiss. And over his shoulders she looked with a wide-eyed wonder at Rex Sefton as though she had seen nothing so marvellous before. And presently she was saying in the direct way of the Arab:

"And thy friend, who is the most beautiful of all men, how is he called and what is he, Zavaran?"

The spider-lean man looked from her to Rex Sefton, a sardonic twist on his fierce lips.

"He is Steffi, an English soldier, O queen of loveliness as well as men. And he is a riddle, too. I am yet to be sure whether I am his prisoner or he mine."

"I will solve thy riddle," said the Kola Ambar, her eyes glowing with a new fire as she stared at Rex Sefton. "He will come to my palace, for he is beautiful. I think he will be the next man I marry."

Savaran's fierce face grew grim. And as Rex Sefton, pale as marble, turned bright, strained eyes on him in a bitter smile, he began to wonder if, after all, Savaran could fight love.

SAVARAN did not like this new Rex Sefton at all. The boy stood dressed in the embroidered silks of a court dandy amid the priceless furniture, jewelled screens, cheap cuckoo clocks, and tawdry vases that made the Kola Ambar's palace such a comic blend of the splendid East and garish modernity, and yet his dignity did not suffer from such surroundings. He had a hardness and a dignity after a week's companionship with the passionate Ambar which made him formidable.

Savaran glared at him, Savaran said with harsh ferocity: "What am I going to do with you, you young jackal? You're spoiling my plans."

"I mean to," said Rex Sefton, with a strained coldness. "And what can you do?"

"To-day," said Savaran grimly, "I warned the queen that you are a Roumi spy sent expressly to undermine the throne."

"She told me about it," said the boy with a sort of wretched mockery. "We both laughed over it."

He expected to see fury leap to the lean adventurer's face, was startled to see satisfaction.

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No. 3 Of Our Great New Medical Series By A Specialist

NO MYSTERY *About* DIPHTHERIA

"Carriers" Are Chief Problem for Health Authorities

This is the third of a series of authoritative medical articles, specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly in co-operation with leading specialists.

The series aims to give a comprehensive, easily-understood review of the diseases which are to-day the chief causes of ill-health in the community, together with the progress of medical research and the latest developments in treatment.

Blood pressure and cancer have already been reviewed. Diphtheria is the subject of this week's article.



ONE PATIENT SMILES . . . but the other (in circle) is terror-stricken. Two interesting studies of children receiving immunisation for diphtheria.

No. 3—DIPHTHERIA

By A SPECIALIST

DIPHTHERIA was once dreaded as the most fatal and distressing disease that threatened children.

Thousands of children choked to death or were only saved by the desperate surgical operation of tracheotomy (cutting open the windpipe and inserting a tube).

To-day tracheotomy has become a rarity, owing to scientific advances in treatment, and with wholesale immunisation now the practice it is possible that the scourge may be wiped out altogether.

There are other factors besides advance in medical research which have contributed to this hopeful outlook.

One is the realisation by parents themselves that cases suspected of being incipient diphtheria should be seen by a medical man, so that immediate treatment can be carried out if the fear is confirmed.

Another is the nature of the disease—its cause and cure are obvious, and there is no mystery about it. Everything, so to speak, is plain-sailing.

Briefly defined, diphtheria is an acute infection due to a germ discovered in 1883 by two German research-workers, and named in consequence the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus. The infection is transmitted by the breath.

Diphtheria may occur at all ages, but children of the ages two to ten are especially liable to attack. Three-quarters of all cases fall in this age-period.

Infants in their first year usually escape; it is believed that a partial immunity is transferred to them by their mothers; this lasts about a year. Adults are occasionally attacked, but the disease runs a much milder course. They are partially immune, for a reason which will be explained later.

Diphtheria outbreaks usually occur at a certain season of the year. In Australia the peak number of cases occur in autumn.

There is also a variation over a period of years. Recently there has been an increase not only in number of cases, but in their virulence. This began in 1932. It reached a peak in 1935.

Fatal Ages

BOYS and girls are attacked in approximately equal numbers; diphtheria, however, is more fatal to boys under five; in the age-period five to ten it is more fatal in girls.

But the resistance to diphtheria varies greatly in children; some seem quite immune to it. Heredity no doubt plays a part. Certain nations are more susceptible than others; the Chinese rarely get infected.

As already noted, diphtheria is transmitted from one child to another by the breath.

The popular fallacy still persists that the smell from stagnant water or bad drains, or even from ordinary sewage, carries the infection.

This has been entirely disproved. The germ cannot exist for any length of time apart from a living being. It may live in dried shreds of diphtheritic membrane (coughed up by a patient) for several days.

But the infection is usually "caught" from the breath of a patient convalescing from the disease, or from a healthy child who is a "carrier."

A "carrier" is a child entirely, or almost entirely, immune to the disease. Some are immune from birth, but carry the germ in their throats.

Others are so resistant that they merely contract a mild attack which passes unnoticed, the germ remaining in their throats.

Danger of "Carriers"

AND besides these carriers there are occasional convalescents from severe attacks who seem to harbor the germs for a long period afterwards.

In Australia, in big outbreaks the numbers of carriers may reach eight per cent. It is this prevalence of carriers that makes the task of the health authorities so difficult, and has finally led them to the conclusion that the only logical way to cope with diphtheria is wholesale immunisation.

If all susceptibles are immunised, the carrier cannot do any harm by mixing with other children.

A widespread belief exists that diphtheria can be "caught" from cats. Authorities still differ over the matter.

Cats do not contract the disease, so far as is known, but they are suspected of being carriers. It is better to be on the safe side and forbid children to fondle house pets too closely during an epidemic.

Pigeons are established "carriers" of the germ. In country districts where they contaminate the roof-water, and where this forms the sole drinking supply (stored in tanks) pigeons have frequently transmitted the disease to human beings. A few years ago an outbreak at Narrabri (N.S.W.) was traced to this source.

What are the symptoms of diphtheria? In order to answer this, a typical attack will be described; but it should be remembered that there are mild, moderate, and rapidly fatal cases, and that, besides the type where the infection starts in the throat, there are forms where the nose or the larynx (voice-box) is the original site.

The following symptoms apply to a throat case of moderate severity.

The period of "sickening" for diphtheria is short, usually two to four days. The disease sets in fairly suddenly. The child looks and feels ill. There is weakness and listlessness, headache, chills, and fever.

It complains of sore throat. On looking into the mouth, the tonsils and back of the throat are seen to be swollen and reddened; the outside of the throat is also sore and tender, and the glands at the angle of the jaw are enlarged.

The child grows rapidly worse. White hazy patches show up in the throat. They soon become yellowish and raised. By this time the patient is extremely feverish with a galloping pulse and rapid breathing. Both breathing and swallowing become difficult. Intense weakness sets in. The appetite is lost.

Call a Doctor

SO far, many of these symptoms are paralleled by certain forms of tonsilitis, but no child should be allowed to progress thus far in any case without a physician being called in, and an accurate diagnosis being obtained.

The patches in the throat are known as the "diphtheritic membrane." As the case progresses they turn brown and leathery, and join together to form a thick raised adherent mass, obstructing breathing and swallowing.

Shreds peel off and get coughed up, but more membrane quickly replaces them.

If antitoxin treatment is now given, there is decided improvement within 24 hours, and arrest within two or three days. In an untreated case which is lucky enough to recover, the membrane comes away and does not re-form.

This is about the twelfth or fourteenth day of the illness. The fever abates and slow convalescence sets in.

This is an ordinary or average case. The attack may be milder. In some cases there are little symptoms except fatigue, headache, loss of appetite, and slight sore throat (which shows a small patch or so.)

Malignant Type

THIS type is often called "diphtheritic sore throat," and children who have suffered these mild attacks often become carriers and help spread the disease.

Finally there is the very severe or "malignant" type. The worst symptoms appear almost at once. The child is unable to move, becomes intensely fevered and delirious; the skin is dry and dusky; the breathing rapid and shallow, the pulse feeble and racing, and there is a "collar" of swollen glands round the neck.

Such cases are often fatal within 48 hours of onset. Within the last few years it has been discovered that a special type of germ, the "gravis," is at work in such cases.

Of late in Australia this malignant type of diphtheria has increased in frequency. It was prevalent in 1935, and caused many deaths.

In some cities deaths among hospital cases reached 20 per cent. These children reached hospital in a dying condition. Antitoxin is as efficient in such cases as in the mild cases, but, unfortunately, owing to the speed of onset, it is usually given too late.

The main danger points (in all except very mild cases) are the breathing and the heart. Should the membrane spread from the throat to the larynx (voice-box) as it usually does in untreated cases, the breathing may be totally obstructed, and the child will choke to death, unless the windpipe is opened and a tube inserted.

In the days before antitoxin was used, this operation was continually being performed to save life. Nowadays it is quite a rarity; this is a wonderful tribute to the efficacy of antitoxin.

Please turn to Page 46



A glowing, youthful complexion may be yours if you follow this new beauty ritual . . . so simple it requires only four preparations . . . Three Flowers Cleansing Cream followed by Skin Tonic for that perfect cleansing and freshening. This prepares your skin for the rich Skin and Tissue Cream which keeps it soft and smooth. Protected with a light film of the Three Flowers Vanishing Cream you are ready for your face powder and makeup. You will find complete instructions for using these exquisite preparations as followed by salon experts in the Three Flowers Beauty booklet.

FOR YOUR HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT—

Three Flowers Cleansing Cream
Three Flowers Skin Tonic
Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream
Three Flowers Vanishing Cream

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . . Three Flowers Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hand Cream . . . Hair Preparations . . . Perfume. (Face Creams in jars or tubes.)

RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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Women's Weekly Medical Service

NO MYSTERY *About* DIPHTHERIA

Continued from Page 45

HEART failure may set in at any time, even in convalescence. It is due to weakening of the heart muscles by the toxin of the germs, which is carried from the infected site by the circulation, affecting all the muscles of the body. Here again antitoxin has effected many "saves"—if given early enough.

A third contingency—or, rather, a sequel—is paralysis. Older patients are more liable. It occurs in 20 per cent. of cases. It may affect the limbs, the eyes, or the palate (making swallowing difficult). Luckily it passes off in the majority of cases, but may last six to eight weeks, delaying convalescence.

It is thus seen that diphtheria is a disease which strikes at two vital spots—the heart and breathing—at once, which accounts for the high mortality due to it in the days before antitoxin was known, and why, even now, when the mortality has fallen, physicians insist that immunisation against it is better than treatment for it—in other words, prevention is better than cure.

First, however, an explanation should be given of antitoxin treatment itself. The diphtheria germ, when it gets a lodging in the throat, proceeds to "increase and multiply."

It develops into a colony, whose numbers continually increase. The human body usually fights such invaders by means of the white corpuscles of the blood, a kind of internal police force or army.

These white corpuscles stream out through the walls of the blood-vessels into any tissue invaded by germs, attack the latter, kill them, and eat them.

But the diphtheria germ has a cunning defence. As the germ colony grows it pours out a toxin or poison. Some of this poison is carried into the circulation of the human victim, weakening the heart and muscles. Some of it remains like a barrier around the germ colony, preventing the white corpuscles attacking it.

Second Defence

THE human body then calls on its second line of defence. It produces a chemical substance which neutralises the toxin, rendering it harmless. This is poured into the circulation, neutralises the toxin there, and reaches the infected spot in the throat, where it also destroys the toxin. The white corpuscles then rush in and kill the defenceless germs.

This chemical substance produced by the human body is named "antitoxin." Every untreated case of diphtheria that recovers does so through the agency of natural antitoxin.

Persons immune to diphtheria possess a big reserve of antitoxin. Susceptibles, on the other hand, do not, and even when attacked by the germ the natural response in antitoxin may be insufficient. In that case the germ triumphs and the patient dies.

Or the antitoxin may only slowly reach the amount needed to destroy all the toxins. In this case the patient will have a severe attack of diphtheria, but will recover.

Now obviously if extra antitoxin could be supplied in such cases the toxin would be destroyed, and the germs killed off, quite early in the attack.

This is what is accomplished by artificially-prepared antitoxin. It is prepared by injecting gradually increasing doses of diphtheria toxin into horses.

The horses' systems produce antitoxin to combat the poison. When a large amount is circulating in their blood, some of the latter is drawn off, and the clear part (or serum), which contains the antitoxin, is decanted into sterilised phials.

Antitoxins

AT first sight the amount of extra antitoxin gained thus might be thought negligible, as the antitoxin circulating in the horse has to neutralise the toxin which was injected there. But the antitoxin-production is always thousands of times in excess of the toxin that roused it.

It is like some blind automatic mechanism. One small single dose of toxin, even, will start the mechanism producing and pouring out antitoxin for weeks, even months, afterwards. Owing to this over-response it is possible to get very concentrated antitoxin from horses which will save human lives even when the toxin has many days' "start."

It was through study of this peculiar automatic chemical reaction that research workers hit on the idea of preventive treatment, or mass immunisation.

It was found that horses, which had once been used for preparing antitoxin, still had antitoxin circulating in their blood some years after. The question arose—would a healthy human child who had been given a tiny dose of toxin develop the same lasting reaction?

If so, he or she would become immune to diphtheria; that is, would not "take" it, even if exposed to infection. The problem was a puzzling one.

Owing to the deadly nature of diphtheria toxin, one could not risk experimenting on children, especially as they vary so in susceptibility. At last, however, a way out was found.

Injection Systems

TOXIN was converted into a harmless substance by treating it with a chemical formalin; this inert toxin was then tried out on animals, and it was found that even in this harmless form it still aroused the automatic reaction of excess antitoxin production, and that this lasted for years.

This altered toxin is known as "anatoxin" or "toxoid," it forms the basis of the immunity injections against diphtheria, which are now being carried out in Australia, as well as all over the civilised world. It is quite harmless.

No fatality has ever occurred with the two types at present in use in Australia, though all told throughout the world some millions of children must have been treated. These toxoids are not related to the former toxin-antitoxin injections, which caused several deaths owing to blunders and the difficulty of preserving the solutions.

There are in use just now the "three-shot" and the "one-shot" toxoids. The former is usually given in three injections spaced several weeks apart.

The "one-shot" or A.P.T. (alum-precipitated toxoid) only requires one injection. Both have their merits. The "three-shot" is believed to confer immunity for a longer period than the "one-shot" injection.

In either case, immunisation has two drawbacks. First, immunity does not set in immediately after the injection. The "three-shot" is quicker to act; but, in any case, it is several weeks before the child becomes immune; the "one-shot" takes up to two months.

This is why parents are urged to get their children immunised during the "slack" periods for diphtheria, if possible.

It is no good waiting till a big epidemic comes along; the time taken to establish immunity prevents immediate protection.

The other drawback—a minor one—is that one immunisation does not last for ever. An immunisation protects a child for three to five years afterwards. If another immunisation is now given the child will be protected over the danger period, the ages two to ten, in which three-quarters of the cases occur.

How can it be told that a child is no longer immune? For this there are very reliable skin tests now available, as well as other tests which indicate whether a child will be liable to any reaction from the immunising injections (this occurs in a few cases.) The subject is an intricate and interesting one, but too complicated to explain in detail here.

Adults Affected

WHY is it that adults rarely contract diphtheria, and, if so, usually in a mild form? It is now believed that they gradually acquire lasting natural immunity, simply through having been repeatedly attacked by stray diphtheria germs throughout childhood.

A queer confirmation of this is the fact that more naturally immune children are found in crowded slum districts of cities than among the healthy country districts, or among wealthier classes where children live a more segregated life.

In crowded districts children are perpetually liable to mild or overlooked attacks, owing to the prevalence of human carriers. And these attacks set up gradual immunisation.

Obviously it is a far better idea to artificially immunise all the children than risk their getting attacks from carriers, attacks which might be mild, severe, or fatal according to the patient's resistance.

If every susceptible were immunised diphtheria would die out, for want of material to feed on. This is the ideal aimed at by the present "drives" against diphtheria now being carried out by the leading white races of the world.

Prejudice, however, dies hard. Even in spite of the fact that no germs are contained in the immunisation injections, but merely a chemical compound, the old fallacy that "live germs and filth" are the basis of the treatment is still repeated by the ignorant, and so susceptibles still remain among the child population.

Hence it seems unlikely that diphtheria will ever be entirely stamped out. But at least it will cease to be a cause of widespread suffering and mortality among growing children.

93, But She Won't Think of Retiring

From Our London Office

MRS. MARTHA LEGG, after being presented at Winton Methodist Church, Bournemouth, with the Sunday School Union's golden diploma for long service, said, "I don't know why they make such a fuss."

Mrs. Legg is ninety-three, has been teaching Sunday school children for eighty-one years, and has no thought of retiring yet.

Her secret? "I never had children of my own. I love other people's. They keep me young."

says CLEMENTS is "MIRACLE WORKING TONIC"

Unsolicited testimonials prove claims!

Astounding results followed a course of Clements Tonic, declares Sydney man who despaired of ever regaining his lost health — "I recommend it to young and old."

Kingsford, Sydney, N.S.W., 23/1/37.

"Some few years ago I had a nervous breakdown, which landed me in a hospital for approximately eight weeks. On leaving the hospital I was strongly recommended by one doctor in particular, and who now has a leading practice in Sydney, to take a change of place and further rest, and in particular to take a course of three or four bottles of Clements Tonic. This I did and have never looked back since. I emerged from what appeared to be a long and serious illness, *but thanks to that doctor for the recommendation, and especially to the miracle-working tonic called Clements*, I was soon able to take up my duties again, and have continued to do so ever since. I am seldom without a bottle of Clements Tonic in the house, and with a few doses my sleep is sounder, my food is enjoyed, and I feel that life's worth living. I recommend it to young and old."—(S.J.G.)



Feeling young and vigorous after taking Clements.



Illustration shows section of blood stream.

What a Recommendation—Found Nothing Better in 35 Years

Lismore, N.S.W., 22/2/37.

"Just a line to tell you I have for 35 years been using your valuable Tonic. It has always done me good for nervous break-downs, colds, and so on. I am never without it. I always keep a bottle by me.

"I have advised others to try it. Clements has never let me down.

"What a recommendation, 35 years, and still use Clements Tonic." (Mr.) F.A.

Your blood feeds your body!

The vital function of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body. Clements Tonic increases the activity of the body by enriching the blood. It increases the activity of the digestive organs, helps to put more food into the blood stream. In this way nourishment is fed to every muscle and nerve. Your whole system responds with new energy, you soon feel a different person.

HOW CLEMENTS TONIC HELPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Nerves, of which the body is one vast network, are really composed of myriads of tiny cells, which are constantly in the process of being destroyed by daily mental or physical effort. Sound sleep helps to rebuild these nerve cells, but when you are run-down and out-of-sorts, and particularly with insomnia, the body finds it impossible to rebuild nerve cells in sufficient quantity. Thus it must have help. That is why Clements Tonic contains life-giving phosphates, which fortify the system and help the body to build new nerve cells at a rapid rate, and thus make you well again.



Prices in capital cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (plain or flavoured), at all Chemists and Stores.

MONEY BACK! If you don't like or benefit from taking Clements Tonic, within 14 days of purchase, return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be refunded.

PLAIN OR FLAVOURED

Flavoured Clements Tonic (with the ORANGE, green and blue carton and label) is for sensitive palates. For the tens of thousands of regular users who like a tonic with a tang, original plain Clements Tonic (with the RED, green and blue carton and label) is, of course, still available.

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CLEMENTS TONIC

PLAIN or FLAVOURED

New Comfort for Those Who Wear

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. FASTEETH, a new, greatly improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Deodorises. Get FASTEETH today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

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What Women Are Doing

News from Abroad

AT an age when most women are content to leave the hard work to a chauffeur, Lady Stonehaven (wife of a former Governor-General of Australia) is taking motor driving lessons. And it's a small world, because her teacher is the very personable young man who chauffeured Lady Stonehaven's successors at Government House and executives of the Country Women's Association all over Victoria on the Association's work.

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Newly Appointed Hon. Treasurer of A.W.N.L.

MRS. CAIRNS OFFICER, the newly-elected honorary treasurer of the Australian Women's National League of Victoria, finds a lot of work before her with the elections close at hand, but then she is used to working for the league. She helped in organising the first A.W.N.L. in Tasmania five years ago, and worked very hard on the executive committee as vice-president.



Mrs. Officer —Ronald Esler

Mrs. Officer is connected with several other activities as well. She is now energetically working as vice-president of the committee arranging the ball in aid of Prince Henry Hospital to be held on Caulfield Cup Eve, and she still finds time to attend meetings and do good work on the executive committee of the Ministering Children's League.

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New Educational Secretary, Women's Non-Party Assn.

WITH the departure of Miss Irene Glasson to Perth to make a nutrition survey, her former office of educational secretary to the Women's Non-Party Association in South Australia has fallen to Mrs. E. S. Levinson.

Mrs. Levinson's name is well-known practically all over Australia. She is a Bachelor of Arts (Melbourne) and a Justice of the Peace. She has been prominently connected with the W.N.P.A. since she left Melbourne to reside in Adelaide over two years ago. After getting her degree in arts at Melbourne University, she practised as an analytical chemist and assayer, and child psychology took up much of her time.

Her magisterial position at the Children's Courts in Melbourne led to a similar one when she arrived in Adelaide. There is, by the way, to be a conference of the W.N.P.A. in Adelaide this month.

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Lady Cilento Arranges Interesting Competition

LADY CILENTO must be one of the busiest women in Brisbane. She has a large family to look after, is wife of a prominent doctor, has her own medical practice, actively interests herself in many organisations, and is president of the Queensland Mothercraft Association.



Lady Cilento. —Geo. T. Row

For a long time she has been trying to think out something original and instructive as a means of raising money for the Mothercraft Society. Her idea, which is already well organised, is to have a Mothercraft Baby Competition. A similar competition to Lady Cilento's knowledge has never been done before.

The competition is to last eight weeks. Mothers are to enter the progress of their babies from week to week on a card, and prizes are to be given for the baby showing good health, good development, and the best progress. Hildegund von Pioennies is secretary of the competition, and is busy seeing to all the details.

Overseas Artist

MISS BARBARA PRICE-HUGHES, a young South African portrait painter, intends to visit Australia for N.S.W.'s sesqui-centenary celebrations.

Her pastel portrait of Sir Ernest Wreford, chairman of the associated banks, will arrive in Australia shortly. Known as the "painter of bishops" because she has painted five of them, Miss Price-Hughes paints with her left hand. One of her portraits was accepted by the Royal Academy in 1932.

She has been working in London for some years but visits South Africa regularly.

To Provide Extra Comforts for Sick Children

RECENTLY the Red Cross in South Australia sent out invitations to various Women's Service Associations to form a Red Cross circle to be known as the Northfield Auxiliary. At the meeting, Mrs. J. M. Soutar was elected to the presidency. Mrs. Soutar, who is the Mayoress of Unley, is interested in the work of the Unley Women's Service Association.

The object of the new auxiliary is to provide extras—clothes, bed-jackets, flower vases, etc., for the children at Northfield Infectious Diseases Hospital.

Before she became Mayoress of Unley, Mrs. Soutar was also a member of the Women's Non-Party Association.

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Established Club to Foster Interest in Music

AN organisation with original ideas for fostering interest in music has made its appearance in Melbourne.

Madam A. Morris, well known in musical circles here and abroad, was instrumental in forming this new enterprise, known as the Classic Club.



Madam A. Morris —Broothorn

The idea behind the movement is to educate the people into an appreciation of classical music and keep alive the interest of those who already do so.

The club meets fortnightly at the home of Madam Morris, in Caulfield.

Lectures by prominent musicians, elocutionists, and vocalists, social gatherings, recitals, and dramatic opera occupy a prominent place on the club's programme. In addition, there is a choir with an orchestra of twelve conducted by Mr. Barclay.

Before crossing to Australia two years ago Madam Morris, who is a New Zealander, helped establish a club on similar lines in Auckland.

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Received Congratulations From Lady Gowrie

WHEN Lord Gowrie, then Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, was Governor of South Australia, Lady Hore-Ruthven stimulated interest in the floral and gardening sections at the annual Royal Show. For the best and most artistic arrangement of cut flowers, she presented a cup known as the Lady Hore-Ruthven Cup, which Mrs. Lance Lewis has won for the third time, and which now becomes her property. She has also received congratulations from Lady Gowrie.

Mrs. Lewis did a great deal of work last year which involved her artistic talents in connection with the South Australian Centenary.

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Exhibition Attracted Much Attention

MRS. GWEN BARRINGER'S exhibition of watercolors has been attracting quite a lot of visitors to Margaret MacLean's Gallery, Melbourne.

Gwen Barringer's name is to be found on two very lovely pictures in the Adelaide Art Gallery, one a large flower piece of rhododendrons, and another "Tourists Going Through the Castle Gates at Nuremburg."

She began her Arts course at the School of Arts, Adelaide, and afterwards studied with Hans Heysen.

Mrs. Barringer went to England in 1928. She exhibited her watercolors and oil paintings in several galleries abroad, but has now added linocuts to her exhibitions.

Writes Book in Cause of Dumb Friends

LOVE of animals and a fervent desire that human beings should accord them kindly treatment prompted Mrs. Elinor White, of Brooklands, Woodville, Queensland, to write a book on the subject. She called it "Lesser Lives," and it was published recently. Mrs. White has lived all her life in the country. Her father, the late Mr. J. H. Delpratt, took up property at the foot of Tamborine Mountain and her girlhood was spent at Tamborine House. She now lives further west. The book of 29 short chapters is very interesting, touching on all angles of the treatment to animals. Miss Madge Roe, of Brisbane, has conceived a very delicately colored cover.



Mrs. White. —Noel Maitland

This is the first book Mrs. White has ever written—she modestly says it will be her last. All her life she has felt concern for animals and longed to help them, and this is her offering to their cause.

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Appointed Secretary to Swedish Translator

MISS ROSEMARY ALEXANDER, a young South Australian lawyer, who went to England last year, is now living in Stockholm, where she has gained a position as secretary to a Swedish translator. Miss Alexander sailed to London in a Swedish cargo boat soon after she was admitted to the Bar in Adelaide, and has since been studying French and German and doing temporary secretarial work.

In her present position, for which she was chosen from a large number of English applicants, Miss Alexander assists with the translation of novels, students' books and theses into several languages.

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Dr. Balmer Has Changed Her Plans

WHEN Dr. Katharine Balmer, of Bendigo (Vic.), went to London in February she intended to study anaesthetics, but now her plans are changed. She is to be married shortly to Dr. John Franklin, a young English dermatologist.

Dr. Balmer will continue her medical work after she is married, but whether she will carry on with her studies or begin practising has not yet been decided.

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Teaches the Principles Of Scientific Mothercraft

THE future mothers of Queensland, as well as the present ones, will owe much of their proficiency to the teaching of Sister Rosa Michell, of Brisbane.



Miss Michell. —Noel Maitland

She lectures to pupils at State and private schools, and to members of well-known organisations. She is on duty each Wednesday at the Mothercraft Rooms in Brisbane for the benefit of mothers, or prospective mothers who need advice or information.

Sister Michell has been engaged in this work for the past two years. She is a trainee of Brisbane General Hospital, and has had nursing experience in Victoria, New South Wales and Tasmania.

Sydney Woman Artist Patronised by Royalty

ARTIST Elsie Madeline Fletcher-Watson (Mrs. W. Thomsen, of Mosman) was naturally very gratified when she had word by air mail recently that Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, had purchased one of her miniature pictures on exhibition in London, where over 100 have been sold to the general public.



Mrs. Thomsen

Her watercolors showing scenes in Sydney and surroundings find a ready sale here—over one thousand having been sold up to date.

This artist attributes her first "push off" to the fact that when a girl of eleven the proprietor and editor of the children's paper, "Young Australia" (Miss Josephine Fotheringhame) offered through its pages a prize for the best original sketch advertising a well-known brand of cocoa. Elsie Fletcher's work was an easy first in the competition.

Mrs. Thomsen is the third daughter of the late Mr. P. Fletcher Watson, R.R.A., P.S.A., an artist well known in the 'nineties. He was the first president of the Australian Academy of Arts, which had its first exhibition in Sydney in 1892.

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Recommended for Highest R.S.L. Honor

WHEN the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League meets in Tasmania next month for its Federal congress, it will receive a recommendation from the South Australian sub-branch to confer the Certificate of Merit on Mrs. J. Fletcher, of Evandale, South Australia.

This is the highest honor that the league can confer, and the recommendation is being sent in recognition of the work done by Mrs. Fletcher as convener of the Dorcas Box of the Sailors, Soldiers, and Nurses' Relatives' Association.

For the past eleven years she has given one day each week to distributing clothes to members of the association who are all relatives of those who helped during the Great War.

Stewardess-in-Chief At Royal Show

MRS. L. MONOD is tremendously busy these days, for she needs to be (and is) an encyclopaedia of information in regard to the women's sections of the Royal Melbourne Show. She organised the lay-out of the 1300 entries, and personally attended to the receipt and opening of parcels, as well as engaging and training waitresses for the R.A. Society's tearooms.

After all the months of preparation it would be expected that Mrs. Monod would rest, but she is just as busy now the Show is at its height and can be seen doing the flowers in the tearooms and keeping appointments with folk seeking advice and information on various matters.

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Represented N.Z. Nurses at the Coronation

HOMEWARD bound after representing the nurses of the South Island of New Zealand at the Coronation ceremony, Sister Adams passed through Melbourne and Sydney last week.

A warm welcome awaited her in New Zealand, where she is president of the Trained Nurses' Association in South Canterbury and officer in charge of the district nursing centre for South Canterbury Hospital Board.

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Her Pen is Idle For the Time Being

MRS. P. C. SPENDER hasn't any time to give to the serious work of writing novels these days. She is in the throes of an electioneering campaign, working in the interests of her husband, Mr. Percy Spender, the well-known Sydney K.C., who is a candidate for Parliamentary honors (Warringah electorate) in the Federal elections this month. Mrs. Spender, who is the mother of two small boys, is best known for her book, "The Charge is Murder." Her other book, "Scales of Fortune," was also well received, and a third book, she expects, will be released by her London publishers very soon.



Mrs. Spender



TO-DAY

Those Awful Pains After Meals

TO-MORROW

Eat what you Like and NO PAIN

This pleasant transformation can be brought about by the use of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Made specially for correcting and relieving faulty working of the digestive system, this Powder works thoroughly and methodically.

FIRSTLY, it immediately relieves the pain or discomfort of excess acid, flatulence is eased and heartburn disappears.

SECONDLY, the fine colloidal kaolin spreads on the stomach walls, protecting them from the acids which have inflamed them. But the powder is so fine that the work of digestion goes on perfectly.

THIRDLY, one ingredient actually digests a portion of your food.

FOURTHLY, the digestive organs are toned up and helped back to health, so that excess acid is no longer produced. You then have regained a real healthy digestion and can eat what you like.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

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Peggy was always sulky at breakfast — Mummie thought she was naturally stubborn and got very cross herself. No one ever enjoyed the meal and Daddy usually slammed out of the house.



Mummie, away for the week-end, found a calm happy breakfast table with all the children "eating up". "How do you do it?" she asked Mrs. Gray. "Kellogg's Rice Bubbles" was the answer.



Now Peggy and Mummie and Dad sit down to happy breakfasts thanks to the "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" of Kellogg's delicious Rice Bubbles. Remember rice is one of the oldest, most valuable foods of the human race, and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are nourishing rice in its most easily digested form. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day — serve them with fresh milk and cream at your table, and end all breakfast sulks.



R.2.

THE *Young* LION

Continued from Page 44

"YES, I wanted to know if she told you State Council secrets," said Savaran. "It has got that far between you, then?"

"The queen," said the boy, very red but deliberately, "is madly in love with me, and love is going to beat you after all, Savaran."

"You think so?" said the spare man savagely.

"I know it," said the boy evenly. "She is in love with me, she listens to me. She'll—she'll do anything to win me. Hasn't she already held up your military schemes while she listens to my suggestions for peace and progress?"

"Listen—just that. A mere passing fancy. With you out of the way ——" Savaran considered the boy shrewdly. "I think I'll pack you off to the frontier to-night, Rex Sefton."

The boy's set face lit up with a gleam of triumph . . . had he been playing for that? It went blank under the searching eyes and he said doggedly:

"You know that's impossible, Savaran. She'd know. We'd—I'd be retaken before I was half way to the frontier. She won't let me slip now."

"Maybe," frowned the lean man. "Your fair prettiness acts on her like a drug." He scowled at the youngster, said urgently: "Come in with me, boy. Declare publicly that you desire to win military glory in my campaign. She won't be able to stop you, it's what Arab women expect of their men. And when we're in the field I'll manage a way of escape——"

"I've already told you I'll see you damned before I even pretend to join your filibustering game," cried the boy.

"You young fool!" snarled Savaran. "You know what your end will be. You know her way with reluctant lovers and incompatible husbands—or haven't you seen the royal graveyard?"

Rex Sefton winced, but he said evenly: "Before that happens I shall have smashed you, Savaran."

"And am I to be executed in State or merely booted across the frontier?" jeered the eagle-faced man.

"Handed over to the British police as a common felon," said the boy, "according to my first plan."

Rex Sefton seemed sure that the lean man must strike him down for that, and Savaran, the unexpected, laughed.

"I always did like you, Rex, a spirit after Savaran's own heart. And you think you can persuade the lovely Ambar to do this?"

"I am going to persuade her," said the boy.

"And pay the price?"

"WHAT price?" asked the boy, wincing.

"Are you trying to bluff yourself as well as me?" mocked the gipsy adventurer. "But we are neither of us such fools, Rex. The lovely Ambar is infatuated with you—to my annoyance I know it. But she is an Arab as well as a love-sick woman. She will not give something for nothing. If she is to give up the glories of conquest she'll want her price, Rex Sefton—marriage."

"And you think I won't pay that?" said the boy thickly.

"I think you are a white sahib with strong views on marrying—native," said Savaran with fierce amusement as the boy shivered. "Also there is Crystal Lind."

"You are a swine!" shouted the boy, his cold defence breaking down. "You use even that as a weapon?"

"That and anything else that serves Savaran's ends—for such is the conqueror type," said the spare man largely. "I have always counted Crystal Lind my sheet anchor in the business of you and Ambar."

For a moment it seemed as though Rex Sefton would fly at the lean man's throat. Suddenly he took a leaf out of Savaran's book, relaxed—and laughed.

"I guessed that, too," he said so coolly that Savaran shot an anxious glance at him. "Amusing in its way, to see how even Savaran can make a mess of things."

"As how?" snarled Savaran, touched on the raw.

"It is you yourself who has made Crystal Lind powerless."

"Explain!" rapped Savaran.

"You have placed me in a hopeless position," said the boy in a flat dead voice. "Crystal Lind is far away—the queen is here. I am a man, Savaran, and Ambar is lovely. I am down and out, Savaran, though you and Ambar offer me wealth, power, position and opportunity for revenge. Can the mere memory of a girl I once knew stand against that? Against the ever present allure and passion of a queen? Do you think a man like me in a position like mine can hold out for long?"

Savaran scowled at him, knowing the truth of what he said.

"Where does all this lead?" he barked.

"I leave that to you," shrugged the boy. "Savaran himself had better straighten up the mess Savaran has created—if he can."

THE eagle eyes flamed at the challenge.

"And that's not so hard," he said speculatively. "You can quietly and discreetly—die."

"I think not," said the boy. "You like me. And I don't have to remind Savaran that I once saved his life from an Arab sword."

"You young fox," cried Savaran, "you hold that over me?"

"Certainly," the boy whipped back. "One uses that and any other weapon that serves one's end. I have learnt that much at least from the master of the art."

Savaran glared, reached for his dagger hilt—then laughed his bizarre laugh. He flung his arm about the boy's shoulders, dragged him down to a divan.

"Rex," he cried, "you have written a line that will figure in history—you have beaten Savaran!"

He scowled in his genially ferocious way. "And created the very satan of a problem into the bargain," he went on. "If I get you away I must face the fury of a woman in love—that means smash. While if I don't, you surrender to the love of the Kola Ambar—and that also means smash. . . ."

His swift, fierce face was keen with thought for a spell, then he said with his savage whimsicality:

"No other way . . . Savaran must go on his march again. . . Pack quietly, Rex, we ride for Bemoy to-night."

"But you said I would be stopped —" cried the boy, hardly able to suppress his elation.

"You—yes! But now Savaran will ride with you, and Savaran can ride through even the armies he himself has trained to close the border. Have no fear, son, Savaran will deliver you safe back to Crystal Lind."

"But it means you leaving all—this," cried the boy in sudden awe.

"What is a kingdom more or less to Savaran?" cried the lean man, unable to resist a gesture. "Besides, this is something in my own metier . . . Savaran rescues the man who would put him in prison and throws away a throne to do it."

But he added a rider to that five mornings later as they stood in the Bemoy village at which he had hired carriers to take Rex Sefton to safety—and Crystal Lind.

"Mbotu was right," he said, "It is dangerous to cross the path of a young lion hunting its first meat for its mate. Even Savaran must beware of lovers."

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Imagine it!

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"SHE used to be such a grouch", they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

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WW 2/10/37

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Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3079, SS., Sydney, N.S.W.***

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Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.***



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Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will be rewarded beyond all expectations. You will find this cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



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Bad Breath Flabby Fat

CONSTIPATED FOOD TRACT.

Retained fermenting food wastes poison the system and are a positive menace to fitness and good looks. Sufferers from constipation usually experience flatulence, a bloated feeling, have sick headaches, biliousness, pimples, bad breath and put on excessive, unhealthy fat. Depression hangs around and everything seems wearisome and gloomy.

It is surprising the welcome relief and fitness that are obtained by dispersing constipation with Pinkettes. These gentle little laxative and liver pills are perfectly harmless, for they are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients. Pinkettes exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, help the liver in its bile producing function, keep the digestive system regular and efficient. Unload your liver, dispel constipation and unhealthy fat without delay, by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores. 1/3 a bottle.***

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes: and brown haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This preserves the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful lustrous quality.

Brunettes: should use Amami No. 2, which restores the right proportion of pure Egyptian Henna to bring out the natural glints which make dark hair so attractive.

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoos please write to Messrs. Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

Real Life Stories

DRAMA AND HUMOR *Win* *Cash* PRIZES

Now.... Tell Us Your Story

Stories with a dramatic and entertaining quality carry off the Real Life Story prizes this week.

Everyone has a story to tell, and here's the page through which you can tell yours and turn it to profit. Prizes are awarded for the best authentic stories submitted by readers.

Dramas in Readers' Lives

MEMORABLE incidents in the lives of readers are told on this page every week.

All are invited to contribute. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned—it may be about your childhood schooldays, work or home life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 2.

In the Coils of a Boa-Constrictor

THE most memorable moment of my life occurred on the borders of Assam and Burma. To pass the time away when I was off duty, I would go into the forest for a little wild fowl shooting.

On this particular day my friend, a forest officer, visited me, and we decided to go after deer. We started after breakfast and got over one range of hills, when we got separated.

About 4 p.m., after I had shot a buck, I started on my return to my reserved coach at the station. My servants were carrying the buck, and every now and then one of us would shout to let my friend know where we were.

I was not a bit anxious on his account, as he was a good shot and being a forest off[illegible]er he k[illegible] his way practically blindfolded.

About half-way back my party sat down for a spell near the ruins of an old Assamese temple.

We were barely seated five minutes when I heard my friend call me: "B-O-B, B-O-B," which seemed to come from a long way off.

A few seconds later, I heard him call again: "B-O-B, B-O-B"—the "Bob" drawn out as if he was in pain.

I got up and walked towards the ruined temple, and heard his call again—coming from the temple ruins. Oh! Horror of horrors, the sight! I shall never forget it.

Poor Ben was in the coils of a boa-constrictor which was crushing him to death.

Fortunately, I had my double-barrel with me. I put the muzzle to the boa-constrictor's head and pulled both triggers.

My servants came running and we got Ben out of the snake's coils, but the poor fellow could not move and was exhausted. We made a bier and carried him to my coach. I sent for a doctor, who examined him and pronounced no bones broken. The marks of the coils were distinctly visible on his flesh.

Ben was massaged every day for nine days with porpoise oil, before he could get about. The boa-constrictor was 17 feet long and 4 inches thick.

£1/1/- to M. W. R. Allen, Nella, Jeolikote P.O., Naini Tal District, U.P. India.

Eleventh Hour Change

THE most unforgettable incident I have had happened on October 23, 1915.

During the Great War I was on duty in a hospital in Egypt, when we had our orders to prepare for duty at Saloniks—to sail on the 19th.

There was great excitement among the staff, and our packing was only the matter of a few hours.

To my great disappointment our matron informed me I was to stay in Egypt, and another sister went in my place.

To be parted from all my friends was a blow, but it was the hand of fate.

The transport sailed, and we were very anxiously waiting for news of the arrival (knowing that the enemy was active in that area).

Then came the sad news. We were told that the vessel had been rammed in sight of land, and within two hours of her arrival, and that 136 were missing.

She sank within 15 minutes, and only one boat got away safely. The others upset—the top ones crashing down upon the lower ones filled with sisters, many of whom were killed. Others were swimming about for seven hours in the water before help came.

Ten sisters were drowned, and they were all my friends who had left our homeland with me. Only for fate I would have been on that ship. The sister who took my place was among the lost.

5/- to Miss M. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, Adelaide.

Humor at Zoo

A MOST exciting episode happened to me about nine years ago at Sydney Zoo.

I had a family of four young children. A baby nine months old was in my husband's care while I looked after the second youngster, who was 18 months old.

Before going my husband handed me £8, consisting of ten-shilling notes and one pound notes. He was wearing picnic attire, so I put the money in my handbag.

Arriving at the Zoo we made our way to one of the large monkey pits. A large crowd of people surrounded this particular pit.

I lifted the little chap I had on to the stone ledge so as he could see. He suddenly became afraid and clutched at me, knocking my handbag into the monkey pit. Within a couple of seconds the money was being quickly distributed among the monkeys. All had a paper note held in the end of their tails.

The crowd roared with laughter. One man, seeing the stricken look on my face at the thought of all the money we possessed going to be lost, jumped into the pit. Another man handed him an umbrella to ward off the monkeys. A monkey snatched at the umbrella, pulling the handle off.

The man rescued every one of the £8 in notes, my handbag, and a few contents, and a small purse which had baffled the monkeys and was thrown away in disgust.

One official, very annoyed with the stranger, said he might have been torn to pieces, and if we wanted anything else to call the next day when the pit was being cleaned out. Two rings of value were never found.

After the excitement had died I found the hero of this incident had vanished.

I often wonder if he thinks of the scene, amusing to the crowds, but which might have been tragic to him.

I will always carry the memory of those monkeys, climbing higher and higher with my money held in their tails, being chased by another, who would grab the note and put in his tail, and away he would go, with others chasing and tugging.

I did not see the humor until I read about it the next day in the daily papers.

5/- to Mrs. R. Eastwood, Rockliff, Queenscliff Step, Manly, N.S.W.

Spooky Experience

THE bush was dim and mysterious in the moonlight; a dingo howled dismally close to the hut, and a night owl called eerily.

I sat by the gaile, fire talking of the day's accident to a friend. About noon a lad had been accidentally shot, and was hurried to the mainland by boat in a serious condition.

My husband was away for several days mustering cattle (he was a bullocky), so I was feeling in rather low spirits.

At nine o'clock I suggested bed. Suddenly there came the thudding of hoofs along the little bush track, and a horse nailed by the gailey. His sides were heaving, he was snorting in alarm, his eyes starting.

"Why, it's his horse!" exclaimed my friend. She referred to the injured lad.

I, too, recognised the animal as the boy's pet, and wondered at its frightened manner as it shivered by the fire.

I glanced back along the track and simply froze!

A faint shape seemed to float across the track, several feet from the ground, showing misty white against a clump of dark trees. It merged into the shadows—my friend was trembling violently, the horse snorted and tramped uneasily.

Well! We entered the hut rather quickly and sat up all night, while the horse scared us further by breathing loudly and shivering near the gailey fire till daylight.

Next day we had news of the lad's death the night before at about nine o'clock. This really happened, and, though it was about twelve years ago, and I now live in town, I still feel creepy when I think of it.

5/- to Mrs. E. M. Reeves, c/o P.O. Granville, Mary[illegible]ough, Qld.

Train Steamed Away

JANUARY, 1926, saw the culmination of my desire to travel across Australia. Leaving Sydney by the Melbourne express, my son, five years of age, and I journeyed to Pt. Augusta. Quite an enjoyable trip that fulfilled all my expectations.

However, leaving Port Augusta late at night, we commenced the weary trek by Transcontinental over the vast Nullabor Plains.

Comfortable as was the train accommodation, I was glad to get out and stretch my legs at Cook next day.

I was informed that the train would wait for an hour for watering, etc., and I took the opportunity to visit the "town" (three tents, ten huts, and one iron post office) to telegraph my husband.

After doing so I entered into conversation with a seemingly nice aborigine. "You oc ne; see my gin; very nice gunyah," he said.

Good-humoredly I acquiesced, and he led me and my son across the roughest spinifex and saltbush-covered country I had ever experienced.

Arriving at his "very nice gunyah" at last, I was appalled at the disgusting squalor and stench, and began to fear for my own and my son's safety when a score or so of filthy aborigines surrounded me.

Just then the engine's whistle blew its urgent summons for return. Alas! at my first movement towards safety several filthy, fly-encrusted hands held me back.

My poor son screamed; I struck out fiercely time and again, but to no avail.

Away steamed the "Trans," leaving me to what? Slavery? A gin's life?

But no! We owe, I am convinced, our lives to the "Ships of the desert"—camels. One Afghan trader, one very old gun, one whip and three old weary camels arrived at that very critical moment and saved us both.

Three and a half days later saw the arrival of the next Kalgoorlie-bound "Trans," to our unbounded relief, and we bade farewell to a quartet of desert gentlemen—one Afghan and three camels.

Truly, I shall never forget.

5/- to Mrs. Frances Page, 91 Kingsgrove Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.





HER SUITORS CALLED HER GLAMOROUS—BUT....

Their opinion changed and their attentions ceased. They came... they learned and they left. All because a distractingly pretty girl failed to take a single precaution to remain sweet and dainty.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't *expect friends to tell you*... don't count on detecting it yourself. Use Odorono regularly to check perspiration... prevent odour ... save your dresses.



Prices: 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

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SCALDS



Badly scalded arm!...and the pain is unbearable! Quick! Get the Rexona Ointment—it takes out the stinging heat the instant you apply it, and soothes the raw, tender skin. Rexona's healing properties prevent that painful blistering, too... in a few days, new clean skin grows again.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the burn. Smear Rexona Ointment over the injured part and bandage firmly.

SCALDS COOLED AND HEALED

Mr. W. Rau, Albion Hotel, Geelong, writes:—"I was camping with a pot in the bush and one night he scalded both his legs from the hips to the feet with boiling water. I didn't know what to do, till I thought of my tin of Rexona. I rubbed Rexona Ointment on the scalded parts, and in the morning the pain had completely gone—there were no blisters and all the heat had been drawn out—that proves what a faithful friend Rexona is."



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The Rapid Healer

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ACID STOMACH

Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and lasting relief take a small teaspoonful of pure TWIN SODA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA for 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.***

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WARNING!

Is she being starved of 'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?



Does your child tire easily? Is she inclined to "mope"? Does she compare unfavourably with other children in height and physique?

If you must answer "yes" to these questions, your child is showing signs that she is not getting enough of what the doctors call 'Protective' Foods.

What 'Protective' Foods are

'Protective' Foods are those rich in minerals and vitamins. When there are not enough of them in a child's diet, the real foundations of a sound constitution are missing. Without them children fail to make sound growth — their resistance to illness is slight, their muscles and nerves lack "tone", and their bones and teeth lack strength.

BOURN-VITA is a first-class 'protective' food. It is a delicious combination of fresh full-cream milk, barley malt, eggs, and chocolate, containing essential vitamins and minerals. A cup of Bourn-vita gives your child Vitamins A, B, and D, and the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron—elements necessary for sound growth and full nourishment.

While it "protects" Bourn-vita also builds, strengthens, and supplies extra energy.

Give your child Bourn-vita to-night

GIVE HER CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD

V5.167

COUNTERFEIT *Coin*

Continued from Page 6

"THANK you very much," said Herrick. "That's all I wanted to know. Of course, if, upon reflection, you should feel disposed to divulge any further—er—reactions which bear upon the matter in which I believed I was concerned—well, I shan't refuse to listen. But pray don't put yourself out. Besides, I expect you're busy. A murder a day keeps the doctor away. What time are you taking the Count for a drive?"

"Leave him alone," said Old Harry. "If I can wait, so can you. Richard Exon has taken the bit in his teeth—I saw as much the moment he entered the room. And there it can stay, for me—till he's ready to let it drop. He'll take his fences all right. But don't forget this—a man can't say very much when he's got the bit in his teeth."

And there the maid Godolphin came in with my telegram.

"Crawley's case fixed for Friday he counts upon you.—Forsyth."

"Good heavens," I said, and got to my feet.

Caroline stifled a cry, but the Duchess sat perfectly still. As for Herrick . . .

"I must go to London," I said. "I must leave for Innsbruck at once—at least, as soon as I've packed. I must catch the evening train."

Caroline let out a cry.

"Richard!"

"My dear, I've no choice. Six weeks ago the servant I had before Winter was charged with theft. I had always found him honest and I said that I'd swear as much whenever he stood his trial. And his case has been fixed for Friday. I can't let him down. But I can be back on Sunday." I turned to the Duchess of Whelp. "Will you excuse me, madam? I must make certain arrangements. I shall ask you to see me again before I leave."

"You are excused, Richard Exon."

I bowed and went.

Whilst Winter packed, I wrote the best letter I could.

"Madam,—By the time that you read this letter, I am very nearly sure that the 'Count' will have disappeared. Whether he has or has not, you will know the best use to make of these documents. I told him that he would be arrested unless he made himself scarce and that Virgil had 'disappeared' under fear of being charged with the theft of Caroline's jewels. Elsa is 'wanted' by the police; when she knew that I'd found that out, she may have thought it better to find a new place.

"Of course, I'm not coming back. It's better so. I mean, there's no more to be done, and as I can neither 'glaze her' nor 'rope myself off,' it wouldn't be fair to her to make matters worse than I have.

"Madam, I have so much to thank you for.

"Your obedient, affectionate servant,
"RICHARD EXON."

With this I enclosed two documents.

One was the statement, endorsed by Lord Ferdinand, and the other the death certificate of Matthew Gering.

Then I sealed the envelope up and addressed it to the Duchess of Whelp. And then Winter fetched Parish again, and I gave it into his hand—and made him swear to hold it till ten the following day.

At half-past three I saw the Duchess again.

SHE spoke to me very kindly and said that my lady had told her of our "most unpleasant experience" the night before and hoped that I was no worse for my struggle to save my life. After that she wished me good luck "in the matters you now have in hand," and said she should look for my coming in four days' time. And when I kissed her hand she lifted me up and held my face against hers and thanked me for "plucking our darling out of the jaws of death."

Then, though I knew my way, she called Godolphin and told her to show me out; and, before I knew where I was, I was passing through the bedroom which Brief reserved for persons of royal descent. Thirty seconds later I stood in the picture-gallery.

Caroline turned from a window and came to my side.

"Come here my darling." She put her arm through mine. "You look so tired and shaken, and though God knows you have cause, it isn't like you. And now you're going straight off—to travel day and night to London and back. Oh, I wish I was going with you. I shan't know a moment's rest till I see you again."

"I'm all right," I said somehow. "I'll get a good sleep to-night."

"Will you write me a letter to-morrow? I'd like to hear. Only a little letter—to say that you had a good night. I don't want to know anything else—I promised Old Harry I'd ask you no questions at all. But it worries me to see you so unlike yourself, and to think you must make such a journey at such a time."

"I promise I'll write, my darling. But you mustn't worry—really. There's nothing the matter with me. I'm only tired."

With that, I made to glance at my wrist, but she caught my hand.

"I know the time," she said gently. "I'll tell you when you must go. We've ten minutes more together. The Rolls is out on the terrace and your luggage is down."

"Ten minutes more."

MY brain seemed to sway and stagger, as a man that is heavy laden crossing uneven ground. There was so much to be said: yet I could say none of it, because she must not know that this was the end. And yet, how could I leave her without a word? Somehow I must contrive to say one or two things which, when she later remembered, would show her that Richard Exon had been trying to take his leave.

"It—it hurts me to leave you," I said. "And I wouldn't have left you—nothing on earth would have made me—if I didn't know you were safe. But now I know that, and—well, I gave my word, my darling, and so, you see, I must keep it—at any cost."

Her beautiful fingers tightened upon my wrist.

"Of course. Poor Crawley. D'you think they'll listen to you?"

"I shall try to make them. And now let's talk about you. I do not want you to worry—I shall be all right. Now don't forget that, my beauty, because I mean what I say. If you feel like fretting, sit at Old Harry's feet. She's wise—she's terribly wise, and she has an understanding which doesn't belong to this world. You told me once that you'd come to lean upon me. Very well. I'm going away. The moment I've gone I want you to lean upon her. If you don't, you'll feel left—when I go off in the Rolls. And I don't want you to feel left."

"How can I feel anything else? Half of me is going to London—the better half."

"You won't, if you stick to her. She's a sort of Rock of Ages. If you don't want me to worry you'll do as I ask."

Please turn to Page 51

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



AN ATTRACTIVE M.-G.-M. player chooses this unusual gown, created from white chiffon and black lace, for formal occasions. The entire bodice is of lace, while the lace hemline of the shirt is scalloped.



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Locality	?	Menu	?
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"Well, I'll be..!" said the Duchess,



"don't they know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from make-up stain"

● Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up.

The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money.

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

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Keep a box in your desk, in every room at home; for handkerchief use . . . To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . for the baby . . . To dust and polish.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

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"A number of blemishes, pimples and boils appeared on my face and disfigured my complexion," states Miss E.S., of Gympie, Queensland. "At the time I was studying a great deal, and became anaemic and run down. I was very worried, and reading that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the blood, decided to try them. To my great relief, after taking a short course of these pills, my skin is now as clear as ever and I'm feeling perfectly fit and well."

One of the excellent results of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their splendid effect in clearing the complexion of blemishes. These pills help to enrich and increase the blood, and this good new blood banishes pimples and boils and gives rosy colour to the cheeks and lips.

Every young girl and young woman who suffers anaemia, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, and pimply skin, should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not delay; see how quickly the miseries disappear after a short course and how clear and attractive the skin becomes. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'"—and take no other.***

COUNTERFEIT *Coin*

Continued from Page 50

"RICHARD, darling, of course I shall lean upon her. And she upon me — until our idol comes back. We're, both of us, silly about you. When I told her about last night the tears ran down her cheeks. 'He's thoroughbred,' she kept saying. 'He was beaten all ends up, and yet he won through—for his great heart wasn't broken—and a thoroughbred's never beaten till you break his heart.' And so you needn't tell me to stick to her. We shall spend our time talking about you, until you come back."

I put a hand to my head. Matters were bad enough, and I seemed to be making them worse.

"You put it too highly," I said slowly. "Don't magnify what I did. I had a chance and I took it, but more than once I nearly did everything in. And you got me out of that well—no doubt about that. Never mind. We can't argue now. But let's—let's both try to pretend it was only a dream, some of it bitter and some unforgettably sweet.

"You know, dreams are like that. And if we try hard enough and really make believe, it'll come to seem like one, and we shall ask ourselves if these things really happened, or whether the dying leap of some falling star just brushed our lives with brilliance—and held us up to the peephole of immortality."

"Richard! What are you saying?" Her beautiful brows were knit, and a startled presence looked out of her glorious eyes. "Oh, my dear, I don't like you to go like this. What happened last night has changed you. You're not yourself. And since then —— Oh, I don't want to know, but I'm sure that something's upset you. You're always so calm and stable: but now Richard Exon's on edge."

The worst was happening: something had to be done.

With a superhuman effort I braced myself for the part which I could not play. Somehow I had to play it—for both our sakes. She simply must not know that this was the end.

I got to my feet and drew her into my arms.

"MY sweet," I said, "if I seem to you unnatural, that is because I am trying to play a part. I am trying my best to pretend—to make myself believe that I do not mind taking my leave. If you cannot help me to this then my resolution will crack and I shall not go. After all, I've a fine excuse—'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' And the man I promised to speak for can go to Hades.

"Now I never realised how much it was going to cost me to keep the promise I made. It is costing me so much that I dare not consider the price, because, if I did, I know that I shouldn't pay it—and yet it's got to be paid if I am to keep my word. So I'm trying to make believe.

"Now, of course, it's utterly hopeless to pretend that I don't mind going and leaving you here. I might as well pretend that I liked being down in that well. So I've made up my mind to pretend that, when I run in to Innsbruck, I'm running out of some dream. After all, it's been rather like one—for me, I mean. Raven, Tracery, Brief, and the Duchess of Whelp—and you. Who ever saw anyone like you outside some dream? So I'm going to pretend I've been dreaming—for if I've been dreaming I don't have to leave you behind. My dream, my shining wonder, will always be here—in my heart. There can be no separation. No miles can lie between us, because you are not of this world. When I'm crossing the Channel I shall hold you as close in my arms as I'm holding you now. Day and night you'll be with me—always: sleeping and waking. I'll have my cheek against yours." I threw back my head and laughed. "I shall be so rich I shall be almost afraid to come back, because that will mean the rendering up of my dream."

"Dropping shadow for substance," she smiled. "Perhaps you won't like me so well."

Then she laid her head on my chest and I laid my head against hers. And so we stayed, while the merciless sands ran out—and the blood ran with them, out of some hole in my heart.

Softie clock struck four, and I felt a tremor run through her before its knell.

Once more I braced myself.

Then I put my hand under her chin and lifted her lovely head.

"Good-bye, Caroline Virgil."

"Good-bye, my love."

I kissed her lips.

Then we let one another go, and I turned and walked out of the gallery, down to the hall.

.

The steamer which took me from France had berthed, and I was standing amidships, watching my fellow-passengers hasten ashore, when I found a man standing beside me with his hand to his hat.

"Mr. Exon, sir?"

He was a commissionaire, and he had a note in his hand.

"That's right," said I.

He gave me the note at once.

Within was a typewritten sheet.

"The Duchess of Whelp presents her compliments to Mr. Richard Exon and begs that, as soon as may be, he will present himself at Tracery, where he will hear of something to his advantage."

With a hammering heart I stared at the messenger.

"How did you know," I said, "that I should be coming this way?"

"I didn't, sir," he said simply. "There's a man with a note for you at each of the ports. Every boat from France has been met for twenty-four hours."

"No, you don't, sir," said Winter, stoutly. "I don't care what's in the wind. I promised her ladyship I'd make you look after yourself. I 'aven't done nothing so far—because of the look in your eyes. But now that's gone, thank heaven. An' if you won't rest here a day before startin' back—well, I've got the Rolls locked and I'll chuck the keys into the sea."

So it came about that nearly four days went by before, after sleeping at Innsbruck, I saw the chimneys of Tracery rising against the blue.

Heavy rain must have fallen the night before, for woods and pastures were green as I had never seen them, and the countryside was glancing before the smile of the sun.

As twice before, I entered the castle and was immediately conducted to Old Harry.

"Sit down." I did as she said. "I was right when I said you had taken the bit in your teeth; but it never occurred to me you were going to bolt. Why didn't you come to me and tell me the truth?"

"And ask to be let off—in view of what I had done? Forgive me, madam, but I don't think you'd have done that."

"No, I shouldn't," said Old Harry. "I should have come and demanded the hand of the Countess of Brief."

I started at that, but she took no notice at all. "And if my demand had been questioned, I'll tell you what I should have said. I should have said, 'Look here. That she loves me is nothing, that I love her is less. But I've saved her life twice over and dashed near lost my own, I've made one man cut his throat and I've killed two more; and if you imagine I've done all these parlor tricks to keep her nice and warm for somebody else, then, by Heavens,' I'd have said, 'you've made a mistake in your man.'"

I stood up and folded my arms.

"Madam," I said, "I'll see you. Take it as said. I want Caroline."

THEN I asked of Caroline and Herrick, to learn that the latter was at Raven and the former at Brief. Since there was much to be done, Herrick went over to Brief for the whole of each day, assisting my lady as I could never have done, for he was a fine man of business and could speak German without a fault.

And then we came back to myself.

"You must understand this," said the Duchess. "Exactly ten days ago, before ever we left for Brief, Caroline told me plainly that she meant to become your wife. Well, I didn't argue with her, because I approved her choice. The difficulty confronting me was to make Richard Exon—not worthy to be her husband, but eligible to marry the Countess of Brief. Well, I think I can bring it off—but only by your consent.

Please turn to Page 52

DANDRUFF

There is nothing more repelling than to see specks of germ-laden dandruff on the shoulders of any person. Why tolerate this offensive, dried-up matter when Rumsey Williams' Special Scalp Soap will quickly and safely remove it, and is guaranteed to do so. 1/- at all department stores and chemists everywhere, or post free direct from RUMSEY WILLIAMS, Scalp Specialist, 36 Hunter Street, Sydney.***

Drives Out *Itching* Dandruff--Quickly!

And Stimulates Scalp to Grow Hair Nature's Own Way



"MY hair was dry, brittle, and continually falling out," states Mr. H. H. A. Arthur, —, N.S.W. "My scalp was always itching, and there was an abundance of dandruff. After half the (Crystolis Rapid) treatment—itching dandruff entirely gone, and there was a new growth of hair all over my scalp."

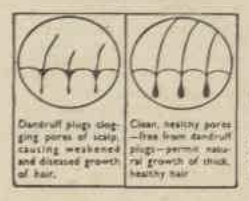
—One case only out of hundreds of remarkable experiences. But how clearly it shows there is now no excuse for people to suffer with scalp troubles. Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white, scaly flakes that fill the hair—it is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom.

When this insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will come.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the glossy sheen and sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for



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Clean, healthy pores—free from dandruff plugs—permit natural growth of thick, healthy hair

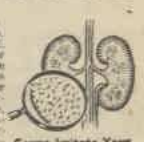
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The underlying cause of much ill health and most Kidney and Bladder disorders is irritating germs which devolop in the body during Colds and from Bad Teeth and Tonsils or other bacterial diseases, so it's no wonder that most every one may suffer from the danger of germs in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. These irritating germs cause a generally rundown condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up Nights, Uric Acid, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

Many of these can be relieved highly enough. For instance, Mr. R. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."



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Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most Kidney and Bladder disorders. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. Gently stimulates the Kidneys and helps them to remove Uric Acid and other Poisons from the blood.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you must remember that you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your troubles and the underlying causes in these 3 ways with the doctor's prescription Cystex.



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More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex.

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You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

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Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, after 10 applications of New Plasmic. Taken August 18, 1936.

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Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.

"YOU bear a very good name. And I'm sure you are proud of it. Parish remembers Usage — which was your home. His sister was your mother's maid, and when your mother died she stayed on till the house was sold. It should not have been sold, of course; but your father was killed in action, and, as you know, things went wrong. Very well. Now I, too, bear a good name. My family name is Saying; and, though you and I know better, the Almanach de Gotha will tell you that it is royal. And if you will change your name—it's easy enough, by deed-poll—and will call yourself Saying-Exon from this time on, I think you may very well marry the Countess of Brief. Apart from anything else, it is, as the three of us know, most right and proper that she should bear my name; and in view of all that has happened, it is most right and proper that she should take it from you. But the principal thing is this—that I am very fond of you, Richard, and should derive infinite pleasure from the thought that you and your sons were to bear my name, for I know you will do it honor, and I find it hard to believe that, with such a mother to bear them, your sons will prove unworthy to hand it down."

She hesitated there and put a hand to her eyes. Then she went slowly on

"The workings of Fate are very wonderful. Saying is my own name. When I was married, I took my husband's title, but not his name. And because the name is royal, his sons by me would have borne it. But, you see, I have had no children. And when I come to die, the name will die, too—unless you—you care to humor—a sentimental old fool——"

What I said I cannot remember, because my heart was too full; but I know I was down on my knees and her hands were in mine, as I tried my best to thank her for doing to me what only a king can do.

Then she kissed me on either cheek and told me to ring for wine. "For we must have a drink," she said, "to celebrate this. You seem to like the idea, and, as good John Herrick would say, it suits me down to the socks. The thought of that name going out has given me sleepless nights. But now—all's very well, for if you and Caroline Virgil aren't fit to fly my flag, then my eye is dim and my natural force abated. And that I refuse to believe, for I never wore glasses yet and, though I take it easy, I'm still as strong as a horse."

When the wine was brought, she pledged me and wished me luck, and I tried again to thank her and drank her health. Then she picked up a sheet of paper and put it in my hand.

"Your cake," she said simply. "You can have it now—and can eat it, as soon as you've changed your name."

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Richard Saying-Exon, late of Usage in Wiltshire and now of Tracery in Austria, and Caroline Virgil. *Countess of Brief.*"

I lifted my head to stare at the Duchess of Whelp.

"'Now of Tracery,' madam?"

"That's what it says," said Old Harry. "You can cut it out, if you like. But I understand you're short of a residence, and it would give me great pleasure if you were to make this your home."

AFTER lunch I left for Raven, where I was to stay for three nights, after which I was to return — with the Countess of Brief and Herrick, to settle future arrangements and, generally, "chew the cud." But, before I went, Old Harry made me promise that I would drive straight to Raven and would not visit Brief until the following day.

"You owe John Herrick something. He's been a good friend to you, and he mustn't feel left."

In view of all that had happened, I could not protest: but I could not help thinking that Herrick could hardly "feel left" if I paid my lady a visit before returning to Raven to spend the evening with him. Still, if Old Harry was wilful, I owed her caprice so much that if she had seen fit to direct that the Countess and I should not meet for another ten days, I must have honored her precept without a word.

So I took my leave and entered the Rolls once more and, driving leisurely, came to Raven at six—to find the homestead fit for a Morland's brush.

As we stole between the two chestnuts and on to the apron beyond, I saw that Brenda was standing at the foot of the steps. She must have seen the car coming, along the road of approach.

I brought the Rolls to her side and put out my hand.

"Well, Brenda," I said, "how are you? You see, I've come back."

She took my hand in both hers.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "Your room is all ready, of course. Mr. Herrick is not back yet. He goes to Brief every day and I doubt if he will be here for another half hour. I think you will sit in the meadows, until he comes."

"You're perfectly right," said I, and got out of the car. "But, first, I must have a drink. Will you go and draw me some beer, while I'm washing my hands?"

Brenda hesitated. Then——

"You—you won't have a bath, will you? I mean, the water's not hot."

In some surprise:

"I'd like one before dinner," I said. "But why mustn't I have one now?"

"It would take too long," said Brenda. "The meadows are now at their best, but the sun is low."

With that, she was gone.

I do not know what made me do it, but when I had used the bathroom I strolled across the landing and entered the pleasant bedroom I knew was mine.

For a moment I stood looking round. Then I moved to the open windows, commanding the friendly meadows and the sheltering woods beyond.

The scene was as rare as lovely, for the sun was going down and the pleasant Georgic was flooded with amber light. All things were throwing shadows as clean and as black as print, slashing the turf with sable and making the vivid green more vivid still. On every side the tapestry of woodland was shot with gold, the stream was afire with splendor —and sitting beside its water was Caroline, Countess of Brief.

Her beautiful head was bare and her eyes were fixed upon the treetops as though she were expecting the heaven above to open and make her rich; but for me the heaven had opened—and I seemed to be regarding some idyll that did not belong to earth, but had been sung by Shakespeare to please the gods.

So I looked upon my fortune.

Then I went down to the meadows, to see the light in her eyes.

Nearly an hour went by before Herrick arrived, for which I was very thankful because his car was to take Caroline back.

As we heard the drone of his engine:

"Oh, damn!" said the Countess of Brief. "Now that I've got you back, I don't want to let you go. But you won't go mad again, will you? Remember that the Duchess of Whelp has set her heart on this match, and that, after all that she's done, you can't let her down."

With a sudden movement, I picked her up in my arms.

"Shall I tell you something?" I said.

"Yes, please."

A warm arm slid round my neck.

"To-day I came back to my dream: and as long as my dream will have me, I shall never leave it again. I must go to London later, if only to change my name. But I will not go, unless you go with me. Take what companion you like. Take half a dozen women—to shut propriety's mouth. Kick your heels, while I'm doing my business. Only, be there. You see, you are my dream. A week ago I rendered you unto Caesar, and tore my heart. And now Caesar has given you back—has given me back my dream. Well, that's all right: but the wound in my heart will reopen if ever I leave you again. And that, I tell you frankly, I cannot face. When I left you, I knew very well I was leaving my life behind. But not until I was gone did I know what it meant to be dead—a dead man having his beings amid a workaday world."

For two or three moments she held my head against hers. Then she let it go and turned to look into my eyes.

"My blessed," she breathed, "I'm so thankful I mean so much. You see, I've given you all. I've no more to give. Heart and soul and body—you hold them in your strong hands. They're not mine any more. They're at your disposal, Richard. And if ever you ceased to care, the body would wither, for the heart and the soul would die."

I WOULD have answered her, but the words would not come, for I could think of nothing but the look in her glorious eyes. I cannot tell what exquisite language they spoke, but I understood their saying better than any words. I had that day been ennobled by the Duchess of Whelp; but now I was exalted in spirit, and a spring seemed to break within me for joy that Caroline Virgil had come to love me so well.

Then she smiled, and I kissed her mouth and set her down on her feet.

"Shall I tell you something?" she said.

"Yes, please."

"When we got the telephone message to say that you had been stopped and were going to come back, I—I burst into tears."

"My sweet!"

"It was natural enough. But listen. Old Harry called me a fool, and then burst into tears herself. We turned to John for comfort—John who had been our mainstay and simply kept us going for thirty-one hours—and John was standing there, with the tears running down his cheeks. So you see, my darling, I'm not—peculiar. There's something about Richard Exon that gets us all under the ribs."

(Copyright)

COUNTERFEIT *Coin*

Continued from Page 51



Wrigley's new penny Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum packs the sweetest, fruitiest, juiciest punch of flavour that you've ever enjoyed! Get out a penny right now and treat yourself to this new taste thrill.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.



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Dangers that you can *see* are not so deadly as the *invisible* danger of infection from germs —a danger that is always present. Yet there is no need to worry if you give your family the protection of regular washing and bathing with Lifebuoy Medicated Health Soap. Its rich, penetrating lather—which contains the famous health element—gets right into the skin-pores, removes every hidden speck of germ-carrying dirt.

For peace of mind enrol your children in the LIFEBUOY LEAGUE OF HEALTH GUARDS

Tell your children about the Lifebuoy League of Health Guards. To become a member, children have to promise to use Lifebuoy Soap regularly—in the morning, after playing and *always* before eating. When they sign this promise the worry and trouble of seeing that they wash with Lifebuoy Soap is removed—you need have no fear that they are not getting Lifebuoy protection. There are fascinating free gifts, too, that are available to members only. To get your children into this splendid league, you have only to sign this coupon, and post to :—

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BACKACHE

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Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently you can end your trouble by taking De Witt's Pills.

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing and tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. Why will you suffer longer when De Witt's Pills are ready to bring you health?

Remember this. De Witt's Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. They purify the system and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witt's Pills go to the seat of all your trouble—the Kidneys.

They are safe and sure in all cases of
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See you get the genuine pills to-day. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box, at all chemists.

De Witt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Reduced Prices: 3/- & 5/9
NEW TRIAL SIZE 1/9
Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.

BLAME *the* WOMAN

Continued from Page 24

"DON'T sound sensible, I know, him being one of the best seamen along these shores; but kind of looked to me as if one o' them female ladies might of stood up and then pitched over as a sea come. Maybe she stove into the oar-handle and knocked it clean out of his grip. I've knowed it to happen before. It's powerful hard to hold steady in that cross-rip."

Lita was down two rungs of the wharf-ladder before the fisherman had stopped speaking. "Hurry! We've got to go out there to help." She jumped into a fishing dory and the man above threw down the lines, climbing in after them. Emergencies arise with alarming rapidity on rugged sea-girt shores; people learn to act almost before they speak.

No one else was on the wharf or road, as this was no day for fishing.

Lita reached for a second pair of oars in another boat tied nearby. And so, swift as a dream, they were heading out beyond the protection of the breakwater.

An instinctive foreboding warned Lita not to waste strength on rowing. She might require all she had later. Now that they were down on the level of the sea, it was very hard to view what was happening ahead. They seemed to proceed with painful slowness though the girl realised the stalwart vigor which pushed at the oars.

On and on; riding the seas, plunging down into grey, crawling furrows. Now the gale caught them, and the stout little dory stood still, shaking from bow to stern as the fisherman held her against it. On again, the oars dipping and rising. Through the spray Lita saw at intervals that other boat, black on the grey-white restlessness of the water; the huddle of figures amidships; Brian doing his young and fearless utmost with a single oar in all the noisy tumult of the water.

"What is your name?" Lita yelled back at the rower.

"Jock!"

Now they rocked in the creamy crawl of the outer tides. The girl rose to her knees, peering ahead. Pounds of water sprang at the bow in a white fan, and fell over her. At the next climb of the dory she looked again. They were now close enough so she could count the figures in that other dory. Brian holding his boat with incredible strength and skill; but how long could one oar bear the strain? The two women clinging together, the men who could do little but try to protect them from the water which sluiced aboard at every roll. Then confusion; after that Brian's shout borne to them on the wind: "Man Overboard!"

Lita knew now why she had not offered to help Jock with the rowing. No man on the island could swim, though from childhood to old age life was spent on the sea. Brian could not desert his dory. But—a chill, small smile twisted her lips—Karol could swim. Karol won contests and posed afterwards for the newspapers. Here was her big dramatic chance. Would she take it?

Jock was laying all his Island fortitude and muscle to the oars. They came on, rolling heavily. Now she could see better. Two women in Brian's boat and one man, besides the rower. Was it Conte overboard? Even at this distance there was in that other male passenger a limp and helpless look, as if he, too, would go to the rescue but was prevented.

"Keep as close as you can to Brian," Lita called to Jock. "Give him an oar if you can. I'm going."

As the two dories careered nearer one another, she dragged off her boots and reefer. She stood up. She heard Jock's loud outraged roar of warning. Brian was shouting, too, but she did not listen. Once again to the rescue of a Cottrell; destiny tagged you no matter how far you ran away.

She gave no thought to her bodily strength—she who had been frail and careful at home. Fear for Conte sent her like an arrow into the water boiling about the boat. The cold shock of that plunge nearly stopped her heart. She was cold with a numbness that burned through to her bones with a fiery ice. She choked, and glimpsed a body floundering nearby. Perhaps Conte was all right and could save himself, but he was unused to the paralysing chill of these northern waters. He might have a cramp; he might be hurt.

Consciously Lita drew on all her reservoir of strength and courage stored up during her island stay. Exultantly she knew it would carry her through.

The loud confusion of many waters roared in her ears, but the cold seemed to lessen as she fought her way forward. Behind her, the screaming and shouting grew fainter.

Not for sport—but to save a life.

A higher, more piercing shriek reached her—a woman's. Karol would not risk a stroke, even to help her husband.

Please turn to Page 54

Child Wife "Wags It" from School

By Air Mail from our New York Office.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Eunice Winstead Johns, America's youngest wife, is playing truant from her school at Sneedville, Tennessee.

She refuses to go back there because she has been severely spanked for naughtiness by the schoolmaster.

Mrs. Johns had only been at the school for two days. But during that time she had caused an uproar by making faces at her teacher, egging on her classmates to naughtiness, and interrupting classes with gossip about her husband and home life.

The teacher warned her that she would be punished; but Eunice replied: "You can't do that to me. I'm a married woman."

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In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy comfortable feet.

Zam-Buk also relieves pain, swelling and foot soreness, grows new skin and wonderfully strengthens ankles, joints, toes, and feet. Don't suffer another day—get a box of Zam-Buk—there's nothing like it.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. *All Chemists & Stores*

"My corns were so painful I couldn't bear my shoes fastened. But rubbing in Zam-Buk softened all the hard skin and enabled me to extract the corns completely. It's a treat to walk in comfort again."—Mrs. E. Clary.

"My feet were my worst enemy, especially during the warm weather. By using Zam-Buk every night I have derived great comfort. I am now a confirmed believer in Zam-Buk for the feet."—Mrs. K. James.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

BLAME *the* WOMAN

ANOTHER thought came fast on this conclusion; no more than a hint but it slowed her progress. Just a second before she drew close to that figure tumbling in the smoke of spray, a flat sense of certainty laid her doubt. The final mockery of heroic effort! Could she have laughed, she would laugh then.

She reached out to grasp the man's collar. As he partially turned towards her in the water—and somehow he had managed to keep afloat—his eyes gleamed under wet hair flattened against his forehead. There was no recognition in them. His face was a ghastlier white than the yeasty foam about it.

Lita felt her legs working somewhere like numb, automatic pistons. Her words, considering the extremity of the situation, were a super-absurdity. "I knew," she gasped. "It couldn't be Conte, after all. You haven't a mole . . . on your left brow." Water choked her as she held on.

The eyes gazed at her, alive yet glassy with chill. Then the lips formed the words without speech. "Hurt . . . sorry."

Those voices behind her were still calling, loud and louder now, blended queerly as if the rush of the waves were a sieve through which they passed. Her legs worked up and down; in the push and pull of the water she was nearing the dories. Then a black cloud collapsed about her; every breath tore at her throat.

LYING flat on her back Lita looked up at the round, red cheeks of Mrs. Gammige. "There, there, dearie," soothed the woman, "you're as safe as if you was in the pocket of a shirt."

Lita smiled, thinking that a very safe place to be after fighting with cold tides. Then another figure swiftly bent over her. Dark eyes brushing hers.

Mrs. Gammige, knowing a thing or two when she saw it, considerately left. "You saved my brother Ronnie's life," announced Conte softly.

"I didn't mean to. Truly I didn't," protested Lita weakly. "That makes a grand . . . total of two in your family."

Over the man's face passed an expression of unbelieving.

Lita touched Conte's arm bound in a splint. "Hurt?" she murmured.

"Yes; thrown against the side of the dory trying to save Karol from falling. She got up to change her seat. Brian lost an oar. Karol somehow knocked it out of his hand. Ronnie leaped, too, but stumbled. Boat was pitching frightfully . . . all scared to death. He wrenched his leg as he went overboard; that's why he couldn't swim."

"I thought," insisted the girl, "until just before I reached him, that it was you; then I knew, of course, there'd be a fluke somewhere. It always happens to me like that. I suddenly remembered what you'd said about your twin brother, and I saw here how he resembled you. In all the coldness and rough water—I was so mad I nearly let him go. I was so furious."

"Strange, wonderful girl. You still talk in parables. Why, why, my stubborn, courageous little zanie, didn't you speak to me last evening? I might have missed you for all my life, and I've come so far."

She answered this question with another. "And Karol?"

He frowned. "Ronnie's wife." Comprehension dawned on him. "You poor, benighted idiot, did you think for a moment she was mine? She was engaged to him that summer two years ago when we were at the Cove. Asked me to be nice to her. I just came along with them and another friend of Karol's to make up the cruise party. Had a dim, demented hope I might run across you somewhere."

Lita feared the light on her face might betray her too soon.

"Can't you understand," Conte was saying, "I had to let you go when you wanted to? You're one of those difficult people who must first find life for themselves. And to think I was so near, and nearly lost you."

"Wait a minute, Conte. I've something to say which may change your feelings. The real reason behind my illness and long strain of nervous exhaustion."

"Never mind. I'm not interested." He smiled indulgently.

Lita's voice was low yet distinct. "I must. Please listen. I've hated your mother. I've hated her all these years. I saved your brother Keith from drowning and she accused me of ruining all his chances for a normal life."

"So," said the man, gazing at her, "it was you."

"Yes, please listen! A picnic up on one of those high grassy bluffs above a rocky cove. Loads of people; games, confusion; so much going on that anything might happen. Karol was there with a frisky, half-grown puppy. She was a stranger, some friend visiting one of the other guests."

Conte's unhurt hand held Lita's in a warm, reassuring grasp.

"Keith was there, too, and your mother. He persisted in playing too near the edge of the bluff; made me nervous as I knew the soil was crumbly. At last I warned your mother but she resented it, saying he could take care of himself and was very sure-footed. After a while I even asked Karol if she wouldn't call her dog away from the edge, because I could see the boy was absorbed in his antics. She just laughed and said something about letting children alone. I was just turning away when I saw the puppy bounce on a hummock of grass at the very edge. 'Call him,' I cried to Karol, 'the boy is trying to catch him. The hummock may give way.'

"But it was too late. Keith made a clutch for the puppy. The earth crumbled under him. I saw his arms fly up as he fell shrieking down the bluff."

LITA paused, tense over the re-living of that tragic scene. "Your mother's back was turned at the moment. She had not seen how it happened, nor had the others. She began screaming for someone to help him. Karol was crawling out to get her dog who was frantically clawing the edge with his forepaws. People began shouting but no one did anything. It was only a minute I suppose; it seemed a century. I knew the child had struck the ledge going down I heard the loose stones rattling after him. I had been a pretty fair swimmer and I didn't mind the high dive. I went after him. The Cove proved to be shallow, and I was almost as badly hurt as Keith by the sharp rocks. I got him ashore, though."

Conte's breath was on her hair. "Yes, dear. Must you revive all this old trouble?"

She nodded. "It wouldn't be fair, not to. The rest was hideous. Your mother nearly hounded me to death. She raved and ranted at me, saying I had been so clumsy in the rescue I had hurt the boy; that he would have been all right if I had saved him properly. Sounds incredible, but I could see her anger against me was a fierce justification of her own weakness where Keith was concerned. She could not bear, Conte, to deprive him, even of danger. Her insane devotion made her ruthless and blind. One of those impossible situations which grow worse the more you try to right it. Your mother grew malicious by circulating untrue reports about me. And this heaped on much pain and days of suffering to myself. I finally fled to the country. Naturally five years later, when I saw you, I did not try to find out who you were. I liked you and I thought you'd despise me being prejudiced. It was a daily nerve-racking strain, and," she repeated, "I liked you so very much."

He was still smiling, unmoved by the implication of her narrative. "Can't you tune up that word to greater power, darling?"

"It's all right then, with you? I loved you so very much."

"That's better. Forget the musty fusty old trouble. I agree it was unnecessary and entirely mother's fault, though she could not have known the extent of harm done to you. What you really needed was to get it out of your system long ago. It's been steaming away there like a cauldron of poison. You were very brave, very proud and very childish. Marry me, and let's go home tomorrow. How does that hit you?"

"I have no home to go to."

"Then be a good sport and come to ours—the one you left behind you. The leopard-lilies have been inquiring for you."

"It's you who are being a lunatic. That place belongs to Karol."

"On the contrary, my dear. I asked her to bid it up for me that day at the auction. Just in case—oh, excessively silly one—you should ever care to return and live in it with me."

She smiled mistily. "How like you. And is Brian safe, too?"

"Quite. The whole island is agog over your spectacular coastguard act. Never knew you were such a fine swimmer."

"I wasn't after I was hurt. I suppose," she spoke with deliberate justice, "that was the chief reason why Karol got under my skin. She seemed to parade her beauty through summer sports; and I'd lost my head of them through herself and the puppy. But," her face became radiant, "let's not talk of this any longer. I'll go home with you on one condition."

"Name it, and it shall be given unto you, even to the half of our estate."

"Promise on your oath that you won't fall off shipboard. Saving the Cottrell family is getting a bit monotonous."

(Copyright)

Continued from Page 53

Ex-Typist Now Shipping Director

By Air Mail from our London Office.

ONCE a typist earning 30/- a week, beautiful Mrs. Dorothy Vivien Heyn, twenty-six years old, has become a director of a shipping line, of which her dead husband was head.

Four years ago Major R. G. Heyn, forty-eight-year-old chief of G. Heyn and Sons, owners of the Head Line, Ulster Steamship Company, and Mountain Steamship Company, fell in love with Miss Dorothy Williamson, typist in a Government office in Belfast.

They were married, and to complete their happiness a child was born.

Now death has ended the romance. Before his death he appointed his beautiful young wife a director of his firm.

Anna Lee, G.B.D. Star.



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Permanent waving — by the Eugene method — actually *improves* your hair. But permanent waving by cheap, inferior methods, particularly when no sachets are used, is *dangerous*. Dull, dry, lifeless hair . . frizzy to look at and brittle to touch . . is too often the price of a "bargain" wave.

The camera proves it! Study the enlarged photographs of real hair below, and see for yourself why genuine Eugene Permanent Waves are the first choice in every civilized country.

It is universally known that Eugene is the *only* method that will satisfactorily wave long hair and wave on the *top* of the head.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS



This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved by the Eugene method. Look at the wide, smooth, unbroken sweep of it. See the untwisted hair. Notice how full of life—how gleaming and lustrous—it is. A genuine Eugene Wave is a SAFE wave, protected by patented Eugene Sachets.



The above hair was also taken from a living head weeks after a wave by a cheap method, using harsh chemicals and without the protection of sachets. This wave is much smaller, more inclined to "frizz." The hairs are twisted and broken, the texture is dry, brittle and lustreless.

JUST at first, an inferior wave may look as lovely as a Eugene — but not for long. The damage revealed by the enlarged photograph can soon be seen by the naked eye. Then — too late — the unfortunate victim of an "inexpensive" wave realises the danger of subjecting her precious hair to harsh chemicals and fierce heat which actually *destroy* it.

Women who need not consider cost choose genuine Eugene Waves because of their beauty, as well as their safety. Women who *must* consider cost choose genuine Eugene Waves because they last so much longer.

Insist on your hairdresser using genuine Eugene Sachets. Look for the little Eugene emblem yourself on every Sachet used.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

October 2, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

SUMMER *Is* ON *the* WAY



And your skin problem is— "How deeply shall I tan?"

By EVELYN

IT is no longer fashionable to suntan yourself to a dark mahogany brown. A deep sunburn is definitely ageing to your looks. It emphasises every wrinkle and makes new wrinkles around your eyes.

It makes your cheeks look puffy and your eyes look small. All this in contrast to the delicate beige-tan complexion which really smart women affect.

Those are the immediate effects, and there are longer-lasting effects, too.

A DEEP sunbrown makes your skin thick, hard, opaque, coarse, instead of thin, soft, transparent, fine, as a lovely feminine skin should be. (Nature does that in self-defence against the elements, you see.)

It will take months or years of faithful creaming and patting, or using pore refiners and toning lotions, to coax back into your face a look of fragile pink clarity, or rich honey-colored smoothness. Since a dark sunburn is not even fashionable to start with, it doesn't seem worth the risk.

How to prevent it? There are several ways, so your choice should be guided by your type of skin and by the kind of climate you will be facing on your summer trips.

IF YOU have a lovely back like Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox, you will be keen on sunbaking, but take it in gradual doses.

RIGHT: Another film player, Maureen O'Sullivan, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, guards the back of her neck and her dark hair against the bleaching effects of strong sunlight with a large kerchief.



Two factors enter into sunburn: The intense light, which darkens the pigment (coloring matter) in your skin; and the continued loss of moisture and oil from the skin, which results in the shrivelling and hardening of its naturally supple tissues. The relative importance of these two factors varies in different places.

Not Drying

COLDER climates, those in coastal areas, for example, are often sunny but not drying. The air is soft with sea spray and springlike showers, even while the sun is bright. In that kind of vacation land, keeping too much light away from your skin is the chief problem in sunbathing.

In seashore places where the heat quickly evaporates spray and showers, in dry country and in high mountain air it is the drying effect of sunburn that is serious. Your skin will shrivel and peel before it browns; it will be drawn and aged from dryness before you are even fashionably tanned.

In that kind of summer place, keeping your skin lubricated and replenished with oils is a necessary part of a sunshine treatment.

A naturally oily skin, having a lubricant of its own, suffers less from loss of moisture; and as to the light, sometimes just a powder base and rather generous powdering are all that are needed to keep it out. But a dry skin has less natural protection; it burns more easily and suffers most harm from the further loss of its precious moisture.

A skin inclined to freckle will freckle on exposure to light. No amount of lubrication will prevent it. You can prevent these spots of pigment from developing only by keeping the light away from your skin. How? With creams that have quite solid substance, with heavy powder, with broad hats and parasols (preferably of dark colors). Actually freckles are nice. They're always so young and innocent-looking; they have a charm like naturally curly hair.

One type of protective preparation consists of a powdery solid suspended in clear liquid. You shake it up, to mix the powder (which tends to settle in the bottle), and smooth it on the skin. It leaves a thin, opaque coating of powder on the skin, which shuts out some of the burning light.

Almost Invisible

USE just the right shade—there's a choice of several, usually—and the application is almost invisible. It is probably the most flattering type of sunburn preventive to wear, and in a moist atmosphere, or for a naturally oily skin of the thick or olive type, this may afford all the sunburn protection needed.

It is a good idea to use cold cream or cleansing cream generously before and after sunning, though, to keep the skin from drying out.

Then there are the sunburn oils. Some are clear, untreated oils, some are tinted to lend a little temporary color to the skin. (You know how shamefaced you feel, arriving at a beach with dead-white skin.) But on the whole, the sunburn oils are simply meant to lubricate, and lubricate they do. And when your skin is being toasted by hot sun, in dry country, in high mountain air, or in the intense reflected light of a beach, it needs lubrication.

Sunburn Oils

SO saturate your skin with oil, to replace the oil that is being baked out. Some sunburn oils contain added ingredients that retard tanning, but most of them do not keep out the light.

A third type of protective preparation is a cream (in solid or liquid form, as the case may be). Much like a foundation cream, it helps to counteract the burning action of light. Though a boon to skin that's apt to get angrily inflamed, these preparations are almost greaseless; so pamper your face with lots of cold cream or cleansing cream at other times during the day.



A BIG SHADY HAT like the one Anne Sheridan, Warner Bros., wears above is the best protection for a skin that freckles.



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth

BE sure your breath does not offend! It's so simple to be safe when you realize that the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the most common source of unpleasant mouth odours—and of much tooth decay.

Brush your teeth at least twice daily with Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odour-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, a soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile.

LARGE SIZE 1/3
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IF YOU PREFER POWDER— Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea.

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IMITATION *of a* SWAN

A lovely neck comes with correct posture and daily creaming and massaging



FOR A LOVELY NECKLINE hold your head high, with chin horizontal. Correct posture will help to keep the neck youthful and prevent a double chin and lines forming.

NECKS are in the limelight. More than ever before we're beginning to realise that double chins, scrawny throats, deep lines, and coarse skin are terribly ageing. So every earnest beauty-seeker wants to know how to make her neck youthful and lovely again.

IT takes work, patience, and persistence to correct the faults of a flabby throatline or fat rolls of chin. If you're lazy or irregular about day-in and day-out skin care, you can do a lot towards faking a good complexion with make-up.

But if you have a throat like an old turkey gobbler, or if you have two chins where you should have one, there isn't any trick of cosmetics that will hide these things. You have to go to work on them.

One thing to do, and one which will show immediate results, is to carry your head better. Many a double chin comes from bad posture more than from fat or local flabbiness.

Stand tall, and see what a nice chin and throatline it gives you. Let your chest lead as you walk. Hold your head high and back—not tilted back with chin pointing skyward, but pushed back with chin horizontal.

Think of your spinal column as a chain, hanging straight from the base of your brain. Keep your head proudly back, to keep the chain straight. A peek at your profile in the mirror will show you how much smoother a chin and throatline this corrected posture gives you.

Keep your head back even as you sleep. High pillows thrust your head forward, push your chin into your throat, and encourage a roll of fat, flabby tissue under the chin. Sleep flat, on the merest baby pillow, to keep your neck and back on the same plane. You can run your hand over your chin and throat and feel how this sleeping position smooths out your throatline.

It is in this position that a chin-strap can do you most good, for it holds relaxed cheek, jaw, and chin muscles in line. High pillows, which push your chin into your throat, can counteract all the benefits of even the best chin-strap.

You can do a lot to improve your chin and throatline by exercises that use and invigorate the neck muscles. Lie on your back on a divan bed or couch, with your head hanging over the end, so that there is no support for the weight of your head. Let it drop far back. Then slowly raise it, till your chin presses into your throat. Then slowly force your head back again as far as it will go. Repeat several times.

Lie flat on your stomach on the floor. Catch hold of your ankles with your hands. Push your head far back between your shoulders. Now rock, as though your chest, abdomen, and thighs were the rockers of a hobby horse.

Sheer Neglect

MANY necks grow old-looking from sheer neglect. It is amazing how many women end all complexion care at the chin. If the skin of your throat and neck is dingy, yellow, stringy, or flabby, it may just be because it needs deep, thorough cleansing, toning, stimulation, lubrication, just as your face does.

When you take a bath, use a bath or complexion brush vigorously on your chin, neck, and chest. And I mean vigorously. Scrub and rub, till your neck is pink and tingling. This is the surest way to correct that goose-pimple texture which so many necks have.

If your skin is dry and crepey or nubbly, work in a cold cream or lubricating cream before your bath. Once in the tub, scrub briskly and patiently with a brush for a minute or more, working lather well into chest, throat, and under-chin. Then, before stepping out of your bath, smack cold, cold water on your throat and chest for several seconds.

If this is a bedtime bath, now is the moment (after a Turkish-towel rub) to apply your grandest, richest tissue cream to neck and throat. There are creams made especially for the throat, which can often benefit from a heavier cream than the skin of the face will accept. Work the cream into the throat with deep, conscientious movements. Stroke with the palms of your hands, modelling the contours of the neck upward from the chest.

Knead with your knuckles, outward from the point of the under-chin. Slap and pat with the back of your hand, upward against the under-chin, and upward on the throat muscles from the shoulders and chest to the jawline.

Rebuild Tissues

DEEP kneading, moulding, patting will normalise the tissues involved. Thus it will break down excess fat stored in a double chin, or rebuild thin or flabby tissues. If you work on a set of muscles vigorously and consistently enough, you can generally count on the exercise and stimulation to accomplish the break-down or build-up these muscles need to be active and firm. But you must work! Every day, day after day, for five minutes or more.

If your neck is thin and stringy, leave some cream on overnight. If it is fat or flabby, wipe off the cream, and repeat all the patting, stroking, and kneading with a tonic lotion which has astringent properties.

Whenever you cream your face, give your neck and throat a share of your attention, too. When you treat your complexion to a make-up mask or bleaching pack, give your neck some, too.



YOU CAN ONLY LOOK your best in evening dress if, like Joan Crawford above, your neck is youthful, soft and well cared for.



WORK CREAM into your neck, modelling the contours upward from the chest.

Hair Matches Frock

HAIR TINTING to match the frock worn, a popular idea overseas, is now creating interest in this country. The colors used are not dyes, but harmless tints that are easy to apply and to wash off when desired. Some of these colors are flame, autumn leaf, tangerine, mahogany, mordore, amethyst, emerald, and night-blue.



Your feet feel as fresh at night as they do at dawn!

When you have the snug comfort of

JOY O' LIFE SHOES

Every one of the styles is made in half sizes and four different widths so that you can be sure of getting the exact size to suit your foot.

But equally as important as correct size is the "tailor-made" 5-way fitting in length, width, waist, instep, and heel. Bedgood's Joy o' Life Shoes leave no ugly gaps at the heel. They hug the arches. They never chafe the skin or wear holes in hosiery. They add to foot shapeliness without bulging at the instep or cramping the toes.

You've never known such foot comfort as Joy o' Life Shoes give. They're perfect when you buy them — and they keep their individuality throughout their long life. Moderately priced at 35/-

The illustrations above shows the new

KISDON—

A court shoe model with the ever-popular baby Louis heel featuring a new and exclusive front ornament. In black, brown or navy kidskin.



CURLA—

A court shoe model ruthlessly trimmed—in navy or black kidskin—fitted with medium high heel.



VICEY—

Here is a new tie model remodying a new motif of stitching and punching—fitted with baby Louis heel—in black or navy kidskin.

Joy O'Life SHOES They're Built by BEDGOOD

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WAGING WAR *on Old-Style* FURNITURE

A Decorator with Bright Ideas attacks some Old-fashioned Rooms and Rejuvenates Them.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

WE decided to wage war on the attics first. There are three of them in this house, which was furnished at least forty years ago. Only one of the attics need be the lumber-box room.

THE second will make a perfectly good extra bedroom. The third is already in use as a maid's room.

In the middle of the biggest attic (and they're all a fairly good size) there's a forlorn single bed that the carpenter says he can easily frame up into a four-poster shape. We'll use lace curtains from the drawing-room and festoon the bed with Nottingham lace hangings and bedspread, sewn over blue sateen, and swap it for the divan in the maid's room.

Then we'll give her window-curtains of the same lace and let the blue carpet stay. Then she can frill the table she has for a dressing-table with white muslin and loop it up with blue bows. She may have a bureau we intend to throw out of the drawing-room for her clothes.

I have a gay plan for the other attic. We'll turn it into a Chinese room and collect the bamboo weeded from the rest of the house. There are several pieces in the drawing-room that are out of place. This room will be completely refurnished, anyway.

There is another cane piece stored in the attic already. It's a cut between a small sideboard and a dressing-table. It has shelves and cupboards. Shoes and endless oddments will pack away inside. The bamboo table from the drawing-room will make the dressing-table.

There's a camp bed in one corner, but we'll fold that up and box it out in the lumber-room. And on the walls the divan touches we'll fasten some strips of thin matting. We'll mat the floor as well and throw away all the strips of carpet.

The last difficulty is the walls, and the forget-me-not paper must go. A modern Chinese paper would be best. Failing that, a bright distemper.

Curtains and divan cover will match. A lacquer cabinet from downstairs and the bamboo stand holding a vase, not a pot plant, will finish the room. Next we shall tackle Aunt Mary's bedroom.

I'd like to say to her, "Aunt Mary, throw it all away and have built-in cupboards and wardrobes."

But she wouldn't do that. The big double wardrobe with the cornice, the dressing-table with flapping mirrors, the large bed with carved railings (head and foot were moved in when the first came to that house as Uncle John's bride.

I shall play boldly on Aunt Mary's desire for a pink-and-white bedroom. She's got a hideous old carpet with pink roses on it, and a garlanded wall-paper. She must throw out the first and distemper the second a pale strawberry.

Then we'll have a pink carpet we are discarding from the drawing-room. It will be just what we need when the fancy border has been sheared.

Now for the furniture. We're going to change it drastically. And the Venetian blinds shall be the bait. They just need a coat of white paint and curtains with broad pink and white stripes to bring them right up to date.

For the furniture altering we will require white paint, plywood, and a carpenter. Let's take the washstand first. It's a large mahogany piece like the rest, with a marble-slabbed table to hold garlanded ewers and basins.

We'll cut off the back of the washstand, send the marble slab to do duty in the pantry, put rungs in the cupboard that's left, paint it white, and stow shoes away inside.

NOW for the wardrobe. We'll head and tail it like a gooseberry. Without cornice and feet it'll have quite a good shape.

And if the bottom drawer is turned into a sham, Aunt Mary's evening gowns will be able to hang their full length. More white paint.

The intricate bedrails can be cut down and boxed in with painted plywood, same way as I mean to treat the pink-tiled fireplace.

Now we've to supply a dressing-table for the one that's turned into a chest of drawers, so will use the small, plain deal table from the attic, white painted and frilled round with curtain material.

It shall have a sheet of plate glass on top and a small folding mirror. Set of brushes allowed on top, but no boxes for rings and no trays for pins.

The patchwork quilt is welcome to stay and give a splash of color to the room, but not the Pompadour effect in nightdress cases.



CORNER OF A charming attic bedroom showing effective wall treatment and lacquered old-style furniture.



WHEN SIMPLICITY is attractive—the dining-room in the home of Fay Wray, Columbia star.

Only one of the three chintzy easy chairs will be allowed, and that must be re-covered.

The Chinese lacquer cabinet and the bamboo table will meet us again in the attic.

The dining-room will be next. Here the most controversial point will be the sideboard. It's old, ugly, and unwieldy; fills one end of the room without being useful.

On top are fruit bowls, decanters, and two very pretty white china French candelabra.

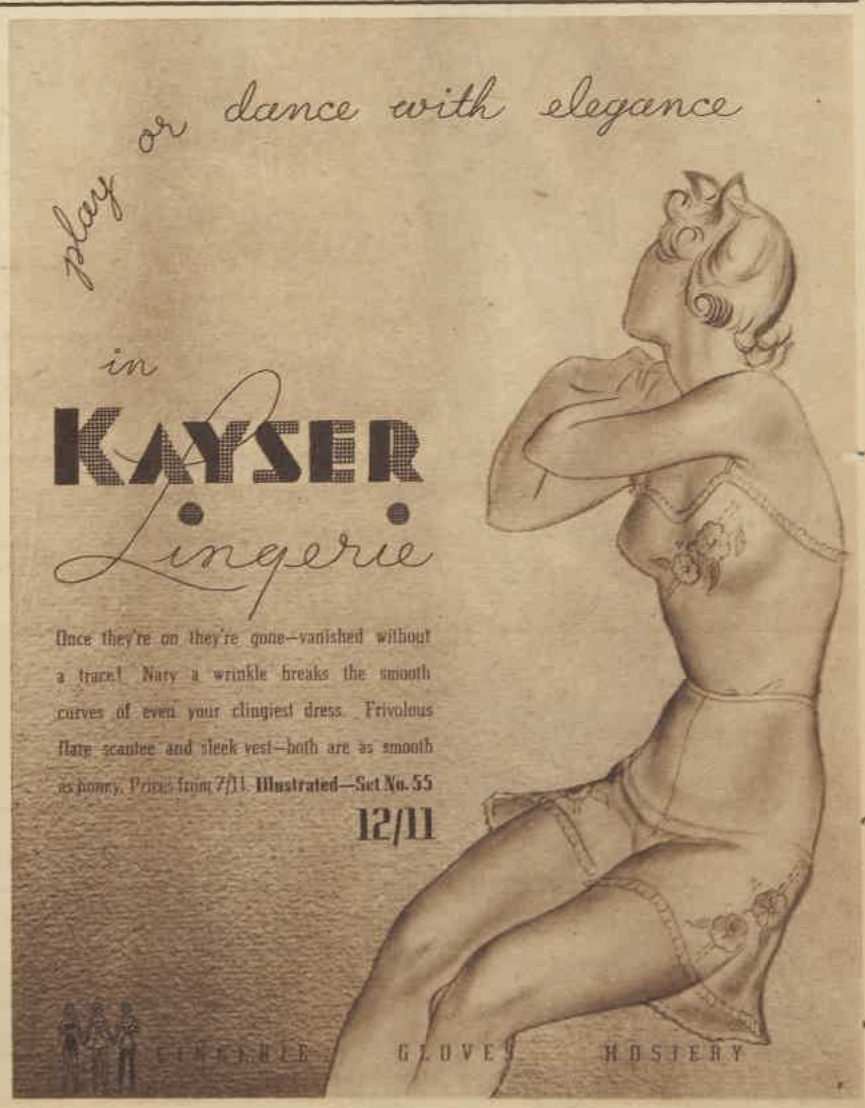
Now the nicest thing in the room is the old refectory table. We'll put the French candelabra on it and dine by candle light. Table is unfortunately surrounded by plush-seated chairs of the nastiest variety.

Our carpenter's certain we wouldn't get *much for* the sideboard, while he could knock it into handsome benches to go round the table. After all there's no need for this sideboard. There's a servery from the kitchen and all the china and cutlery in use is kept in cupboards in the pantry.

The walls of this room are hung mainly with Uncle John; Uncle John in oils, and Uncle John in a bowler and mustachio; a smattering of wedding groups and grandchildren, and even a cricket eleven have crept in.

Here we'll compromise. We'll throw out all the photos so that Uncle John in oils will show up better. We'll hang this one over the marble fireplace. And we'll sweep the couple of bronze prancing horses and the cheruby clock off the mantelpiece.

After that we'll have a dinner to celebrate.—R.H.



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GAY *Gingham* TABLECLOTHS

Cottage checks with bright fruit designs in applique in the corners.

SO charming for breakfast use or for serving meals out-of-doors are these gay gingham cloths. And the delightful fruit designs in applique are so easy to work, too!

THESE cloths traced ready for working can be obtained from our Needlework Department in a choice of happy colors—green, blue or yellow. The pieces of material for doing the applique in contrasting colors are supplied with each cloth.

The size of each cloth is 36 by 36 inches, and you can obtain them with either spoke-stitched edges ready for crochet or with plain cut edges ready for finishing with blanket-stitch in bright threads.

You can also obtain serviettes to match the cloths. These are traced with the fruit design in one corner, are complete with pieces of material for applique work and are finished with either spoke-stitched or plain cut edges for blanket-stitching.

Order a luncheon set in one of these happy cottage check designs now and work it as a gift for a friend for Christmas or for her glory box. She would love it!



Needlework Notions

YOU can obtain these gay gingham cloths in cheery cottage check designs from our Needlework Department. The cloths as well as the matching serviettes are traced for embroidering in the corners with fruit designs in applique.

JUST imagine what a delightful change from the ordinary type of tablecloth these gay gingham cloths would make for breakfast or out-of-door meals.

Imagine how effective your table would look with a green, blue or yellow cloth in cottage checks, applique with contrasting pieces of material in a rich fruit design.

Nowadays, too, it is possible to obtain breakfast or luncheon cloths in yellow, blue or green check designs. A cloth to match would make a delightful combination.

The price of the cloths, obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped with applique design, ready for working, size, 36 by 36 inches, in green, blue or yellow gingham, is 3/11, postage free.

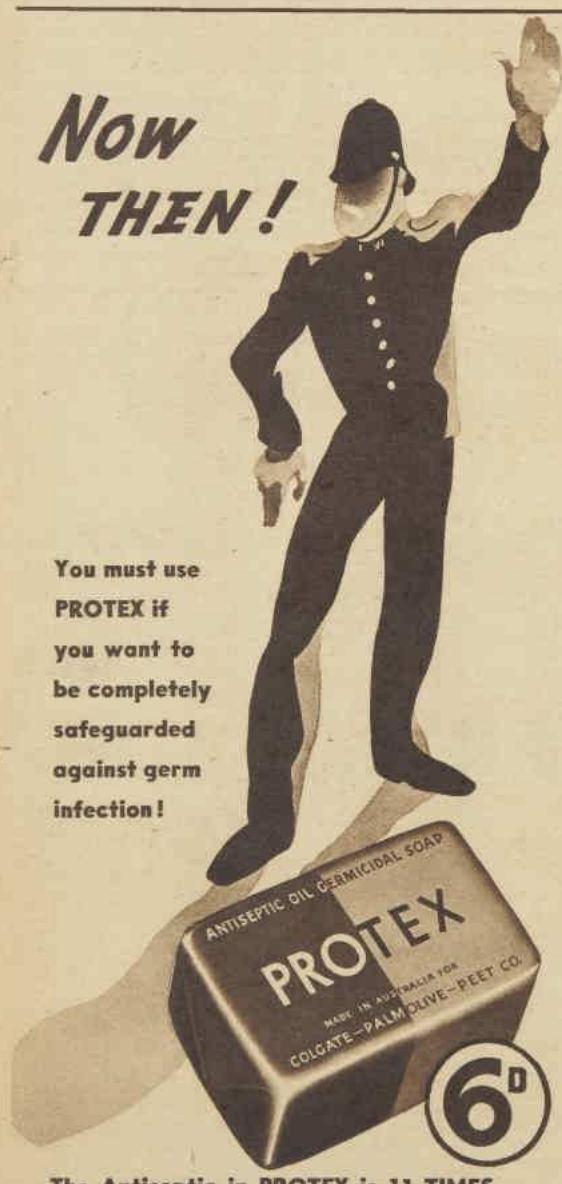
Serviettes to match, size 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Pieces of material in contrasting colors for the applique are supplied with each cloth.

The cloths may be obtained with either spoke-stitched edges, ready for crochet, or plain cut edges for finishing in blanket-stitch.

See small diagram showing how this is done. It it quite simple—just turn up a half-inch hem all the way round on the right side of the cloth and tack. Now stitch down with blanket-stitching—the diagram indicates the length and placing of the stitches.

Make each upright stitch ½-inch long, and group two together. Then leave ½-inch space before taking two more upright stitches. This stitching evenly repeated all round makes a neat border in check effect in keeping with the design.



The Antiseptic in PROTEX is 11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC — yet non-irritant. PROTEX is a Colgate Quality Soap, recommended by the medical profession.

(Vide "The Medical Journal of Australia," 4/7/36.)

18/277

Dainty Embroidered Handkerchiefs

Charmingly boxed and just the sweetest gifts for friends far away and overseas.

THESE handkerchiefs traced with neat designs ready for working are ever so dainty. The designs are neat and very simple to work—three of those illustrated being for colored work and the lower three for white eyelet work.

The handkerchiefs can be obtained from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney (interstate postal addresses on pattern page) at the following prices:—

In pure linen, in white, green, yellow, blue, or pink, traced for working, size 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each, or six in a box, 5/6 complete.

In white linen only, with lace edging, 1/- each, or six in a box, 5/6 complete.

Drawn thread lawn handkerchiefs, 10d each, or six in a box, 4/9 complete, postage free.

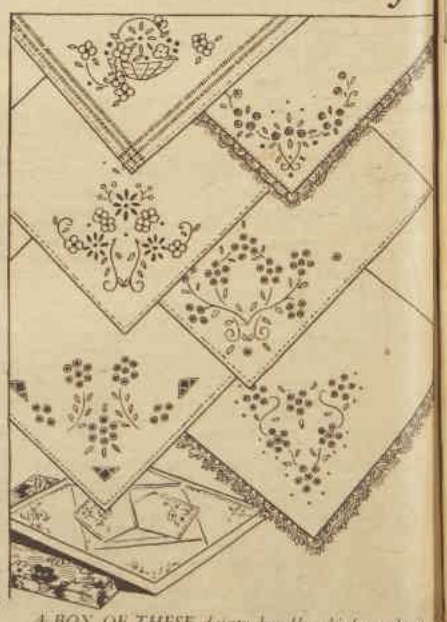
When ordering state designs required.

Send in Your Orders Now

ALL traced linens and other types of needlework, including Petrov designs for blouses and Rene designs for dresses, featured in our Special Needlework issue of last week, September 25, are still available on application to our Needlework Department.

Many of the needlework items, particularly those which appeared in the free supplement given with last week's issue, are designed especially to make suitable Christmas gifts.

Send in your orders now to the Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.



A BOX OF THESE dainty handkerchiefs embroidered by hand in each corner would make a sweet gift for a friend. The handkerchiefs are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

SNAPPY DESIGNS *for* SUMMER *and* HOLIDAY SEASON

Patterns Available Now!

PLEASE NOTE:

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.



PANTEES AND BRASSIERE

WW1867.—Very simple and easy to make, and a remnant will suffice. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1¼ yards for the pantees, and 3-8 yard for the brassiere, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**



BEACH PLAYSUIT

WW1870.—A very attractive beach outfit. Comprises sun-top requiring 1 yard, skirt 2 yards, shorts 1 1-8 yards, and jacket 1 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.**

STRIKING

WW1871. — Pleated collar effect and short puff sleeves are very smart for this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard white contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**





BOY'S OUTFIT

WW1869.—A cute style for the summer days for the little tot 2-8 years. Material required: 7-8 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHILD'S HAT

WW1868. — Very charming for the little one. Made of floral material, or cretonne, it gives ample protection from the sun. Sizes, 4-10 years. Material required: 7-8 yard, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard french canvas. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMART, YOUTHFUL STYLES

PATTERNS COST 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for the three dashing, debonair styles shown at right and immediately below. Patterns are cut in three sizes, 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, and each pattern in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain fill in coupon in right corner, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1: Frock, 3 5-8 yards, and 3-8 yard contrast.

For No. 2: Frock, 3 3-8 yards, 3-8 yard light, and ¼ yard dark contrast.

For No. 3: Frock, 3 3-8 yards, and 1 5-8 yards for jacket.



CHIC SHIRTMAKER

WW1872.—A very neat and attractive design for spectator sports wear. A touch of embroidery enhances this frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DRESSY STYLE

WW1873.—You will feel very well dressed in this chic afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LOVELY, YOUTHFUL MODE

WW1874.—A smart style for warm days. The skirt is full, and the square neckline adds chic. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 3884, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4220YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh St.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size Pattern Coupon, 3/10/'37.

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FROM teething-time onwards, "Ovaltine" Rusks are a great favourite with babies. Delicious, crisp and crunchy, they give the natural biting exercise which helps so much to bring the teeth easily and comfortably through the gums.

During childhood they keep the teeth sound and firm and ensure the correct formation of the mouth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are highly nutritious too, and contain the necessary vitamins. They are made from the purest unbleached wheat flour in which the valuable nutritive elements are retained. A proportion of "Ovaltine" is added to make them still more nourishing, delicious and easy to digest.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

PRICES: 2/3 and 4/-.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY. R1.18.14

FOR YOUNG *Wives and* MOTHERS

The Child With No Appetite

By MARY TRUBY KING

There is something wrong with the child who has no appetite, and a diligent search should be made for the reason.

FIRST, find out if he is ill. Both adults and children "go off their food" if they are sick. Do not force a sick child to eat, as the powers of digestion are considerably reduced at such a time. Give plenty of water, flavored with orange or lemon juice, and obtain medical advice immediately.

If the child is obviously well, but refuses food at a certain meal or meals, he has probably had so much to eat between meals that he has no appetite when the proper meal-time comes.

"Between meal snacks" should be stopped altogether. Giving a child pennies to spend on sweets is a sure way to lessen his appetite for good wholesome meals.

If a sweet is to be allowed at all, it should be eaten after the mid-day meal.

A cause of poor appetite which is likely to be overlooked by the average mother is over-tiredness and exhaustion, both physical and mental.

Chronic Fatigue

ANOTHER cause of poor appetite is too little sleep. A child's bedtime should be absolutely regular. A child of 4 years requires 13 hours of sleep out of the 24; at six years, 12 hours of sleep are needed; at 9 years, 11 hours; at 15 years, 9 hours, and thereafter a good 8 hours nightly.

Children up to 5 years of age should be in bed by 6 p.m. If possible, children under six should have a daytime sleep, or at least a daytime rest, lying full length on a bed, if only for half an hour to an hour.

Any child who is definitely off his food should have half an hour's rest before meals.

Another cause of lack of appetite is too little fresh air and exercise. The child who lives in stuffy rooms where the windows are seldom opened, and the child of parents who are afraid of "night air," is liable to be pale, listless and flabby.

Lack of appetite may also be caused by the child being constipated. There should be one good bowel action every day.

Fresh air, exercise and proper food should achieve this, in combination with an ordered daily rhythm of work and play. If constipation persists, do not fail to obtain medical advice.

The emotions play a large part where appetite is concerned. Fear, anger and excitement all upset the digestion and lessen the desire for food. Domestic troubles in the home may so affect a sensitive child that he will go off his food for long periods.

The Desire for Love

ANOTHER (often unsuspected) reason for a child's refusal of food is the desire of that child for additional sympathy and love. He knows that by refusing food his parents will be concerned about him and he will get more attention.

Make a fair analysis of your attitude to the child, and, if you find you have been neglectful where loving care is concerned, try what a little more attention will do.

No healthy child will starve or become ill from the loss of a few meals.

Just place the food before him, and if it is not eaten, take it away again, as if it is of no moment to you whether he eats or not. He will soon become so hungry that he will eat with relish. This, too, should be accepted without comment.

A FEW children are naturally small eaters. They derive the necessary nourishment from less food than do their brothers and sisters. In these cases, all that the mother need do is see that what they do eat contains the best nutriment.

In the case of a child who has developed a small appetite which home treatment fails to improve, a change of air to the country or sea, with, if possible, a change of human relationships, will often restore it to normal.

One must not overlook the possibility of lack of attractiveness and variety in the diet of the child who won't eat.

Bad cooking may be the fault. Or the servings may be too large. It is better to give smaller helpings and let the child ask for more than to pile his plate so full that the mere sight of it is enough to put him off his meal.



Now—he eats like a horse

Hubby was losing pep and appetite, but he found a "horse's" when Flo started using "GRAVOX." He loves the rich tasty relish that "GRAVOX" gives all dinners.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending.

Send 1d stamp to Klembro for a FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox

The Ideal GRAVY MAKER



Made by KLEMBRO PTY. LTD RICHMOND, VICTORIA



MIDDLE AGED WOMAN makes time stand still

DON'T worry as middle age approaches. Keep youthful vitality and fitness by taking Wincarnis daily. This medically recommended tonic builds up the vital red corpuscles in your blood—restores energy. Wincarnis is equally good in cases of anaemia or in convalescence. Try just one bottle and you'll feel wonderfully better for it—no cheaper inferior product can do you so much good. Your chemist sells it at 4/3 a small bottle or 7/3 the large size.

WINCARNIS

20,000 recommendations from medical men.



"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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A magnificent "once in a lifetime" opportunity to see the Continent and London at the best time of the year.

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TOUR OF EUROPE LEAVING AS UNDER:

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Per the Beautiful R.M.S. Orion.

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Trips Include

WONDERFUL MOTOR TOUR OF 3 COUNTRIES, INCLUDING VISIT TO ZURICH, CONSTANCE, BREGENZ, FRIEDRICHSHAVEN (home of the Graf Zeppelin).

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SPECIAL VISIT TO KANDY From Colombo.

OVER A WEEK TO SEE THE SWISS LAKES

40 Days on the Continent—10 Countries

Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, England.

Write for details and itinerary.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING—ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Is it possible to tell from a person's appearance if he, or she, is anaemic?

WE often hear the word "anaemia." It is said of certain individuals that they are "anaemic in appearance." At times, observers go further in their diagnosis and actually judge certain ailments to be the result of anaemia. Yet, I venture to say that few lay persons actually understand anaemia.

The red cells of the blood supply the coloring matter and carry nutrition to different parts of the body. As its name implies, anaemia is that condition in which the number of red blood cells is diminished.

The red cells live only a short time, but are constantly replaced by new ones. They are manufactured by certain blood forming organs of the body, particularly the liver, spleen and bone marrow. It is a process which goes on constantly.

There are circumstances in which there may be some interference with this process. In spite of their need by the body, they may not be manufactured. When this state of affairs occurs, the victim suffers from anaemia.

Similar symptoms appear after a severe hemorrhage, infection or following a prolonged operation. It may be caused by a faulty and inadequate diet. It is commonly seen in children who do not get the elements essential to proper growth and development.

There are various types of anaemia. There is a mild form that quickly responds to diet and medication. Other cases are more severe in their nature, and one form is called "pernicious anaemia." Fortunately even this form of anaemia now yields to treatment. This has been made possible by the taking of liver and liver extracts.

In anaemia there is a marked decrease in the number of red blood cells. Likewise, the amount of hemoglobin, the coloring matter of the blood, is lessened in quantity.

The victim of this disorder often complains of weakness. This symptom may come on gradually and lasts for several weeks or even months. Shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, sore tongue, indigestion, loss of weight and lack of appetite are other symptoms.

Do not be misled by the universal belief that anaemia is easily recognised merely by looking at an individual. Pallor is not a sure sign of anaemia. Many persons are very pale, yet have normal blood.

The only accurate method of determining whether or not anaemia is present is by means of a simple test known as a "blood count." A drop of blood, obtained from the patient, is examined under the microscope. By means of a counting device, the actual number of red blood cells can be estimated.

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A WHOLE FIELD of scarlet poinsettias! The girl in the midst of them is Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

USE *Peat-moss in the* GARDEN

It's thousands of years old and comes from bogs and swamps. But its amazing virtues will revolutionise both home and professional gardening—*Says the Old Gardener*

IN the last few years, home gardening has made wonderful progress. People have become more garden-minded, and are not satisfied to do things in a slipshod manner. They are also anxious to become more scientific, for practical experience and science go along hand in hand together—one is no good without the other.

Each year science produces something new, interesting and helpful for the garden. Fertilisers of various kinds are tested and proved to be of value or otherwise for various kinds of plant life.

Now it has been discovered that peatmoss possesses virtues that should revolutionise gardening.

This discovery will prove of enormous benefit to every section of the garden. Not only the amateur but the professional, the market gardener and the flower-grower for markets will realise the great advantage of this material.

Peatmoss is decayed vegetable substance.

It originates from dead vegetable organism, and is formed in the course of ages in bogs and swamps. The lower layers of these bogs are derived from the decay of aquatic plants. This is followed by layers of different plants and succeeded by decomposition of shrubs and trees. From these formations comes the dark heavy peat used for fuel.

The upper layers of these bogs consist of a decayed moss carpet. These layers gradually grow one upon the other, and after thousands of years slowly turn into peat.

In Bales

FOR gardening only a certain type of peatmoss is used from these bogs. This is ground up, granulated, and packed into tightly compressed bales, about 12 cubic feet in size.

Peatmoss is always ready for use and it keeps indefinitely. It can be stored anywhere, in sheds or bins, or even left out in the open. It is splendid for flowers, vegetables, ferns, and rockeries, shrubs of all kinds, fruit trees and lawns. It is clean to use and has no offensive odor.

The splendid value of peatmoss is its faculty for absorbing a great quantity of water which it holds for some considerable time. You can just imagine what an asset this would be in dry areas where the rainfall is scarce. Peatmoss is really a dry weather reservoir for plant life. It absorbs 50 times more moisture than sandy soil, and 20 times more than good loam.

Peatmoss is composed of tiny sponges, and these myriads of sponge cells when thoroughly mixed through the soil hold the water near the roots of the plants just where it is needed.

A garden with peatmoss mixed through the soil can be thoroughly watered and the soil does not even become muddy. When it has become thoroughly saturated the excess water drains away in a natural fashion. Peatmoss keeps the soil open and allows air and moisture to pass through. It doesn't crack; neither does it form a crust as most soils do after being watered.

Acts as Trap

PEATMOSS simply acts as a sort of trap to catch and hold the moisture and also plant food so necessary to the life of the plants. It assists in binding up sandy soil, and improves the fertility. Heavy soils it breaks down and makes more friable. It will even break up hard, heavy clods, and make drainage more perfect.

Placed on the beds between the plants it is an excellent mulch, its loose fine nature allowing the air and water to pass through as stated before.

For seed beds, young seedlings and propagating work, peatmoss is invaluable. It can be used in pots and pans for bulbs or plants as a forcing medium. It is splendid for renovating lawns, and for new lawns may be incorporated with the soil.

Another asset is its freedom from all weeds. Those who find it difficult to procure animal manure will find peatmoss a valuable help. Being odorless and clean to handle, it can be used in window-boxes around the home, for indoor pot plants and window gardening.

All gardeners realise the importance of humus in soil, so the value of peatmoss will be readily realised.

In some districts the soil is nothing but pure sand. Peatmoss will aid in rapidly building up the soil to a state of fertility, make it rich in humus, and capable of growing any type of plant successfully.

Peatmoss can be obtained at reasonable prices, in either bales of 12 cubic feet or small packages. I have experimented with it, and found it most successful in every way.

Sow Seeds Now of . . .

ANTIRRHINUM (snapdragons), asters, begonia, celosia, calliopsis, dianthus, delphinium, dahlia, gaillardia, gerbera, lobelia, marigold, pentstemon, petunia, phlox drummondii, salvia, scabious, verbena, viscaria and zinnias (miniature and giant flowered).

Have a room like this in your home too!



The delightful dining room in the home of Mrs. G. O. Paul of Darling Point, Sydney, was planned entirely by Mrs. Paul, who even designed the sideboard herself. The walls, ceiling and furniture are painted cream, and color is introduced by means of the bright yellow curtains and the beautiful Van Gogh print.

YOU CAN DO IT EASILY WITH TAUBMANS PAINTS

LOOK at this simple, modest but exquisitely charming dining room and imagine it a part of your own home. Its light creamy walls and furniture make such a perfect background for gay little dinners and happy gatherings, and its golden-yellow curtains and colorful modern print bring sunshine inside on the dullest days. What a contrast to the dingy uninspiring rooms often seen in many homes!

This room, like hundreds of others, was converted from an old-fashioned drab-looking interior by the magic of color. Light paint on dark walls, light paint on furniture, yellow curtains, a green rug — and it was all work that could be done at home. You too can obtain effects like these yourself. Let Anne Stewart show you how!



"No more polishing for hours at this stove. I've found that Silvafros keeps any metal surface permanently shining," says Mrs. E. Baines of Ferry Street. Silvafros can be used on pipes, coppers, gates, fences—anything made of metal.



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Send for this FREE BOOK



Anne Stewart, Director
Taubman's Home Decorating Service
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart,
Please send my FREE copy of your book "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover posting and handling.

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2UW, 10.20 a.m.; 3AW, 11 a.m.; 4BK-AK, 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-MU-PI, 11.30 a.m.

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FURTHER ENTRIES *in Our* £500 RECIPE COMPETITION

This Week's Prizewinners for Unusual Recipes

Entries for this contest closed on September 8.

Here is a further batch of entries in our popular £500 recipe competition, which have been chosen as this week's prizewinners.

A RECIPE for cheese and mice cake wins the first prize this week. This humorous cake should prove an added attraction to any party. There are also recipes for cakes, jam, pudding and jelly, and an economical three-course dinner.

Cake Section

CHEESE AND MICE CAKE

Weight of 2 eggs in butter, sugar and flour (self-raising), 1 orange.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs, then sifted self-raising flour, juice and grated rind of orange. Pour into well-greased square tin (about 10in. by 10in.). Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for ¾ hour. Cake shrinks from the sides of tin when cooked.

When cold, spread butter icing over cake, using 4 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoonful butter, and enough orange juice to make into a spreading consistency.

The mice may be made from a little of above icing, or from almond paste made by blending 2 tablespoons of icing sugar with 1 tablespoonful of almond meal and few drops of water. Either icing must be very firm. Roll a small piece in the palms of your hands. Pinch one end to represent the nose, push in two pieces of cloves for eyes, and add small pieces for ears. Either roll a small piece of icing between the hands for the tail, or pipe the tail on after the mice have been put on the cake.

The same idea may be carried out with pigs on the "ground." Substitute 2 tablespoons of powdered cocoa for the orange in the cake. Use 1 tablespoon of cocoa in the icing and hot water to replace orange juice for mixing. Add a little coffee essence to the thick icing for the pigs. Roll them into fatter and rounder shapes than for mice, and pinch the snout well.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Leaton, 243 Walcott St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

WHOLEMEAL CHOCOLATE CAKE

One breakfast cup butter, 1 breakfast cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa or chocolate, ½ cup boiling water, 2 breakfast cups wholemeal flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ breakfast cup chopped nut meats, ½ breakfast cup chopped figs, ½ breakfast cup chopped dates, ½ breakfast cup new milk, 2 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add chocolate or cocoa dissolved in the boiling water. Beat till light and frothy, add eggs, well-beaten; stir in wholemeal flour, over which has been shaken the baking powder, add fruit and nut meats and cinnamon; mix in the milk. Bake in paper-lined tin in a moderate oven for 1 hour to 1½ hours.

2/6 to Mrs. A. T. Oswald, Broughton Downs, Port Pirie, S.A.

LYNDON CAKE

Four ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. preserved ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then sifted flour and milk. Divide mixture in two, flavor one with vanilla. Add chopped ginger, cinnamon and ground ginger to other half. Bake in sandwich tins in moderate oven.

When cold join with a little chopped ginger. Ice half top with soft white icing and other half with chocolate. Place rings of sliced ginger round edge.

2/6 to Miss Kathleen Sly, 42 Lyndon St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Puddings and Sweets Section



BANANA CURRANT PUDDING

Peel and slice into a saucepan 4 large Cavendish bananas, add ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar. Allow to simmer a few minutes. Take off stove, add 4oz. currants and beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Pour into a piedish and cover with the following sponge mixture:

Beat 2 eggs and ½ cup sugar for 10 minutes, lightly stir in ½ cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons milk, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour on top of banana mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 to 30 minutes. Before serving, sprinkle with icing sugar.

2/6 to Mrs. M. M. Richards, c/o 8 Walker St., Townsville, N. Qld.

BANANA JELLY

Six ounces sugar, 2 eggs, 2 lemons, 2 bananas, ½oz. gelatine, 1 gill sherry, cold water, and sliced bananas.

Peel lemons thinly, then halve and squeese out juice. Strain juice and measure, and add enough cold water to make ½ pint of liquid. Measure ½ pint of cold water into a saucepan, and add sugar, lemon rind and gelatine. Stir over a very low heat until sugar and gelatine dissolve, but do not let mixture boil. Remove from fire and cool, then stir in beaten eggs. Strain into top of double saucepan, and stir over hot water until thick. Now add lemon juice and sherry. Stir occasionally until cool, then pour a layer into a wet mould. When set, cover with sliced banana, then fill up the mould with the rest of the jelly. When set, turn out and garnish with sliced banana.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Button, St. Helens, East Coast, Tas.

Economical Dinner Section

Pea Soup
Sheep's Head Pie
Miser's Pudding

PEA SOUP

Three-quarter pound split peas (soak overnight), five or six bacon bones, mint, 1 onion.

Boil together till peas are very so... When cooked strain through fi... sieve.

Put in a saucepan 1 dessertspo... butter, mix well with flour, then st... soup, pepper, salt, and a little sug... Stir well to prevent any lumps. Ser... piping hot with cubes of toast or fri... bread.

SHEEP'S HEAD PIE

Clean and boil 1 sheep's head un... tender, adding pepper and salt, tak... meat from bones, and put in piedis... cover with mixture made with brea... crumbs, one egg, tablespoon butt... pepper and salt. Bake to a ni... brown.

MISER'S PUDDING

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or dripping, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, a pinch salt, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Mix soda and salt thoroughly wi... flour. Add butter, sugar and fru... lastly boiling water. Let stand a night, then boil 3 hours.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Slee, 22 Hillside Avenue, Caulfield SE8, Vic.

Jams, Jellies and Preserved Fruits Section

NOVELTY JAM

One cup prunes, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1-3rd cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon allspice, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds.

Soak prunes and raisins overnight in cold water. In the morning cook in same water until prunes are tender. Take off stove and cut prunes into small pieces, add sugar, vinegar, spice, cloves, and cinnamon, and cook for about 45 minutes, then add chopped almonds and boil for about 35 minutes. Pour in glasses and cover while hot.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Merrion, P.O., Paterson, N.S.W.



Give him strong, healthy teeth . .

Build up his strength, the natural way.

Give him

APPLES

Every Day

Every child needs several apples daily to maintain health. Always keep an adequate supply of ripe, juicy apples in the home. BUY APPLES BY THE CASE FROM YOUR LOCAL FRUITERER.

Remember . . . pears are delicious too!

Apples are the most beneficial fruit a child can eat. Apples aid the digestion of other foods, provide sugar for energy in its best form, and promote the growth of sturdy bones with their valuable mineral salts. The consensus of dental opinion is that apples are essential to strengthen tiny teeth and protect them against decay by perfect natural cleansing.

See that your children, from an early age, have a liberal supply of apples in their diet and you will assure the growth of perfectly formed, milky white teeth and build up their stamina and resistance.

BUY HEALTH — EAT APPLES EVERY DAY

FREE! If you clip this coupon and send it with a self-addressed envelope bearing a 2d. stamp to the Australian Apple and Pear Council, Box 2713C, G.P.O., Sydney, a Recipe Book containing dozens of apple and pear recipes together with important information on diet will be posted absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

A1-27

Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.

THIS WEEK

Main Course Dishes

The big problem in the housewife's day is the main dinner course, which must be nourishing, appetising, and, in most cases, economical.

THE recipes given below are for main course dishes, which are interesting and unusual, and also economical.

They have been selected from recipes sent in by readers as this week's popular subject and are awarded cash prizes.

Send in your recipes. They, too, may be worth money to you.

BEATEN STEAK

Take 1lb. good frying steak. Put it on a board, sprinkle well with flour and salt to taste. Then beat well until flour is well beaten in. The end of a knife makes a good beater. Cut into pieces and fry until brown, then pour off fat. Make a thick gravy by adding a tablespoon of flour and enough water to make the right thickness. Add the steak already browned, and simmer for 30 minutes, taking care not to burn it. Serve with vegetables.

2/6 to Mrs. Mary Barnes, 7 Hope St., New Town, Tas.

CUTLETS CASSEROLED IN MILK

Six cutlets, 1 dessertspoon flour, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1¼ pints milk, 1oz. dripping.

Trim cutlets, dip them in flour and some of the milk, and then in breadcrumbs. Make dripping hot in pan, fry cutlets until brown on each side. Put in a casserole with salt, pepper, and parsley. Heat milk, pour it over them; cook for 1 hour, then add 2 white onions if liked and cook for 1 hour longer. Thicken gravy with a little flour about 10 minutes before serving. Serve with mashed potatoes and green peas.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Keating, Brookfield Rd., Kedron N3, Brisbane.

VEAL CUTLETS IN MUSTARD SAUCE

Take 1lb. veal cutlets and braise with 1 finely-cut onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, pepper and salt in 3oz. butter or dripping. Add 3oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon of sugar. To this add 1 pint gravy or stock and ¼ cup vinegar. Simmer until tender and serve with mashed potatoes.

2/6 to Miss C. Selby, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

SCALLOPED SALMON

Take a tin of salmon and free from skin and bones. Make a rich white sauce. Add the salmon with a seasoning of pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley or capers. Put into scallop shells or into a flat piedish, cover the top with fine breadcrumbs and pieces of butter. Bake for 10 minutes in hot oven.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Point, Sydney.

CHEESE AND RABBIT

Boil 1 small rabbit until tender, add 2oz. pearl barley. When cooked, remove bones and cut meat into small pieces. Add 3oz. of grated cheese, 1 finely-chopped onion, 1 cup of stock (in which the rabbit was boiled, strained), and ½ cup milk. Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne. Place the mixture in a greased piedish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and more grated cheese, dab with butter, and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve with green peas, and, if liked, mashed potatoes.

2/6 to Mrs. R. Shepard, 3 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

POLOTTI

Two pounds lean steak, ½lb. bacon (reserve 1 rasher for broth), 2 medium onions (reserve 1 onion for broth), 1 teaspoon breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon milk, 2 teaspoons dried herbs, 2 dessertspoons salt (reserve 1 for broth), ½ teaspoon pepper (reserve half for broth), ¼ teacup rice or macaroni, 2 carrots.

Chop 1 onion and the rasher of bacon and fry until brown in a dessertspoon of butter. Then add 2 pints boiling water and 1 dessertspoon salt, and carrots.

Mince steak and bacon, chop onion finely and put all together in a large basin with breadcrumbs, herbs, salt, and pepper; bind in eggs, pour in milk, and mix until blended. Roll into balls and roll in dry flour. Lastly drop into the boiling broth, adding rice or macaroni in 1 hour's time. Finish cooking till rice is tender.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Figueroia, 16 Elmhurst Rd., Caulfield N16, SE7, Vic.

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SANDWICHES...*the Clock* ROUND!

New ideas for savory sandwiches for breakfast, luncheon, or supper.

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



APPETISING FOR SUPPER—thick slices of wholemeal bread spread with butter, thin slices of cucumber, radish and dressing.

HAVE you ever thought what a very convenient meal sandwiches make? You can serve them all round the clock—hot, savory sandwiches for breakfast, cool, refreshing mixtures for lunch, dainty, delicious sandwiches for afternoon tea, and piquant spreads for supper.



SOME INGREDIENTS that make good sandwiches—grated cheese and chopped parsley mixed with butter or cream cheese.

SANDWICHES are steadily gaining in popularity, especially since cafes introduced the American idea of two and three-decker sandwiches. These are a complete meal in themselves, and when the bread is toasted are particularly appetising.

The small, dainty sandwich is still unrivalled for morning and afternoon tea; for breakfast and luncheon, the toasted single or double decker sandwiches are gaining popularity; while a new idea that is taking on for supper parties is the Continental manner of serving a thick savory spread on thick single slices of bread, garnished with olives, gherkins, and other piquant flavorings.

When preparing sandwiches for afternoon tea, supper, school or business lunches or picnics, remember the great part lettuce plays in giving an appetising zest. Remember, too, that brown bread is more nourishing and often more delectable than white bread.

BREAKFAST FILLINGS

Spread grated cheese or paste on hot buttered toast, lay on slice of bacon, then a well-drained fried egg, cooked on both sides if you can manage it, so that the white is crisp.

Spread buttered toast with bloater paste. Fry slices of sausage, drain well. Serve on the toast at once.

LUNCH

Arrange layer of seasoned lettuce on square of buttered bread or toast, then slice of meat. Dab with mustard, sauce, or pickle, then slices of egg, cucumber, or tomato.

Chop mint leaves finely and lay on buttered toast or bread, then thin slices of lamb. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and dot with red currant jelly. Garnish with cress or parsley.

Spread toast or bread with mayonnaise, cream or slices of cheese, then salad vegetables.

Spread slices of bread with cream cheese, then layer of lettuce, then sliced pineapple and chopped nuts.

Tea time calls for different kinds of sandwiches. They must be small and dainty. Shaped for preference with fancy cutters and arranged on plates with garnishes and small labels naming the kind.

FILLINGS FOR SANDWICHES

(1) Chopped walnuts mixed with lemon cheese.

(2) Chopped walnuts and cream cheese.

(3) Whipped cream and chopped ginger.

(4) Mixed fruits chopped up well.

Supper or after-theatre sandwiches are usually left waiting, so they must be cold. Keep well covered, first with lettuce leaf, then a basin, and don't make the fillings too soft; otherwise they may soak through the bread. Have both sweet and savory kinds.

(1) Mince hard-boiled eggs and chutney well together.

(2) Mash sardines, butter and lemon juice well together, and spread straight on the bread.

(3) Flake salmon and mix with mayonnaise.

(4) Scoop out soft part of french rolls and fill with filling.

(5) Mix cooked peas and beans with dressing, salt and cayenne.

(6) Chopped cooked carrot with mayonnaise.

(7) Cream butter with grated chocolate. Spread on bread with thin slices of apple.

(8) Cream butter and mix chopped pineapple with it, spread on one side, honey on other, join.

(9) Mash banana well with lemon juice and sugar to taste. Spread on brown bread.

(10) Mix chopped apples and walnuts with honey.

(11) Stone and chop olives. Season and mix with mayonnaise and cream cheese.

(12) Marmalade and chopped cheddar cheese.

MOSAIC BREAD

First remove carefully the inside of a loaf of white bread (long loaf for preference), leaving the crust only. Mix finely-chopped ham, chicken (or meat), cheese, gherkin, olives, hard-boiled eggs well together; add salt, cayenne to taste; add a little butter to bind together. Stuff the loaf with the mixture, pressing in well, using the back of a wooden spoon. Leave for an hour. Serve cut in slices with sharp knife. Splendid for picnics or hiking.

CONTINENTAL SANDWICH

Slices of wholemeal bread spread with butter, then cream cheese mixed with a little mayonnaise, then cover with rounds of radish, then slices of cucumber down the centre. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Garnish with a corkscrew of radish. Serve on large plate garnished with small radish and parsley.

AMERICAN CLUB SANDWICH

Slices of toast, slices of rabbit, lettuce leaves, slices of tomato, mayonnaise, grilled cheese.

On a slice of buttered toast place a lettuce leaf. Sprinkle with mayonnaise, then slices of cheese, rabbit, and tomato; then another slice of toast, then lettuce, cheese, rabbit, and tomato, finishing with a slice of toast. Place in the oven for a few minutes, serving it very hot.

ROLLED SANDWICHES

These sandwiches are like the old-fashioned jelly roll, and must be prepared on a damp cloth to roll easily. After trimming the crust off a loaf of bread, cut thin slices the entire length of the loaf. Spread with butter and any desired fillings, covering two-thirds or half of a slice with a different filling. Use a color contrast for preference, such as ham paste, finely-chopped olives with mayonnaise, or cream cheese.

Spread each division of a slice while resting it on a damp cloth; then, starting at the narrow end, roll it away from you, making the first turn rather close and pressing a little at each turn to hold the roll. Spread butter over the ends of the roll and wrap in a damp cloth until ready to use. Then cut in thin slices.



MOSAIC BREAD is splendid for picnics or hiking. Recipe for making is given on this page.

TO MAKE A TOASTED SANDWICH

Cut white bread in 1-6in. slices. Spread lightly with butter, place the filling on one piece of bread, cover with the other slice. Lightly spread each side with butter, and do not cut off the crusts. Toast a golden brown on both sides very quickly. Cut the crusts off, after toasting, and cut the sandwiches into four—either in squares or triangles. Place them in a pile, one sandwich on top of the other, on a hot dish, garnish suitably, and keep covered. Covered entree-dishes are most suitable for these sandwiches.

SWEET SANDWICHES

Thin slices of bread and butter, dates, raisins, figs, sultanas.

Chop fruits, either used singly or mixed, remove any seeds or lumps, flavor with a little lemon juice, mix well. Spread on the slices of bread and butter, cover, trim edges, cut into triangles. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

BLINDFOLD TEST No. 58

Corn Flakes are extra delicious



—that's how the entire Symonds Family votes in Kellogg's Blindfold Test



Votes "Yes" "CORN FLAKES WILL DO ME. They're a real man's breakfast with plenty of flavour," says Mr. L. Symonds of 1 Carter Street, as he makes Kellogg's sensational blindfold test with his family.



Votes "YES". ALWAYS FRESH. Corn Flakes are extra delicious and that Waxtite inner sealed wrapper keeps them always fresh," says Mrs. Symonds.

Nearly every time you pick up a paper you see one of these Kellogg's advertisements showing an Australian family making Kellogg's amazing Blindfold Test. Every person, in each of these families, tastes four breakfast foods whilst blindfolded. Every family to make the test has picked Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Corn Flakes are *extra delicious* because they are the only flakes made with corn — and corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain. Kellogg's get all of this EXTRA-RICH flavour into each of those big crackly Corn Flakes. You'll love them.

● *Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.*

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Bushells

The Tea of Flavor



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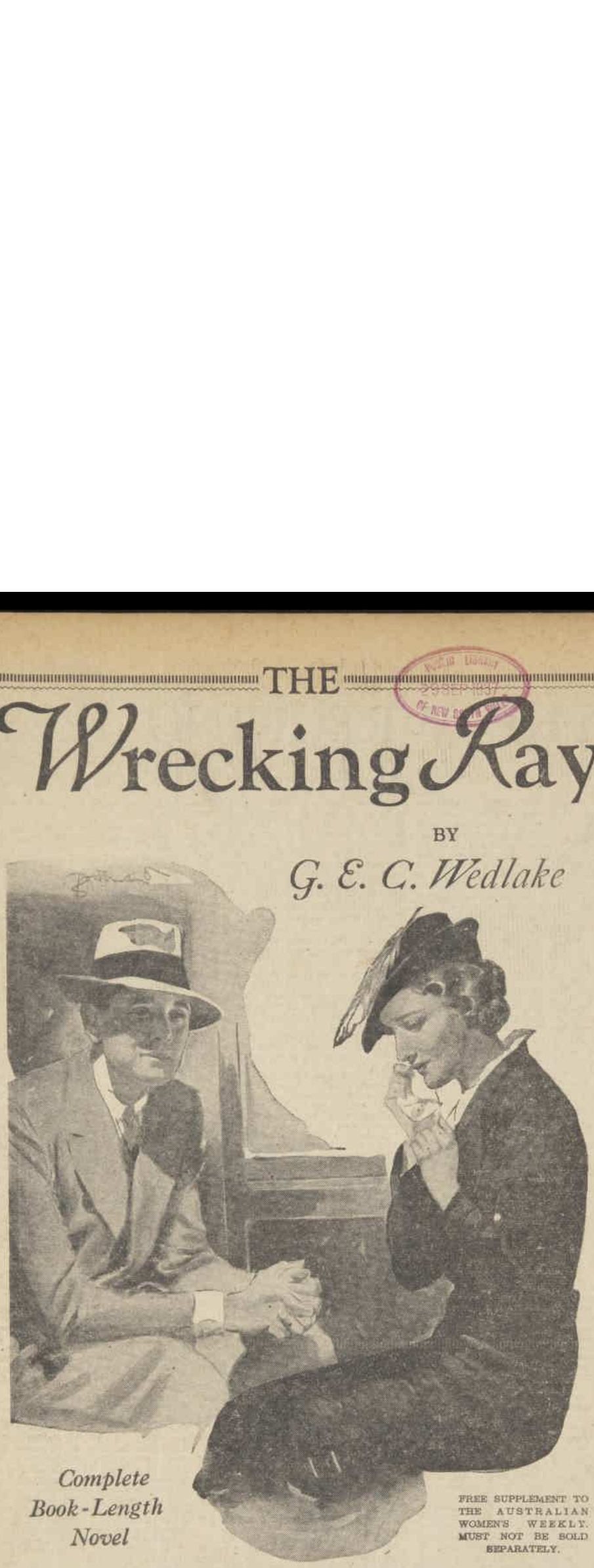
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THE Wrecking Ray

BY

G. E. C. Wedlake



Complete Book-Length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

THE WRECKING RAY

By G. E. C. Wedlake



CAPTAIN JOHN CRAIG was standing in the garden of the big, old-fashioned house in Sydenham, which was the home of the girl of his heart and her father. Close to him, and looking very much out of place in its pleasant surroundings, stood on end a short steel beam of the kind used in the construction of large buildings. He had just made an adjustment to one of the ropes which held it upright.

"Ready! Go ahead!" he exclaimed in the crisp tones of one accustomed to command.

Craig was the Red Ensign Line's youngest skipper, and commanded the Itacomba. He was of rather more than medium height, and had keen, grey eyes, a determined chin, and arms and face well tanned by the weather.

A minute or so passed. Then, as he watched the beam, a crack suddenly appeared in the middle of it. Quickly this lengthened, as if some unseen hand were cutting through the steel with a knife. Then the top half of the beam toppled over and the two pieces fell with a thud to the ground.

"Splendid!" he cried. "You're a genius, sir."

Professor Greenwood, the little white-haired man whose name was a household word among scientists throughout the world, smiled appreciatively.

"That experiment was certainly most successful," he said.

He had just been manipulating a strange-looking instrument which somewhat resembled a searchlight—a searchlight, though, from which no light came, and which seemed to be made principally of porcelain and glass.

"It's wonderful, daddy!"

The speaker was Margaret, Professor Greenwood's daughter, and the only other person present. And a very attractive little person she was, too. So kind were her big, brown eyes, and so sweet was her smile, that even her father's stodgy scientist friends lost interest in their learned discussions when she entered the room, whilst her fiance, John Craig, was certain that no girl in the world had sweeter lips or softer arms than she.

"We'll try the plate now," said the Professor.

He stepped up to the machine again and placed his eye to a small telescope fixed to the side of its projector-like head. Deftly he manipulated various control wheels until the big lens which was a prominent part of the apparatus faced a large steel boiler-plate, which stood propped up on edge close to the fallen beam. He made a final small adjustment. Then with a quick movement he pushed in a switch.

Immediately a generator which could be heard humming inside the house changed its note. At the same moment a narrow crack appeared in the plate a few inches from its upper edge. This seemed to run rapidly across the steel, as the smoke from a train of gunpowder darts quickly along the ground. Just before it reached the right-hand edge of the plate Professor Greenwood moved a wheel and it turned suddenly downwards. Then, when it was but a few inches from the bottom, he caused it to swerve to the left. For a few seconds it drew a line parallel with the lower edge of the plate, then it sped upwards. In barely half a minute it had completed a rough square, and, as it did so, the piece which it had cut out of the plate fell with a clatter to the ground.

"Congratulations, sir!" exclaimed Craig. "Your invention is unquestionably a great success."

Professor Greenwood smiled.

"Yes, it certainly does seem to be," he agreed.

"What are you going to call it" Craig asked.

"The Rayjector, because it throws out a ray. Really, though, there is no need to give it a name. I'm not going to publish a description of it."

"Not publish a description of it?" Craig was amazed. "But it obviously has marvellous possibilities. There must be a fortune in it."

"Yes, yes, I know. Nevertheless, I intend to keep it a secret. But it is still a little chilly out here. Come inside and I'll tell you my reasons over a cup of coffee. Margaret, my dear, do you think you could make us some coffee and sandwiches?"

"Of course; I shan't be long."

"Very well! We'll see to things here and be in as soon as you're ready."

He and Craig threw canvas covers over the pieces of beam and boiler-plate to screen them from the eyes of curious neighbors. They then disconnected the Rayjector from its cable and wheeled it into the house.

"I'm much obliged to you for your help," said Professor Greenwood, as he led the way into a library filled with books of the kind that scientists write for scientists to read. "I couldn't possibly have set up the beam or plate by myself."

"Not at all," returned Craig, as Margaret appeared bearing a tray. "I'm always glad to do anything I can for—for the father of Margaret."

The Professor chuckled.

"You young fellows are all the same," he said. "You make out that you're interested in science, but it isn't science that brings you here. It's the scientist's daughter."

"No, really—at least——"

Craig broke off in confusion and Margaret gave a merry little laugh.

"Ah, well!" sighed the old man. "I suppose you'll be getting married soon, and I shall lose her. Have you decided yet when it is to be?"

Craig put his arm affectionately about Margaret's shoulders.

"When is it to be, old girl?" he asked. "You haven't told me yet, you know."

"This year, next year——" she replied lightly.

Breaking away from him, she picked up the coffee-pot.

"Who says coffee?" she cried.

When the cups had been passed round, Craig seated himself in an easy chair facing the Professor, whilst Margaret perched on the arm of it.

"Seriously, sir," he said, "the scientist's daughter is quite sufficient to bring me here, but——"

Margaret gave his ear a little tweak.

"I should just think that she is!" she cried.

"But," Craig went on imperturbably, "I'm really frightfully interested in your invention. I should very much like to hear how it works."

Professor Greenwood leaned forward.

"I will certainly explain it to you," he said. "You must understand, though, that the whole thing must remain strictly secret. I have told nobody anything about it yet, and I should not tell even you, were it not that I consider that there should be someone besides myself in the secret. It is too important to trust to one life."

"I need hardly tell you that it will be safe with me. Surely, though, the best thing to do would be to patent it?"

"No, I'm not going to do that, and I will explain why in a moment. First of all, though, I will tell you how the Rayjector works. Well, as I said just now, it throws out a ray. To be precise, it generates an invisible ray and focuses it on the object which it is desired to cut. There are several invisible rays which everyone knows about—X-rays, heat rays, and so on—but the average man has never heard of this one. Scientists, however, have known of the existence of it for some time, but they have never been able to make use of it, because it has the power to turn instantly any metal it strikes into fine dust.

However, I have now overcome the difficulty by discovering a new alloy—Alloy X, I call it—which is really the crux of my invention. It is very expensive, though, so I only use it for vital parts and make as much as possible of the apparatus of glass or porcelain."

"IT sounds frightfully interesting," said Craig. "I should like to hear more about it."

"And so you shall, my boy. But it would take too long to tell you everything about it now. I intend to write a full description of the instrument and how it works, so that you can study it at your leisure."

"Thanks. I shall be very glad to have it. To what uses do you think the Rayjector can be put?"

"As you have seen, the ray can cut through steel plates just like a knife cutting through the proverbial butter. It would be invaluable in a ship-breaker's yard for cutting up the hulls of old ships. It could also be used for demolishing any other large steel structures. No doubt it could be adapted for cutting metal plates to shape. Much more important, though, are its possible military uses.

"I can quite see that it would do all that. But it only makes it harder for me to understand why you do not intend to patent it. It has immense possibilities."

Professor Greenwood rose slowly from his chair and took up a position in front of the empty fireplace.

"Yes," he said, "it has possibilities, great possibilities, both commercial and military. I am not concerned with them, though. My

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interest in it has been neither commercial nor military, but purely scientific. I set out to solve the problems involved partly because I don't like to see problems left unsolved and partly because I thought that the knowledge I should gain in solving them might be of use in other directions.

"Now that I have perfected it I am not interested in what its cash value may be My other inventions have brought me in enough for my simple wants and to provide for Margaret, so I do not need the money that this one would earn.

Craig was silent for a moment.

"Yes," he said at length, "I see your point. At the same time I think that, even if you do not wish to commercialise your invention, you should at least communicate the details of it to the Government, so that it could be used for defence purposes. In the hands of Britain it would not be used for wanton destruction."

"But how long would it remain in the hands of only Britain? Sooner or later the secret would leak out. There is only one way of preventing warlike powers from getting hold of it, and that is by saying nothing about it to anybody."

"Surely, though, it is your duty not to withhold anything that could be used in the defence of your country, should she be attacked? You could make it a condition of revealing the secret that it should only be communicated to a few of the higher officials in the Services."

"No, it would be useless. The secret would be sure to leak out. It has occurred to me, however, that someone else may hit upon it independently, someone belonging to a foreign country whose people are not so scrupulous as we are. In that event Britain would be exposed to attack with this weapon without being able to retaliate with it. If that were to occur during my lifetime, I should consider myself justified in revealing my secret to the Government. But I am getting on in years, so I think that someone younger should share the secret with me. That is why I am going to reveal it to you."

Craig looked embarrassed.

"You are trusting me with a lot, sir," he said.

"Yes. I am trusting you with my secret, and I am trusting you with Margaret, who is more precious to me than all the secrets in the world."

He paused for a moment and then went on.

"I will prepare the description and a set of plans and will let you have them in a few weeks' time. It might be wiser not to commit the secret to paper, but there are a considerable number of small details which are of importance, and which you would be liable to forget; so, if anything is to be gained by your sharing it, you must have a written record of it."

CRAIG was absent from England three weeks. When once more he steamed up the Thames he eagerly looked forward to some pleasant hours in the company of Margaret and another chat with her father about his invention.

However, bad news awaited him. On docking he learned to his horror that three days previously Professor Greenwood had been found dead in his laboratory with a bullet in his chest. The discovery had been made before breakfast, and it seemed likely that he had been dead for several hours. A coroner's jury had already returned a verdict of "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

As soon as he could get away Craig hurried to Sydenham and did what he could to comfort Margaret. Then, before returning to his ship, he drove to the local police station.

"I have some information to give you relating to the death of Professor Greenwood," he told the inspector. "It is very undesirable that it should be made public so I hope that you will not let the newspapers get hold of it."

"You needn't worry about that, sir," was the reply. "What is it you have to tell me?"

"Before we come to that, I should be obliged if you would run over the main facts of the case, in order that I may be sure that I have got them right. I was not at the inquest."

"Certainly, sir. As far as we can see, Professor Greenwood was wakened during the night of the twentieth by the ringing of the burglar alarm fitted to the windows of his laboratory. The bell is in his bedroom, and he evidently went downstairs to investigate. He must have found someone in the laboratory, and this person probably shot him down on sight. In a corner of the laboratory there was a writing-desk This had been ransacked and it is obvious that the murderer was after something in it.

"Seeing that the deceased was a scientist it looks rather as if he was after the plans of some discovery or invention."

"Precisely! That is what I want to speak to you about. Professor Greenwood had recently invented something of great commercial and military value—particularly military. For very good reasons he had decided not to patent it, but he told me a lot about it last time I saw him, and said he would draw up a full description of it together with detailed plans and give them to me so that, in the event of his death, the secret would not be lost. Miss Greenwood tells me that he did this, and that the papers were in his desk awaiting my return from sea."

"We saw nothing of that sort there, when we searched it."

"So I understand. The murderer must have taken them."

"If they were so valuable, the Professor seems to have been rather foolish to have kept them in such a place."

"Miss Greenwood said much the same to him; but he pointed out that nobody except myself knew of their existence, so there was absolutely no danger of anyone trying to steal them. Unfortunately, he seems to have been mistaken about that, though how the secret can have leaked out I can't imagine."

"Are you quite sure that he told no one about it except yourself?"

"Absolutely."

"What sort of an invention was it?"

"I am bound to secrecy, so I cannot give you any details. I can tell you this much, though. It was one for which many governments would pay a very large sum. So, if you know of any men that make a specialty of stealing military secrets and selling them abroad, you might find it worth your while to look them up."

"We found a Belgian coin on the floor of the laboratory. Do you think it might have been somebody in the pay of the Belgian Government who was after the plans?"

"Possibly. But I should say that it is much more likely that it merely indicates that the murderer was a foreigner, or that he had been abroad recently. Anyone travelling to England from Central or Eastern Europe might have passed through Antwerp or Ostend and so had a Belgian coin in his pocket."

"That is true. Well, sir, we are very much obliged to you for telling us this. We do know of one or two men who specialise in this plan business. We shall certainly inquire into what they've been doing lately."

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Craig's ship, the Itacomba, was a small, fast vessel engaged in the Red Ensign Line's service between London, Lisbon and Las Palmas. Her main purpose was to carry bananas and tomatoes from the Canary Islands to the London market, but she also had accommodation for passengers.

Late one evening about three months after the murder of Professor Greenwood, Craig stood on the deck talking to Maxwell, his chief officer. It was pleasantly cool after the dusty heat of Las Palmas, which they had left that afternoon, and the weather appeared favorable for a speedy passage home. In a couple of days they would reach Lisbon. Another four and they would be back in London. And for Craig London meant Margaret.

"By the way, sir," Maxwell was saying, "when you were ashore this morning did you hear if there was any fresh news about the murder?"

"I received a cable from a friend in London," Craig replied. "There have been no new developments."

"If they haven't found out anything after all this time, it is hardly likely that they will now."

"I'm afraid you're right. Well, it's getting late. I think I'll turn in. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!"

CRAIG had been in his room for a few minutes, and was about to begin preparing for the night, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he called.

In response to his summons a thick-set middle-aged man, of decidedly foreign appearance, entered the room and carefully closed the door behind him.

"Good evening, Captain!" he began, in somewhat guttural accents. "I hope you will forgive me for calling so late, but there is a little matter of business that I would like to discuss with you, and we are less likely to be disturbed now than during the day."

"Not at all!" Craig returned. "Sit down, won't you? I shall be very pleased to do anything I can for you."

He ran his eye over his visitor. He had noticed him coming on board in Las Palmas earlier in the day. He had not liked the look of him then, and now that he had an opportunity of observing him at close quarters he liked the look of him even less.

"My name is Hoske," the man began. "I have come here to arrange a little deal which, I am sure, you will find very profitable." He paused a moment, and then reiterated, "very profitable indeed."

"What is it?" Craig inquired.

"I represent a—er—syndicate that is engaged in developing scientific inventions," Hoske replied. "A very profitable business, as I dare say you can guess."

Scientific inventions! Craig sat up.

"Go on!" he said in a hard voice.

"Just before the death of the late Professor Greenwood, of which, of course, you know all about"—and if Hoske had been looking Craig straight in the eye he would have been warned by the effect which this name produced that he was treading on very dangerous ground—"we purchased the sole rights of one of his inventions, a machine for cutting metal. He supplied us with a complete specification and detailed

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plans, but the machine we built from them would not work. Obviously, there was some mistake in the plans, but a close scrutiny of them did not reveal it. We found ourselves in a very awkward position. We had already spent a large sum of money in developing the invention, money which we could ill afford to lose; but, owing to the lamentable death of the inventor, there was no way of finding where the mistake lay. Then we thought of you. We knew that you were associated with the Professor in his experiments, and——"

At this Craig, who had been following this recital with icy calm, almost jumped out of his chair.

"How?" he snapped. And in his voice there was a note that made his visitor edge nervously away from him.

"That is—er—neither here nor there," was the reply. "We know it for a fact."

"Indeed!"

"Well, anyway, it is natural to suppose that, as you were working with him and, furthermore, were engaged to his daughter, you were in his confidence, and so can spot the mistake in the plans and correct it. Of course, we should expect to pay you for your services. Such services would be very valuable indeed, and the cheque which you would receive would be a large one."

Craig rose slowly to his feet.

"If you know all this, Mr. Hoske," he said, and as he spoke his eyes seemed to bore like gimlets through the man in front of him, "it is absolutely certain that you know who murdered Professor Greenwood. Who did it? Was it you or one of your accomplices? Out with it!"

Hoske sprang up.

"I know nothing about the murder beyond what was in the papers," he cried defiantly. "The syndicate bought the invention before his death and in the ordinary way of business. Why you should think that I had anything to do with his death I can't imagine."

"You lie!" thundered Craig. "Those plans were not bought. They were stolen. I have a good mind to get hold of you by the throat and shake the truth out of you. However, I shall leave that for the police to do."

"The police! What have they to do with it? I came here to discuss a piece of perfectly legitimate business with you and you accuse me of murder and start talking about the police! What charge do you propose to bring against me, may I ask?"

WITHOUT deigning to reply Craig opened a drawer and took out a pair of handcuffs.

"Now," he said sternly, "I am going to have you locked up. If you give trouble, I shall put these on you."

He half expected that Hoske would pull out a gun and attempt to hold him up. However, his visitor tried other methods.

"Twenty thousand!" he cried, as Craig walked towards the door. "Think what you could do with twenty thousand pounds!"

Craig threw open the door and blew a whistle. Immediately a quartermaster came running up.

"Tell the second officer I wish to see him at once," he ordered.

"You'll regret this, Captain," burst our Hoske. "If you try to have me arrested, not only will you make a fool of yourself, but you will find that you have made a very dangerous enemy."

As he finished speaking there was a knock at the door, and the second officer entered.

"Take this man to his room," Craig directed, "and lock him in. Then place a man at the door with orders to allow no one to go near him."

"Very good, sir," replied the officer, doing his best to conceal his surprise at the order, and he hustled Hoske out of the room.

It was Craig's intention not to land his prisoner at Lisbon, which was the next place at which police assistance could be obtained, but to take him to London and hand him over to the British authorities. However, when he paid him a visit just *before* the ship arrived in the Tagus and told him what he was going to do, Hoske protested that he was a Portuguese subject, and had a right to be landed in Lisbon and, if necessary, tried there. His passport confirmed his statement.

Craig decided to compromise. He would not, he told Hoske, land him in Lisbon, but would call a responsible police officer on board and state the facts of the case to him.

On reaching port he did this, and in due course an official from the Prefecture of Police was ushered into his cabin.

Craig had Hoske brought in, and proceeded to state his case. He soon saw that he had an unsympathetic audience. All the time he was speaking there was a frown on the official's face, and when he had finished it was quite easy to see which side he had taken.

"Is that all you have against this senhor?" he asked in English.

"Yes," Craig replied.

The official turned to Hoske.

"Is what the Captain says true?" he demanded.

"Certainly not," replied Hoske emphatically. "The whole story is a pack of lives. I went to Captain Craig's room to make a complaint against a steward. He said that he would attend to the matter and offered me a drink. I noticed that he had already had too many himself. Nevertheless, I sat down and we started chatting. Presently I happened to mention this murder. No sooner had I done so than he jumped to his feet and, in very offensive language, accused me of committing it. His manner became very violent, and I thought that he was going to attack me. Naturally, I denied the charge, but he would not listen to me and had me locked in my cabin."

"I see," said the official. Then, turning to Craig, "Have you any witnesses of what the senhor said to you?"

"No," replied Craig, who was furious at Hoske's accusations. "He took care to say what he did when no one else was present."

"If you will forgive me, captain, it does not seem very likely that he would say such things to you at all. He would know that, if he did, you would accuse him of the murder."

"That is what I say myself," interposed Hoske.

"It is equally unlikely," retorted Craig, "that I should have invented such a story."

The official smiled.

"If you had had too much wine, one can understand it."

"I can produce a dozen witnesses to prove that I had not had too much to drink."

"Your own men, hey?" The official shrugged his shoulders. "They will say what you tell them, will they not? No, Captain, I do not see that I can detain this senhor."

"Very well. I will take him to London with me."

"That also I cannot permit. He has appealed to me for assistance, and I cannot refuse it. He is a citizen of Portugal. He must be allowed to land here."

Craig was aghast.

"But surely," he cried, "you are not going to release a man charged with murder, simply because he says he didn't do it?"

"But what else can I do? I have to see that justice is done. He must be allowed to land here. If he is not, I shall prevent your ship from sailing."

Craig made further protests, but he was obliged to let his prisoner go. He knew that the official would carry out his threat to prevent him sailing if he refused to release Hoske, and he could not risk that.

On reaching London Craig at once called at Scotland Yard. There he learned that the Portuguese police had been asked to keep an eye on Hoske pending extradition proceedings, but that they had stated that he had disappeared, and that it was believed he had left the country. Craig was not vindictive, but it made his blood boil to think that the official had, for the sake of a bribe, allowed a callous murderer or his accomplice to escape, and he cursed himself for allowing Hoske to appeal to the Lisbon police.

There was, however, one consoling feature of the affair. It showed that the plans of Professor Greenwood's invention were of no use to those who had stolen them. Craig had been a good deal worried during the past few weeks as to what would be the outcome of the robbery. It seemed only too likely that, even if the thief was not actually a government agent, the secret would eventually find its way into the hands of some foreign and possibly hostile power. He had, in fact, wondered whether he ought to reveal what he knew of the Rayjector to the authorities, in case this should have occurred. On thinking it over, however, he came to the conclusion that what he knew really amounted to very little, so nothing could be gained by doing so. As far as this country was concerned the secret had been lost.

But there he was wrong.

THREE months passed without incident. No further progress was made by the police, and it seemed as if the murder of Professor Greenwood and the theft of his plans had been added to the list of London's unsolved mysteries.

When Craig called on Margaret one evening he found that she was in bed with influenza. The attack proved to be a severe one, and when she at last threw it off she was anything but her normal self.

"What you need, darling, is a breath of sea air," Craig said to her. "Why don't you and your aunt come with us when we sail on Saturday. You can stay in Las Palmas for a month out of this cold weather and then come back with us next trip."

"I'd love to," Margaret returned. "I wonder if we could arrange it."

No difficulties presented themselves, and that voyage Craig sailed from London with the girl of his heart aboard his ship.

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Craig was sitting in the private office of Warner, the Red Ensign Line's Las Palmas manager. The Itacomba was lying in the harbour, and he had come ashore to transact the ship's business. To-morrow he would sail again for England, taking Margaret back with him.

"This affair of the May Queen is very extraordinary," remarked Warner, pushing back the papers in front of him.

"I haven't heard about it," returned Craig. "What's happened to her?"

"She went down a hundred miles or so south of here about three o'clock yesterday morning."

"Went down, eh? I'm sorry to hear that. What was it? A collision?"

"That's the funny part about it. Nobody seems to know what happened. Her crew were picked up by a tramp and landed here

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THE WRECKING RAY

I saw Captain West, her skipper, this morning, but he seemed quite unable to account for her sinking."

"Surely he had some idea of how his ship came to go down?"

"Apparently he hadn't."

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and a clerk announced that Captain West had called.

"Show him up," Warner ordered. Then, turning to Craig again, he added, "Well, I dare say he'll tell you all about it himself."

A few moments later a stout, very florid, middle-aged man was shown into the room. Introductions took place, and the newcomer sat down.

"I've just been getting a new rig-out," he announced, mopping his brow. "Can't say I fancy myself in these dago reach-me-downs, but I was in my pyjamas when we sank, so I had to get something."

"I was very sorry to learn just now of your trouble," said Craig. "I should like to hear what happened."

"I'll tell you all I know about it," Captain West replied, "but that isn't much. What the Board of Trade will say beats me."

He settled himself in his chair.

"It happened the night before last," he began. "When I turned in at midnight it was fine and clear, with only a light breeze blowing and a smooth sea. The second officer says that he had just been signalling to another ship with the Morse lamp when, without any warning at all, the foremast broke in two and collapsed. Of course, the noise woke me, and you can be sure it wasn't many seconds before I was on the bridge. I had hardly reached it when there was another crash, and the mainmast came down. I rang 'stop' on the engine-room telegraph and sent someone to muster all hands. The foremast had fallen on to the fo'c'sle and, as far as one could see in the dark, had done a good deal of damage. The mainmast had gone over the side, but was being held by the rigging. I could see no cause at all for what had happened, but you can bet I didn't sit down and reason it out. I sent the second officer to see if anyone was hurt, and told the chief officer to take the hands along and clear away the wreckage of the mainmast before it got mixed up with the propeller."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead again.

"I was pretty well trembling in my boots, wondering what was going to happen next," he went on, "when someone shouted that the ship was sinking. Sure enough, she was beginning to take a list. I looked over the side, and hang me if I didn't see a hole in her plating big enough to drive a tram through. I thought at first that we had struck a derelict or some floating wreckage, and that the impact had been sufficient to bring down the mast. No one had felt a bump, though, and when I shone my torch on the hole I saw that instead of the edges of the plates being bent inwards, as one would have expected them to be if we had struck something, they seemed to have been cut off clean.

"I couldn't fathom it at all. But one thing was certain. The ship couldn't keep afloat very long with a hole like that in her side, so I had the boats swung out. Then, as the list grew worse, I gave the order to abandon ship. It was fortunate that I did, too, for we'd hardly got clear of her when she sank."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Craig. "I've never heard of anything like it before. It was lucky for you that there was another ship close by to pick you up."

"Pick us up, did you say?" cried Captain West. "The ship we'd been signalling to went off and left us there."

"Went away and left you? The scoundrels! What ship was it?"

"I don't know. The second officer signalled her before the trouble began, but he says that when he asked what her name was she did not reply. Whoever was on her bridge must have seen that something was wrong, but he didn't trouble to stop and find out if we wanted assistance."

"What was your ship loaded with?"

"Grain for London. We had a big cargo. It will be a heavy loss for the underwriters."

Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Yes, speaking," said Warner, answering it. "What? Two, do you say—Surely not! Have you any particulars?—Good Heavens! —All right. I'll see you this evening. Good-bye!"

He hung up the receiver.

"That was Carter, the agent for the Swan Line," he announced. "He says that two more ships have sunk mysteriously near here."

Captain West uttered an exclamation of horror.

"TWO more?" cried Craig. "Good heavens! Whatever is happening? What ships were they?"

"One of them was a meat boat bound from Australia to London. Her crew were picked up by the Cape Mail steamer. Her skipper's story is much the same as yours, Captain West. The other was a grain ship bound for Liverpool. Apparently her masts did not fall down, for she was able to send out an S O S. She said that a large hole had suddenly appeared in her side and that she was sinking rapidly. That's the last that's been heard of her. Another vessel is hurrying to her position to pick up her crew."

"They didn't say anything about fire or explosions, did they?" Craig inquired.

"No. Nobody seems to have the least idea what caused them to sink."

"Anyway," exclaimed Captain West, "it can't be any ordinary marine risk."

"Whatever it is," declared Warner, "something will have to be done about it. This sort of thing can't be allowed to go on. I suppose you can't suggest a solution to the mystery, Captain Craig?"

"No," replied Craig, "I'm afraid I can't."

Nevertheless, a possible answer to the riddle of these strange sinkings had already occurred to him. Might they not have been the work of Professor Greenwood's Ray-jector? As he walked away from the office, he asked himself whether this were possible.

He considered whether he should communicate what he knew about the Ray-jector to the authorities, for this was obviously an occasion on which he could use the discretion given to him by Professor Greenwood. He decided that there was as yet no need to disclose the details of the invention, but he felt that he should reveal the fact of its existence. He therefore paid a visit to the British Consul and informed him that he knew that a new and deadly ray had been discovered which might be the instrument by which the ships had been sunk, and he advised him to issue a warning to all ships to keep clear of any suspicious-looking craft.

His official business completed, Craig called at Margaret's hotel. To his dismay he found that she was confined to her room with a sick headache, so he could not see her. The Itacomba was due to sail at noon next day, and this made him anxious as to whether she might have to remain behind. However, at ten o'clock the following morning she came on board with her aunt, having completely recovered.

As soon as the ship had left Las Palmas Craig called Maxwell, the chief officer, into the chart-room.

"This sinking of ships round here is getting serious," he began. "It's pretty obvious now that there is no question of accident about it."

"That's so, sir," Maxwell agreed. "It looks like sheer piracy, but how on earth is it done?"

"I believe that a new ray is being used to do it. I know that one capable of doing it has been discovered, and, as far as I can see, it is the only explanation that fits the facts."

"If it can sink a ship in the way that these have been sunk, it must be something terrible."

"It is. And the only defence against it is to dodge it. We will, therefore, keep well away from all other ships. Whenever you see another vessel coming towards you, haul off and pass as far away from her as possible. Also keep a good lookout for anything close to the water that might be a submarine's periscope."

"Very good, sir."

"If we do that, I don't think we need worry."

"I suppose, sir, that you have no idea what the game is? I can't imagine why anyone should want to go about sinking ships like this in peace time. He's sure to be caught sooner or later, and then he'll wish that he'd never been born."

"We may be sure that there's some definite motive behind it all, but what it is remains to be seen."

As he spoke the whistle of the speaking-tube to the wireless room blew.

"What's that?" demanded Craig, answering it. "What's her name?—Is anyone going to her assistance?—Very well, let me know if you hear anything more."

He turned again to Maxwell.

"Sparks says that he has just received an S O S from the William Jones. She has been attacked. Her aerial fell down, but they managed to rig up a temporary one. She is sinking rapidly."

"Good Lord! another! Are you going to her assistance, sir?"

"No. There is another ship much nearer to her position. She will be there in an hour or so."

"Whereabouts is she?"

Craig bent over the chart and made some measurements.

"About a hundred and twenty miles to the north of us," he replied, laying down the dividers. "Right on our track, too! I'll alter course, so as to pass well clear of the spot, in case the fellow who sunk her is still hanging about there."

Nothing untoward occurred during that day, and by the following afternoon Craig judged that the Itacomba was well clear of the area in which the mysterious sinkings were taking place.

When Craig went up on to the bridge about midnight to take a last look round, the wind was blowing quite hard and a fine drizzle was falling.

"A dirty night, sir," said the second officer, who had just come on watch.

"Yes," Craig returned. "Keep a good lookout and call me if you see any suspicious-looking craft."

He peered into the gloom. It certainly was a dirty night. It was very dark, and the drizzle was almost a mist. The visibility was extremely bad.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"What's that over there?" he cried. "Seal On the port bow"

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The second officer looked in the direction indicated.

"It—it's a small ship steaming without lights, sir," he said. "And, by Jove, she's travelling at a good speed, too!"

"That's what it looks like to me."

He shouted an order to the man at the wheel, and a moment later the Itacomba's bows swung away from the oncoming ship.

"We'll keep well clear of her," he cried. "She isn't up to any good steaming without lights."

Suddenly a dazzling searchlight-beam shot out from the strange vessel's bridge. It swung about for a moment and then came to rest on the Itacomba's bow.

"It's that confounded pirate!" shouted Craig. "He's reading our name. Hard a-starboard!"

The beam left the bow and hovered over the ship. For a moment or two there was silence, save for the swish of the waves and the distant rumble of the engines.

Then there came a tremendous crash from aft.

"Look! The mainmast, sir!" yelled the second officer. "It's fallen down!"

For a moment Craig stood looking aft. Then he swung round again.

"Hard a-port!" he roared. "I'll be darned if I'll let him sink us without a fight. I'm going to ram him."

AT the moment when Craig gave the order the Itacomba was barely half a mile from the pirate, but she was heading in a different direction. Consequently it was a minute or two before she was actually bearing down on the enemy. Craig utilised this time in having all the deck lights switched off and sending a man forward to clear everyone out of the fo'c'sle. Meanwhile, no further damage was done to the ship. Evidently the man who was working the Rayjector was unable to focus it on her as she swung round.

The pirate skipper evidently guessed Craig's intention, for he altered his course.

"Starboard a bit!" ordered Craig.

"Starboard it is, sir," the helmsman repeated.

Nevertheless, a moment later Craig saw that the ship's head was swinging to port.

"Starboard!" he shouted. "Hard a-starboard!"

The helmsman spun the wheel round.

"I am starboarding, sir," he cried.

Craig sprang to the wheel. Sure enough, the telltale showed that the rudder was hard a-starboard. Something serious must have happened.

Suddenly the whistle of the engine-room speaking-tube blew. The second officer answered it.

"They say that the port engine is jammed, sir," he cried. "They think that the port propeller must be caught in something."

Craig ordered the helmsman to keep the wheel hard over in the hope of neutralising the effect of the disabled propeller, but the wreckage of the mainmast was still hanging over the ship's side, and she would not steer properly. His hope of being able to ram the pirate ship disappeared.

"Muster the passengers on deck and swing out the boats," he ordered Maxwell.

The first part of his order was hardly necessary, for the noise of the falling mast had roused the passengers, and they were now crowding the promenade deck, many of them in their night attire.

The Itacomba was now only a few hundred yards from the pirate, and it began to look as if she might yet ram her. The skipper of the other vessel, evidently seeing the danger of collision, turned as if to steam away from her. However, at the critical moment his helmsman misinterpreted his order and his ship swung broadside-on to the Itacomba. For a few seconds it seemed as though the latter vessel would strike her in the engine-room. At the last moment, though, her skipper rectified the mistake. But it was too late to avert a collision. The pirate struck the Itacomba's quarter and grazed along her side.

Craig dashed to the end of the bridge and looked over. As far as he could see in the darkness, neither ship had received any serious injury, but on both of them rails and other metal-work had been bent and lifeboats smashed.

"Tell the carpenter to sound the bilges," Craig ordered the second officer. "Then find out how many people have been hurt and see that they are attended to."

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a peculiar sound coming from over the ship's side. Again looking over, he was just in time to see a large section of steel plating fall with a tremendous splash into the water, followed by a cascade of crates of bananas.

"Bring a light here," he yelled.

A sailor dashed up with a torch. He snatched it from him and shone it over the side. Its beam revealed a hole in the plating at least twenty feet long and six or eight feet high. Its lower edge was almost on the water-line and every wave that swept along the ship's side surged into it. He saw that the ship would soon begin to list over, bringing the hole right under the water. The inrush was already greater than the pumps would be able to deal with.

"We'll have to abandon her," he cried. "We'd better do so before those scum put our davits out of action. Get all the undamaged boats out, while I speak to the passengers."

He went to the top of the ladder and said a few words to the group of scared people on the deck below, telling them that it was necessary to abandon the ship, but that there was no need for alarm, as there was plenty of room for all in the boats.

As he spoke, his eye searched the group for Margaret. She was not there, though. He had had little time to think of her during the past half-hour, but now her absence alarmed him. He could see that besides her there were many others outside his range of vision, and he knew that if she had been hurt in the collision he would have been informed. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling anxious. He wished that he could go and find her and see her safely into a boat, but he had to stay at his post on the bridge. All he could do was to ask one of the men passengers to find her and look after her.

The boats were lowered into the water without mishap. One remained alongside the ship to take off the few remaining members of her crew who still remained on board, but the others quickly rowed off to a safe distance. While this was being done the wireless operator rigged up a temporary aerial, and so was able to send out a call for help. This was immediately answered, and, as the last boatload of passengers pushed off, a messenger brought Craig the news that a steamer only a few miles away was hurrying to their assistance.

There were three boats besides his own. A glance over the first he came to showed that Margaret was not in it. However, her aunt was there.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked her anxiously.

"Isn't she with you?" was her reply. "I couldn't find her anywhere, so I thought she must be. Oh! dear! Where can she be?"

"She must be in one of the other boats," Craig reassured her.

However, she was not.

With an icy fear gripping him, Craig stood up.

"Has anyone seen Miss Greenwood?" he shouted.

"I saw her on deck just before the collision, Captain," replied a man in another boat. "I didn't see anything of her afterwards, though."

"Has anyone seen her since the collision?" Craig shouted again.

This time there was no reply.

"Quick!" he cried to the crew of his boat.

"We must go back to the ship. She must have been hurt in the collision and is probably lying unconscious somewhere."

The men at once bent to their oars.

"Pull!" cried Craig. "She won't last much longer."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the Itacomba's stern rose slowly into the air, and she plunged beneath the waves.

THE survivors of the disaster did not have to remain long in boats, for they were soon picked up by the vessel which had answered the S O S.

To Craig the four days of the journey to London seemed never-ending. He had sworn that he would not rest until the criminals who had first robbed him of his ship and then of his promised wife were brought to justice, and he was impatient for the moment when he could take some action against them.

On reaching London he found that the whole country was in an uproar. Twenty-one vessels had been sunk and many lives and much valuable cargo had been lost. In every case another vessel had been present when a ship had gone down and had callously steamed away and left her crew to take care of themselves. From this it seemed certain that the sinkings were the work of some unknown ship, variously referred to in the Press by such names as the "pirate," the "mystery craft," and the "murder ship." Descriptions of her, however, varied considerably; so much so, in fact, that, when every allowance had been made for exaggeration and for the natural excitement of sailors who suddenly found their ship sinking under them for no apparent reason, it seemed likely that there was not one pirate, but several.

Craig's first action on landing was to go straight to the Admiralty. There his position as the commander of the most important vessel yet sunk enabled him to gain access to a high official more quickly than would normally have been the case.

He lost no time in giving a full account of the sinking of the Itacomba. He then went on to tell all he knew of Professor Greenwood's Rayjector.

When Craig opened the "Daily Clarion" at breakfast next morning, his eye was met by something that made him utter a gasp of amazement. Leaving his bacon and eggs to get cold, he eagerly read the following:

THREAT TO STARVE BRITAIN
PIRATES THROW DOWN THE GAUNTLET
MOTIVE BEHIND SEA OUTRAGES

"Britain is to be starved. Many ships bringing food to her have already been sunk. If any more attempt to reach her ports, they also will be destroyed. The shortage of food will soon be felt and be-

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fore long famine will prevail. Then will Britain be humbled before the world. And lest anyone should think that this is an idle threat, be it noted that the steamers Walrus and London Town, now bound for Liverpool from South America with cargoes of grain, will be sunk within the next thirty-six hours.

"(Signed) THE ENEMY OF BRITAIN."

The above manifesto was received by us through the post at 6.30 p.m. yesterday. It was typewritten on a sheet of ordinary paper and bore neither address nor date. The postmark showed that it had been posted in the E.C.1 district of London during the day.

We immediately placed it in the hands of the police and communicated its contents to the Admiralty and to the owners of the vessels mentioned.

Is it a hoax or does it really give the motive behind the series of dastardly outrages which has caused so much alarm in maritime circles during the past few days? This question will be answered when it is known whether an attack has been made on the Walrus and the London Town within the time specified.

Then followed speculations as to the identity of the "Enemy of Britain," estimates of the time which the stocks of food already in the country would last, and a lot of other matter in which Craig was not interested.

He turned to the "Daily Reporter." This paper had also received a copy of the manifesto, but it had only accorded it half a column. It had, in fact, done little more than print it and record its opinion that it was a hoax. The "Morning Telegram" had received a copy and considered it to be genuine. It was not so fond of scare headlines as its less sedate contemporaries, and it contented itself with reassuring its readers that the threats could not possibly be carried out, and that there was no cause for alarm. Its main anxiety seemed to be concerned with the effect which the manifesto would have on the stock markets.

Craig threw the papers aside.

"Well," he said to himself, as he turned once more to his breakfast, "if those two ships are sunk, the fat will certainly be in the fire."

MARGARET opened her eyes and looked dazedly about her. Where could she be? She remembered that she had been sitting in her cabin aboard the Itacomba when there had been a loud crash outside. She had rushed out on deck with the other passengers, and had heard the cry that the ship was being attacked by the pirates. Another ship had loomed out of the night and had struck the Itacomba close to where she was standing. She had seen a big spar hurtling towards her, and had jumped out of the way. Her foot had slipped, and she had clutched at something to save herself from falling. To her horror she had felt it moving. Then something had struck her on the head. Of what had happened after that she could remember nothing.

Raising herself on her elbow, she saw that she was now lying on some ship's deck. But what ship's? It was obviously not the Itacomba's. Could it be the pirate's? It seemed only too likely.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, there was a step close to her and a man carrying a glass appeared out of the darkness. He stopped and bent over her.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "So you've come to? Drink this. It'll do you good."

He handed her the glass, which contained brandy and water. She took a few sips, which quickly revived her.

"Thanks!" she said gratefully. "What has happened?"

"There was a collision. Afterwards I found you lying here. How you got here I couldn't guess, but you were unconscious, so I fetched the brandy."

"It was very kind of you. But who are you?"

"Reginald Coles, at your service. Reggie for short, of course. I occupy the post of technical adviser to the owners of this ship."

Margaret looked at him critically. He was a slim young man of rather less than medium height. As far as she could make out in the darkness, he was rather too handsome, and, despite his smart yachting suit, looked as if he would be far more at home on a dance floor than upon a rolling deck.

"Yes, but what ship is it?" she asked him. "Is—is it the pirate?"

Coles laughed.

"Is that what they call us? I suppose they would. Yes, that's where you are—under the old Jolly Roger. Though we never actually fly it, of course. But, I say! You've got a nasty bruise on your forehead. Let me fetch you something to put on it."

Margaret put up her hand.

"I don't think it's anything much, thank you," she replied. "Where is the Itacomba?"

"When we lost sight of her she was sinking fast. I expect she's gone down by now."

"Gone down!" A full realisation of the situation suddenly came to her.

"You're a murderer, a callous murderer!" So great was her fury that Coles backed nervously away from her, as if afraid that she was going to attack him. "You sink a defenceless ship and leave a lot of helpless people to drown."

"But, honestly, there are plenty of ships round here. They're sure to be picked up before long."

As he spoke another man came up to them. He was tall and stout, with a thick moustache and heavy features.

"Who is this?" he demanded, speaking in a guttural voice with a markedly foreign accent.

"I found her lying here unconscious," Coles replied. "But she hasn't told me her name yet."

"It is Miss Greenwood," said Margaret.

"Greenwood!" Coles exclaimed. "I suppose you aren't by any chance the daughter of the inventor to whom we are so much indebted?"

"I am," Margaret replied in a hard voice.

"Well, I must say that that's jolly interesting. Quite a coincidence, what! But I am forgetting. Let me introduce you to our gallant skipper. Miss Greenwood—Captain Zoller."

The newcomer ignored the introduction.

"How did she here get?" he demanded.

"She must have fallen aboard at the time of the collision with that ship we've just—er—dealt with," Coles replied.

"Well, she cannot stay here."

"You needn't worry about that," Margaret exclaimed. "I don't intend to. You must land me at once."

"I'm sorry, Miss Greenwood," said Coles apologetically, "but I'm afraid that there's nowhere where we can land you."

"You must make for the nearest port and ——"

Captain Zoller cut her short.

"Of course, there is no place where we can her land," he exclaimed, addressing Coles. "We will in a boat put her and leave her."

"You can't do that," returned Coles. "It would expose her to the most awful hardships. Alone in an open boat——"

Captain Zoller considered this for a moment or two.

"Yes," he said at length. "I will let her stay. But she must not with anything interfere. If she does, I will in a boat put her. Take her below and find a room for her."

Saying this he turned on his heel and, without a word to Margaret, disappeared in the direction of the bridge.

"What an awful man!" she exclaimed, when he had gone.

Coles became confidential.

"Between ourselves," he told her, "he's a pretty tough egg."

FOR the moment Margaret felt quite friendly towards him. The interview with Captain Zoller seemed to have drawn them together.

"Anyway, I must thank you for stopping him casting me adrift," she said.

"Well," he returned, "as soon as I flashed my torch on you as you lay there on deck, I promised myself a pleasant voyage, and I wasn't going to let him spoil it like that. But it's getting late. I dare say you'll be glad to turn in. Come along, I'll show you the way below."

Margaret decided that she would have to leave the question of what was to be done with her until the morning. She therefore followed Coles without further protest.

Coles showed her into a small but comfortable cabin.

"If there's anything you want, ring the bell," he said. "Good night!"

At half-past eight next morning a Chinese steward brought her breakfast. This proved to be tasty and well cooked—remarkably so for a pirate ship, she thought.

When she had finished her meal she went up on deck, intending to search out Captain Zoller and insist on being landed. She saw him pacing up and down the bridge, so she went up the ladder to him.

"What you want?" he demanded rudely, stopping in front of her.

"I wish to be put ashore at once," she told him firmly.

"Well, you cannot be put ashore."

"Do you mean that you intend to keep me here a prisoner?" she demanded indignantly.

"Yes, unless you give trouble. In that case I in a boat will have you put at once."

"Of course, I see that you can't go into port with me, but surely you can land me on some quiet beach somewhere, where there is nobody about?"

"No, I cannot," was the uncompromising reply.

"But I simply can't stay here. I've no clothes besides those I've got on, and anyway——"

"You will stay here or go in a boat."

With that he turned his back on her and resumed his pacing to and fro.

She turned and descended to the deck. At the bottom of the ladder she encountered Coles.

"Good morning!" he exclaimed. "Been having a chat with the old man?"

"Yes," she replied. "I asked him to land me, but he won't."

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"I'm afraid you won't get much change out of him. He's a confirmed woman-hater."

He fell into step beside her.

"Did you sleep well?" he inquired solicitously.

"Is it likely that I should sleep well?" she exclaimed. "Alone on a ship full of murderers and wondering what has happened to—to my friends."

"I'm sorry. You needn't worry about them, though. We've just heard on the wireless that they've all been picked up."

Margaret's face lit up and as they walked along the deck she asked: "How did you get this job? Were you promoted to it from safe-breaking or something like that?"

"No, I wasn't. I'm an electro-chemist by profession and not a thug. But, I say, I hope you don't think that I had anything to do with that—that affair of your father? Because I didn't. Honestly, I didn't!"

"No, you don't look the sort of man who could talk to me in the way you are now, after doing a thing like that. But you're obviously a crook. If you aren't, what are you doing here?"

"I am, as one might say, a victim of circumstances. I'll tell you all about it. It began with the bother over those plans that were stolen from your father's laboratory. The firm, shall we call it, that owns this ship—er—acquired them, and arranged with a fellow who called himself an engineer to build a Rayjector like the Professor's. He got all the parts made by different firms on the Continent and assembled them himself. Then he tried to use the thing. Immediately he switched on the current there was a flash and about seven hundred pounds' worth of apparatus simply disappeared into the air. After that he had another try, but still the same thing happened.

"Well, by this time the firm were getting a bit peeved with him and they sacked him. Then they approached a fellow called Craig, who they knew had helped the old Professor, with a view to getting him to tell them what was wrong. He wasn't having any, though. Then they decided to get someone who really knew what he was doing. That was where I came in.

"Of course, in the ordinary way I wouldn't have dreamt of working for a shady concern like this. Unfortunately, though, a member of the firm, a low-down, foreign bounder named Hoske, had got wind of a little indiscretion of mine, and he put it to me frankly that it was a case of either this job or Dartmoor."

"So you were a criminal before you came here!" interposed Margaret.

"Oh, hardly that! The sort of thing I did is done in the City every day."

"What was it—forgery?"

"Good Lord, no! Only a little wangle with some shares and things. Most people would say that it was perfectly legitimate business, but it was the sort of thing that doesn't look well in court. Anyway, that's how I came to be here. I jibbed a bit, of course, but Hoske had documentary proof, so I had to toe the line.

Suddenly an electric buzzer sounded. Coles, who had been leaning against the rail, sprang up.

"That means business," he cried. He pointed out to sea. "Look! There's a ship over there. The old man probably means to have a go at her."

As he finished speaking there came a hoarse roar from the bridge.

Margaret saw that Captain Zoller was glaring at her.

"Come on!" cried Coles. "I'm afraid you can't stay here."

She followed Coles to her room and allowed him to lock her in.

As soon as the door had closed behind her she rushed to the port-hole and looked out. The other ship was in full view. She had altered her course and was now steaming away from the pirate. Evidently, thought Margaret, her captain had heard of the marauder and was taking no chances. It was soon evident, though, that Captain Zoller did not intend to let him escape so easily. Abandoning the stealthy tactics he had always used previously, he boldly gave chase. The pursuit was not a long one, for the pirate, though she looked like a tramp, had the speed of an express liner. In less than a quarter of an hour the five miles which had separated the two vessels when the buzzer had sounded were reduced to two. The deadly Rayjector then did its work, and soon another name was added to the list of the pirate's victims.

An hour later Coles released Margaret from her cabin and conducted her to the saloon, where the midday meal was being served.

THE publication of the "Enemy of Britain's" manifesto created an immense sensation throughout the country. Everybody discussed it. In trains and trams, in kitchens and in club smoking-rooms, in offices and in factories it was the sole subject of conversation.

On the morning after the publication of the manifesto the "Daily Clarion" contained the following:

"ENEMY" CARRIES OUT THREAT
BOTH SHIPS SUNK
PUBLIC DEMANDS ACTION

Yesterday we informed our readers that a person styling himself "The Enemy of Britain," had announced that all food ships coming to this country were to be sunk and that Britain would be starved. No reason for this was given, but to show that he was in a position to carry out his threat he stated that two ships, the Walrus and the London Town, would be sunk within thirty-six hours.

BOTH THESE VESSELS HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE BOTTOM

As soon as the manifesto had been placed by us in the hands of the authorities, urgent wireless messages were sent to the captains of these ships, warning them of the attack that was to be made upon them and instructing them to proceed at the utmost possible speed to the nearest port. At the same time two fast cruisers were despatched from Gibraltar with orders to locate them and escort them into port.

The cruisers sailed at 6.30 a.m. They at once got into wireless communication with the two ships and were informed of their positions. At 9 a.m., however, the London Town failed to reply to further calls and nothing more was heard from her. Shortly after 4.30 p.m. one of the cruisers found two boats containing the survivors of her crew. The ship herself was at the bottom of the sea.

The second cruiser reached the Walrus' position at 6.30 p.m. She found that she had fallen in with the pirates, or, perhaps we ought to say, with one of the pirates, half an hour earlier and was sinking. The cruiser proceeded at top speed in the direction in which the pirate had disappeared, but up to the time of going to press no news had been received of her having caught her.

The alarm caused by this news amounted almost to panic. There was now no doubt that someone was deliberately trying to starve Britain, and it began to look as if he would be able to achieve his object.

The effect on prices was electric. Wholesalers had already made the sinkings an excuse for advancing the prices of a number of commodities, and retailers had naturally followed suit.

Throughout the country the cry arose that "something must be done." Every newspaper told the Government exactly what course it should take, whilst amateur strategists and armchair admirals explained to each other and to anyone else who would listen to them what they would do, if they were in a position to do it.

A big mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, at which a great deal was said in very loud voices, and lesser gatherings discussed the same question in both public and private bars throughout the land. "Pro Bono Publico" wrote to his favorite journal stating that when visiting Portsmouth on the previous day he had counted no fewer than fourteen warships lying idle in the harbor, and demanding to know why the taxpayer should be fleeced to maintain an expensive navy, if it were not to be used when it was needed; whilst in the House of Commons members of the Opposition bombarded the First Lord of the Admiralty with questions on the subject, and that great man announced ponderously that the matter was receiving the earnest attention of the Government.

This latter statement was quite true, for immediately after the sinking of the Walrus and the London Town a considerable force of cruisers and destroyers was sent out to search for the pirate, and before long the whole of the Eastern Atlantic Ocean between the south coast of Ireland and the Cape Verde Islands was being carefully combed. Despite this, however, the sinkings continued, though at a much diminished rate. It was doubtful, however, whether the falling off was due so much to the presence of the cruisers as to the fact that many shipowners had ordered their captains to remain in port until the pirates had been caught.

Then quite suddenly the sinkings stopped. At first it was thought that the pirates might have failed to fall in with any possible victims for a spell. But when day succeeded day without any news reaching London of ships being sunk, people began to hope that they had ceased their operations.

For a fortnight no news of the pirates was received, and the food-hoarders whose larders were crammed with eatables bought at high prices began to wish that they had been less precipitate. Prices began to fall and the feeling of alarm to subside. Then it was reported that a large steamer bound for London from Montreal with a cargo of grain was missing. She had last been heard of in the neighborhood of the Newfoundland Banks, and it was at first thought that she had struck an iceberg in fog and foundered before it had been possible to send out an S.O.S. Certainly there did not seem to be any connection between her disappearance and the activities of the pirates. However, when a couple of days later another ship went down in the same area, and it became known that she had been sunk in the manner in which all the victims of the pirates had been sunk, it was realised that "The Enemy of Britain" was on the warpath once more.

The effect of this was to renew public alarm and uncertainty. Prices shot upwards again and even the most confirmed optimists began to wonder whether the nation's food supply might not be in danger after all.

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Late one afternoon Craig and Maxwell walked out of the Law Courts together. The Court of Inquiry had just announced its findings, exonerating them and everyone else on board the Itacomba from blame.

"If I'd had to stand much more of that," exclaimed Craig in disgust, as they turned into Aldwych, "I think I should have gone mad."

"Some of their questions certainly were the limit," said Maxwell.

"The limit? I should just think they were! However, it's over and done with now. Care to come round to my digs for a drink before you go home?"

"Thanks, I will."

A little later they were in Craig's sitting-room.

"I suppose we shall have to think about getting another ship now," said Maxwell, as he sat down.

"Yes. I wish I could get away on a cruiser. Perhaps now that that inquiry is over, they'll let me."

As he spoke there was a knock at the door and the maid came in with the evening paper. Craig tossed it across to Maxwell.

"See if there are any new developments," he said, "while I see to the drinks."

Maxwell had been looking at the paper for barely half a minute when he uttered an exclamation.

"I say, sir," he cried, "here's just the chance for you. Listen to this. 'Lord Hendon, the well-known millionaire philanthropist, has offered a reward of £10,000 to anyone who can devise some means of bringing the "Enemy of Britain" to justice and putting a stop to the series of maritime outrages being committed by him, and he further offers to provide the necessary funds up to any reasonable amount for the financing of any enterprise which has those objects in view, provided that it has a good prospect of success.' How will that suit you?"

CRAIG had been listening intently. "That's just what I'm looking for," he exclaimed. "I have already thought out a scheme which I had intended putting before the Admiralty. I'll go to him with it instead."

"If you do, sir, you'll need to be careful what you say about the Admiralty to him. He seems to be a bit upset about them. Listen to this. 'Lord Hendon told our representative that in his opinion the inability of the Government, and in particular of the Admiralty, to deal with the situation, had been amply demonstrated, and he expressed the opinion that the Navy's failure to track down and destroy the pirates had placed a blot on its escutcheon that it would take much to remove. Well, well! I wonder what the Senior Service will have to say when it reads that?"

"His criticism of the Navy is unfair," said Craig. "Neither he nor the public generally seem to realise how greatly it is handicapped. It isn't just a case of going out and finding the enemy's fleet and sinking it. The pirate is unquestionably disguised as a merchant ship flying a foreign flag. Our cruisers can stop any British ship that they think looks suspicious, but they can't pull up a vessel flying a foreign flag; still less can they fire on one.

"Besides that, the difficulties in the way of them identifying the pirate are considerable. Every description of her is different, both as to coloring and the outline of the ship."

"I'm not at all sure, though, that the conditions may not give my plan a better chance. Anyway, I'll look up Hendon first thing to-morrow morning, and see what he thinks of it."

LORD HENDON was an irascible old gentleman who, his enemies said, was quite mad. For more than twenty-five years he had been one of the best-known figures in London. At the age of forty-five he had inherited both his title and a large fortune from his industrialist father. He had at once retired from business and devoted himself to public life—to causing as much trouble as possible, some people called it. In the House of Lords he had soon become known for his fiery speeches and for his scathing indictments of the Government—that is to say, the Government of the day, for he never attached himself to any party.

"Well, Captain," he exclaimed, when Craig was shown into his library next day, "I hope you've got something to say that's worth listening to. All the half-wits in London have been here this morning with their tomfool schemes, and I'm beginning to wish that I had not made my offer."

"My scheme is quite practicable," replied Craig, "though it may prove somewhat expensive. But before I go any farther, I would like to say that I am not after the reward and that in the event of my scheme proving successful I shall not accept it."

"That's more than any of the others who've been here could say. As for the expense, I shan't grudge it, if there's a chance of showing up that pack of old women we've got in power just now."

"Good! Well, my idea is to fit out a decoy ship on the lines of the Q-ships used during the war, and to patrol the area in which the pirates are operating. Such ships proved very effective in dealing with submarines."

"Yes, yes! Not a bad idea. Let me hear the details."

"We could pick up an old ship cheap and arm her with a few guns of moderate calibre which would be mounted behind collapsible screens. We would then man her with a picked crew, which would include some ex-service gunners, and sail for America on a supposed ordinary commercial voyage. In order to ensure secrecy, we should have to ship the guns in packing-cases and mount them ourselves after we got out to sea. If we had them mounted before we sailed, it would arouse curiosity and would almost certainly get into the papers."

"That is true."

"As soon as the guns were mounted, we would cruise about near where the pirates had last been reported, inviting attack. When they did attack us, we would drop our screens, open fire, and sink them before they had a chance to do much with their Rayjector."

"Quite so! But from all accounts they attack without warning. They would probably sink your decoy ship before you had a chance to open fire."

"I have thought of that. I know the limitations of the Rayjector as well as its possibilities. Professor Greenwood calculated that its range is about three miles, and from the various accounts of sinkings it would appear that that is about its maximum range. We would have guns with a range of four or five miles. The pirates would then have to come well within range before commencing their attack. Now, as a preliminary to the actual work of sinking a ship, they always cut down her masts, so as to put her wireless out of action. As soon as one of our masts came down, we could open fire. We may take it for granted that they would immediately turn and run, for they would not be in a position to risk being damaged themselves. Having identified them we should at once get out of range of the Rayjector, whilst at the same time keeping them in range of our guns. It would then merely be a case of shelling them until they sank."

"By gosh, it would!" cried Lord Hendon. "Captain, you're the first man who's been here to-day who's talked sense."

"You'll back my scheme, then?"

"I will. And between us we'll show those fellows at the Admiralty how things ought to be done."

"Splendid! Now as to details. It will be necessary to buy a ship and——"

"Yes, yes. I'll leave all that to you. Get hold of a suitable vessel and pick the best crew possible. You yourself will take the command, of course?"

"There's nothing I'd like better. And if you are agreeable, I'll take with me Mr. Maxwell, who was my chief officer on the Itacomba. I know a ship which I think will do—the Sea Wolf. She's an old boat, but she has a good turn of speed. And, what is of considerable importance, she was used as an armed escort vessel during the war and still has parts of her decks specially strengthened for guns."

"Just the thing. Find out what they want for her. You'll know what she's worth better than I. I'll go up to any reasonable figure."

"There may be one difficulty—getting the guns. One can't just ring up a ship-chandler and tell him to send down half a dozen four-point-sevens, as if they were so many drums of paint. We shall have to go to some armament firm and give them a plausible explanation for wanting them."

"Tell me what you want and I'll soon fix that up. Digby, the chairman of Amalgamated Arsenals, is a friend of mine, and will arrange it for me."

"What about the Press? They'll want to know what is happening about your offer. We don't want them getting inquisitive."

"They will be informed that so far no practicable scheme has been submitted to me and that the offer is still open. But my secretary will have the job of interviewing the inventors and turning them down. I've had enough of them."

Craig was extremely pleased with the outcome of his interview with Lord Hendon. At last he would be able to come to grips with the pirates. His only fear now was that someone else would succeed in destroying them before his ship was ready for sea.

He lost no time in setting about the work of organising the expedition. He called on the owners of the Sea Wolf and learnt that they were willing to sell her. He then paid her a visit of inspection and, finding that she was in every way suitable, he closed the deal.

In a surprisingly short time the Sea Wolf was ready for sea.

". . . for a voyage to New York and/or any port in the world between the limits of seventy north and sixty south."

Craig stood behind the counter of the Board of Trade shipping office. On the other side of it were grouped some seventy men—the men he had carefully picked to form the crew of the decoy ship. They stood about chatting in subdued tones, and paying little attention to the very comprehensive terms of the agreement which they were about to sign, and which the Board of Trade official was declaiming in an almost unintelligible monotone.

The reading over, the men began to form up in a line, ready to put their signatures to the ship's articles. As they did so,

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Craig's attention was attracted by a small, wizened individual who was talking excitedly to a group of sailors who had not yet taken their places in the queue. His voice rose somewhat at times, and it was possible to make out a good deal of what he said.

"If you asks me, mates," Craig caught, "it's a put-up job of the capitalists to get a lot of 'ard-working men drownded—going to yer deaths, that's what you are—if you signs on you'll be risking your lives fer a lot of capitalists."

Craig turned to the official at his side.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"He's been hanging round here for several days," was the reply. "He tries to persuade men not to sign on, because of the pirates."

"Do they listen to him?"

"Only one or two. Most of them take no notice of him; but the day before yesterday several men set on him, and if the police had not interfered he would have had a bad time."

"Why don't the police stop him doing it?"

"Oh, it's the usual free-speech business. So long as he says nothing illegal, which he hasn't done yet, they can't interfere."

Craig walked over to Maxwell.

"You see that fellow in the check cap who is trying to persuade our men not to sign on?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, sir."

When he leaves here, follow him and find out where he lives, and anything else you can about him."

"Very good, sir."

Later in the day Maxwell reported the results of his investigations.

"I followed the man to this address, sir," he said, producing a slip of paper. "It's a slum in Poplar. His name is Edward Wilkins, and as far as is known he is living on the dole. That is all I could learn."

"Thanks!" returned Craig, taking the address. "I am very much interested in him."

That evening Craig rang up Lord Hendon.

"There's a man named Edward Wilkins who lives at 235c Hope Street, Poplar," he said. "He spends his time trying to persuade ship's crews not to sign on. He is doing it so systematically that I am pretty sure that he is not working on his own account. I wonder if you could get someone to keep an eye on him and find out who is paying him to do it? We're sailing at dawn to-morrow, so I can't do it myself."

"Certainly," replied Lord Hendon. "I'll do it with pleasure. Do you think he has something to do with those darn pirates?"

"It's quite possible. Of course he may be just an ordinary agitator. All the same, I've an idea that when we have found out who is at the back of him we shall have gone a long way to finding out who is at the back of the piracy."

THE Sea Wolf was two days out from London. The cliffs of Cornwall were astern and she was now heading out into the grey wastes of the Atlantic. On the bridge stood Craig, surveying the busy scene on the deck below. Already two long guns had been bolted to the deck, one on each side, and several men were busy erecting the sections of a collapsible dummy deck-house around each.

"At this rate," he said, turning to Maxwell, "we shall have everything fixed up by to-morrow night."

"Yes, sir," Maxwell replied. "We've certainly got along very well so far. We couldn't wish for a better lot of men."

"No. Many of them served in Q-ships or armed merchantmen during the war and know their job. Let's hope we fall in with those darn pirates soon. We'll give them something to think about."

"That we will, sir, and about time, too. Unless something is done soon, things will begin to get serious at home."

"It was a good move of theirs going to the Banks. In the fog there they might dodge a dozen cruisers for months."

He turned and looked aft to where some more men were fixing a third gun to the deck. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"Who the deuce is that?" he cried.

Maxwell followed his gaze. Coming along the deck towards them was a tall, slim girl, dressed in a somewhat rumpled coat and skirt.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "She must be a stowaway."

"I thought I told you to search the ship thoroughly for stowaways before we sailed," snapped Craig.

"I did, sir. I looked in all the usual places—everywhere, in fact. She couldn't possibly have escaped me, unless someone on board was helping her."

"If I find who that someone was, he'll need help himself."

The intruder reached the foot of the ladder and came up on to the bridge. Craig strode over to her.

"May I ask what you are doing here?" he demanded peremptorily. Usually he was the soul of politeness to women; but the presence on board his ship of this beautiful girl was so unwelcome that he was more than a little brusque.

"Captain Craig, I believe?" she said, ignoring his question. "I am Mercia Wright, representing the 'Daily Clarion.' May I ask you a few questions about your plans?"

"You may not," he replied, grimly. "How did you get aboard?"

"If you won't answer my questions, Captain," she replied with a smile, "you can't expect me to answer yours."

"Can't I? I'm afraid you don't quite understand the position. You are a stowaway, and as such are liable to imprisonment."

"But we of the Press are allowed a little liberty, you know. If we weren't, how could we get all the news that our readers demand?"

"That is no concern of mine. A stowaway is a stowaway, and you are liable to be treated as such. However, I dare say you came on board without realising the seriousness of what you were doing, so I won't press the point."

The fair reporter bestowed on him the most winning of smiles. Nevertheless, there was a hard look about her eyes which Craig did not like.

Craig decided to end the interview.

"The chief steward will give you a room," he said. "Please go down on deck now. This bridge is one of the places where you are not allowed."

Mercia assumed a hurt expression.

"All right," she said. "I'll leave you for a bit to get over the shock of meeting me. See you at lunch—or don't stowaways lunch with the captain?"

When she had gone, Craig turned to Maxwell.

"This is a nice mess!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how she got wind that there was anything going on here that would be of interest to her confounded paper?"

"Those newspaper people have a wonderful way of smelling out news."

"H'm! I hope it doesn't mean that someone on board has been talking. If so, we don't know how far it may have gone."

That evening he was strolling up and down the lower bridge when she came up to him.

"Oh, Captain!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if you'd do me just one favor?"

"What is it?" Craig asked cautiously.

"I want to send a wireless, but the operator says that you've given orders that he's not to send any for anybody except you."

"That's correct."

"Well, won't you please tell him he may send one for me?"

"I'm afraid not."

"But I only want to send a few words to my mother to let her know that I'm all right. When my paper sent me down to get a story about your ship, I had so little time to get on board before you sailed that I didn't have a chance to let her know where I was going. She'll be worrying terribly about me, poor dear!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't let you send anything. I have a particular reason for not wanting news of the ship's movements to be known on shore."

"But I won't say anything about where the ship is. You can see what I send before it goes."

"You were smart enough to get on board. You are probably smart enough to conceal news of the ship in an apparently harmless message to your mother."

"Then you won't let me send it?"

CRAIG studied her for a moment in silence. Most people would have called her beautiful, he thought. Nevertheless, he had a feeling that her beauty was only skin deep.

"No," he said deliberately. "I won't."

She turned away from him.

"I'm awfully disappointed," she said pathetically. "I had hoped that this would be a pleasant trip and a nice change from my ordinary work. But you seem determined to spoil everything by being horrid to me."

"I didn't ask you to come aboard, did I?"

A few minutes after she had gone Maxwell appeared. Craig told him of her request.

"It was a pretty thin yarn, if you ask me," he said in conclusion. "It is obvious that her people could find out from her paper where she is. We shall have to keep a very sharp eye on that young lady."

The next few days passed without incident. The work of mounting the guns and erecting the screens round them was completed and everything was in readiness for an encounter with the pirates.

One night Craig was taking a last stroll preparatory to turning in, when he caught sight of two figures close together in a dark part of the deck. Moving a few paces, he was able to get them between himself and the light. He now saw that one of them was Mercia Wright and the other Pritchard, the second officer. Their arms were round each other, and they seemed to be on very affectionate terms.

Craig went to his room and sent a quartermaster to fetch Pritchard. In a few minutes he appeared.

"I saw you on deck just now with Miss Wright," Craig began.

Pritchard looked embarrassed.

"Er—yes, sir," he stammered.

"Don't let it occur again."

"Very good, sir."

"I suppose she was trying to get some information out of you?"

"No, she wasn't, sir," returned Pritchard, waxing indignant. "She was only telling me how hard it was for her, because she had to get a story for her paper and everyone seemed determined to snub her. I—I think it's rotten that she should be treated as if she were a criminal."

"Do you? Very likely she is what she says she is, but I don't trust her, and I won't

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THE WRECKING RAY

have any of my officers becoming friendly with her. I have confidence in you now, Mr. Pritchard, but I shan't continue to have if I find that that young woman is making a fool of you. That is all."

At last the Sea Wolf reached the neighborhood of the Grand Banks, where the pirates were still taking a heavy toll of British shipping. Craig now proceeded to steam round in circles.

On the second day after the arrival of the Sea Wolf on the Banks, a disquieting incident occurred. During the absence of the operator, fire broke out in the wireless room. Fortunately he arrived on the scene before the flames had taken hold and was able to extinguish them before any damage was done to the apparatus. From a short examination it was obvious that the fire had been started deliberately. The door had been locked, but a port-hole had been left open, and it seemed certain that a mass of burning material had been flung through it.

This affair caused Craig considerable uneasiness, for it showed that there was someone on board who wanted to help the pirates by preventing news of their whereabouts from reaching him. He naturally suspected Mercia Wright, but as there was no evidence to connect her with the affair he could not very well take any action against her.

Three days later the sea Wolf was steaming along some two hundred miles southeast of the coast of Newfoundland. During the early morning there was a thick mist, but soon after seven o'clock this cleared away. Hardly had it done so when Maxwell, who was on the bridge, sighted a ship's lifeboat with men in it some distance away. He at once sent a man to call Craig.

As soon as Craig reached the bridge, he ordered the course to be altered, so that the ship would pass near the boat. In a few minutes they were close to her, and he rang down the order to stop.

A ladder was thrown over the side and it was not long before the men in the boat were safe on the Sea Wolf's deck. Their skipper came up on to the bridge.

"WE'RE very grateful to you for picking us up," he said to Craig. "It was pretty cold in that boat, and I don't mind telling you that we were mighty glad to sight you."

"What happened to your ship?" Craig inquired.

"Sunk by those pirates! And as fine a ship, she was, as ever sailed out of the Tyne. If ever I get my hands on those crooks, they won't forget it."

"How long ago was it?"

"Not more than a couple of hours."

"Had you sailed far when you sighted us?"

"No, only a few miles."

"Then they can't be very far away now. Which way did they go?"

"I couldn't say for certain. It was very thick at the time. They just loomed up out of the fog, and before we realised what was hapening we were sinking. Then they just disappeared again."

"Well, we'll take a chance and go straight ahead. With a bit of luck, we may be able to find them. I suppose you'll be able to recognise their ship if you see her again?"

"That I will. But what do you want to go chasing after them for? Do you want to get your own ship sunk?"

"Not if I can help it. My idea is to sink theirs."

"Sink theirs! How are you going to do that? If you try to run them down, it's you that'll be sunk. I tell you, Captain, you've no idea how quick that ray of theirs works. You won't get within half a mile of them."

"That remains to be seen. Mr Maxwell, phone down to the engine-room and tell them to give us all the speed they can."

Craig turned once more to the other ship's skipper.

"What was their ship like?" he asked.

"She was a vessel of about three thousand tons," he replied. "Black hull and grey upper works. Her funnel had been buff, but they were evidently in the middle of painting it, for it was half red."

"Well, I hope we shall see her soon."

It was not long before they entered fog again, but the Sea Wolf plunged through it at full speed, regardless of any icebergs or other dangers that it might conceal. Eager as Craig had previously been for the fray, he was ten times so now that the enemy were close at hand.

However, hour succeeded hour without anything being sighted. The fog formed a dense curtain round them, only lifting for a few minutes occasionally. Then, just as Craig had decided that he must be going in the wrong direction and was about to alter course, the Sea Wolf suddenly emerged from a bank of fog, and he saw a steamer not five miles away on the port bow.

Craig surveyed her through his glasses.

"She looks uncommonly like your description of the pirate," he said, turning to the tramp skipper, and handing him his glasses. "What do you think?"

The other looked at the distant ship.

"By Heavens!" he cried excitedly. "That's her all right. They've finished painting the funnel, and they seem to have altered the shape of the engineers' quarters. But I'd swear to her for all that."

"She's very much like the ship that sunk the Itacomba," returned Craig. "Mr. Maxwell, order everyone to action stations. And send someone down to find Miss Wright and lock her in her room. We don't want her getting in the way."

At once all was excitement on board the Sea Wolf. Orders were shouted and whistles blown. Men appeared from everywhere.

The distance between the two ships grew rapidly less. The pirates had been steaming in the same direction as the Sea Wolf, and now that they had sighted what looked like an easy prey, they slowed down to allow themselves to be overhauled.

At last there was barely three miles separating the two vessels. Everybody on board the decoy ship was at his post.

Suddenl, a big ventilator fell over with a loud crash. Hardly had it struck the deck than Craig had rapped out an order. The next moment the screens had fallen from round the guns, revealing them for what they were.

The first shot fired fell short. The second, however, struck something above the pirate's deck. It exploded, but did not appear to cause much damage. Almost simultaneously a third shell passed through a canvas screen amidships without exploding.

Finding their attack so unexpectedly returned, the pirates turned away from the Sea Wolf with the obvious intention of running away. But their ship was not fast enough, and Craig soon saw that there was no danger of them escaping from him. Nevertheless, he did not close in on them, but steamed to take up a position such that he would be out of range of the deadly Rayjector, whilst at the same time keeping them withing range of his own guns.

While thus manoeuvring for position, he only fired occasional shots, one of which shattered one of the enemy's lifeboats. At last, though, he had the other ship where he wanted her and he prepared to bombard her in earnest.

He had turned to give an order, when Maxwell suddenly gripped his arm.

"Look, sir!" he yelled. "Look!"

Craig swung round. It was now dusk. To his amazement the enemy's bridge was illuminated by a powerful light, and beneath this light was the figure of a girl.

IN a flash Craig had his glasses to his eyes. What he saw almost made his heart stop beating. The girl on the pirate's bridge was Margaret.

"It's Miss Greenwood!" he cried. "Look! Can't you recognise her?"

Maxwell focused his glasses on the figure beneath the light.

"By Heavens, you're right, sir!" he exclaimed. "It's Miss Greenwood, sure enough. But—but how can she have got there?"

"Heaven knows! But it's her all right."

Craig saw that she was tied to a stanchion. And as he looked at her, his heart was torn between the joy of finding that she was still alive and rage at the way she was being treated.

Abruptly he gave the order to cease fire. The presence of Margaret on board the pirate ship placed him in an appalling predicament. If he carried out his intention of sinking that vessel, she would probably perish with the pirates. On the other hand, he had his duty to consider. If it had been any other women, it would have been bad enough, but the fact that she was his own sweetheart made it doubly terrible.

However, he quickly decided on a plan of action.

"If we go on shelling them, we shall probably hit her," he said, turning to Maxwell.

"We mustn't risk doing that, whatever happens," Maxwell agreed.

The pirate skipper soon saw that his ruse had been successful, but he had not sufficient confidence to close with the decoy ship and try to sink her, so he turned away and set off in a north-easterly direction.

The Sea Wolf was fitted with a powerful searchlight, and when it grew darker this was focused on the retreating pirate ship. The latter immediately increased speed in an effort to escape from its unwelcome light. However, Craig had chosen a fast ship, and the enemy was unable to throw him off.

The chase continued all night and throughout the following day. Several times it grew misty, but it did not become thick enough for Craig to attempt to carry out his plan of boarding the enemy.

At nine o'clock in the evening he decided to turn in for a while. He had been on the bridge for most of the previous thirty-six hours, and he was feeling the strain.

About three hours later he was awakened by a quartermaster.

"The chief officer says will you come up at once, sir," said the man. "There's something wrong with the steering-gear."

In a few seconds Craig was on the bridge.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"She won't steer at all, sir," replied Maxwell. "We're right off our course."

Craig looked round the horizon. The pirate, instead of being right ahead, was on the beam and almost out of sight.

"Get the hand-gear rigged at once," he ordered. "Then find out what is wrong.

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Look sharp about it, or that fellow will get out of sight."

"Very good, sir."

Maxwell hurried away to carry out the order, while Craig remained on the bridge, looking anxiously at the pirate. The vessel was now so far away that the searchlight barely revealed her.

It took a good quarter of an hour to connect up the hand-steering gear, which consisted of a big wheel for use in case the steam steering-engine broke down. At last, however, it was ready. But too late! The pirate ship had disappeared into the darkness.

Desperately Craig set off in pursuit. But he had little doubt that as soon as she was out of sight, her skipper would alter his course in order to give him the slip.

They had been under way for about ten minutes, when Maxwell came running up the bridge ladder.

"I've found the trouble, sir," he exclaimed, and he proceeded to describe the defect. The steering-engine, which was coupled direct to the rudder, was controlled by the helmsman on the bridge by means of a wheel. Between this wheel and the engine ran two small pipes containing liquid. When the wheel was turned it caused the liquid to flow one way or the other through the pipes, and by this means operated the engine. Maxwell had found that a hole had been drilled in one of the pipes, allowing the liquid to run out.

"It looks as if we have a traitor on board," Maxwell concluded.

"It does," returned Craig grimly. "I'm going to make a few inquiries."

That evening he was walking round the deck on a tour of inspection when he happened to stop to look at something just outside the port-hole of Pritchard's cabin. As he stood there, his attention was attracted by voices coming from within. One of them was Mercia Wright's.

"No, no, you mustn't," she was saying.

ORDINARILY he would have moved away, but something in Pritchard's reply prompted him to stay where he was.

"You said you would give me a kiss if I did what you wanted," he heard him protesting. "Why won't you?"

"A woman is allowed to change her mind, you know," was her retort.

"Well, I'm not going to let you change yours. I've let the Old Man down and risked getting into a devil of a mess myself, and now you want to back out of it."

Craig did not wait to hear more. He went up to his room and sent a man to get Pritchard.

"What is Miss Wright doing in your cabin?" he demanded, when he appeared.

Pritchard seemed to be taken by surprise.

"Oh—er—nothing, sir," he stammered. "We were just chatting."

"Didn't I tell you not to have anything more to do with her?"

"Yes, sir, I know, but it was rather hard to——"

"What was it you did for her that she wanted you to do?"

At this Pritchard turned quite white.

"N-nothing, sir," he replied with difficulty.

"What do you mean by 'nothing'?"

"It was only—er—something that she wanted me to mend for her."

"Think again."

"Really, sir——"

"Had it anything to do with putting the steering-gear out of action?"

Pritchard flinched.

"You know, sir, I wouldn't——"

"Had it? Don't lie to me."

"I—er—oh, yes, sir. That's what it was."

"I thought so. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Pritchard hung his head.

"Nothing, sir. I've been an awful fool. I thought she was rather nice and I—really, sir, I wouldn't have done it, but——"

"But you let her persuade you to disable the ship—for the sake of a kiss. Go to your room and remain there. You can consider yourself under arrest."

As soon as he had gone, Craig sent for Mercia Wright. After a delay of nearly a quarter of an hour, she appeared.

"I don't think it very polite of you to send for me like this, Captain," she protested. "A gentleman should come to a lady, not ——"

"Will you please tell me exactly why you came on board this ship?" he asked quietly, ignoring her outburst.

"My dear man, I've already told you."

"I don't mean that yarn about being a reporter. I mean the real reason."

"But that was the real reason. You do seem in a bad temper to-night. Didn't your dinner——"

"Why did you persuade the second officer to put the steering-gear out of action?"

"Really, I don't know what you're talking about. I thought at first that it was what you had been eating that had upset you, but I'm beginning to think it must be what you've had to drink."

"It's no use your talking like that. Pritchard has confessed to me."

"Has he? So like a man to try to put the blame on a woman! I suppose, just because he told you I persuaded him to do it, you believe him?"

"Yes, I do. And I'm very anxious to know why you wanted us to lose sight of the pirates."

"What do I care whether you lose sight of them or not? All I'm interested in is getting a good story for my paper."

"It is obvious that the steering-gear was disabled so that we should drop behind and they should be able to escape. I suppose it is really not much use trying to force you to speak. But I intend to make sure that you don't interfere again. You will be kept locked in your cabin until we reach port, and only allowed out for exercise."

Mercia gasped.

"But—but you can't do that. You've no right to."

"Haven't I? You'll soon find that I have. I should have done it before. It is my opinion that you are an agent of the gang that is running the piracy, and I intend to treat you as such."

"Do you mean to say that you're really going to keep me shut up in that poky little place for several weeks?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she buried her head in her hands.

"You're being terribly cruel to me," she sobbed. "Here am I, a defenceless girl trying to earn her living, and you are treating me as if I were a criminal."

Craig looked down at her in silence for a few moments. She certainly did seem helpless as she sat there sobbing, and he was almost tempted to relent, despite his better judgment. But he hardened his heart. He was now certain that she was in league with the pirates, and he dared not risk any more interference from her. He therefore conducted her to her room and locked her in.

At dawn the Sea Wolf was again enveloped in thick fog and she continued to be throughout the morning.

A watch was maintained from the masthead as well as from the bridge. Just before noon the man in the crow's-nest reported that he was able to see over the low-lying fog and that a pair of masts were visible some four miles away.

"Ten to one it's her," cried Maxwell. "I don't suppose there's any other ship round here."

"Let's hope so," returned Craig. "We'll assume it is, anyhow. If they aren't keeping a watch from their crow's-nest, they may not spot us until we're quite close. We'll run alongside and board her. Call all hands on deck."

Guided by the lookout in the crow's-nest the Sea Wolf bore down on the enemy. Crouching behind the bulwarks the boarding party was ready to spring on to her deck as soon as the two vessels touched; whilst the gunners stood by their loaded weapons, ready to fire should it be necessary.

Then, when the Sea Wolf was barely half a mile from the other ship, the fog suddenly lifted, completely revealing her. Despite the fact that some alterations had been made to her, there was no mistaking her as the pirate.

The recognition was mutual, and the enemy at once altered course in an attempt to increase the distance between herself and the decoy ship. But Craig swung the Sea Wolf round as well, determined to carry out his plan of boarding, now that he was so close.

SUDDENLY there was a shout of warning and the Sea Wolf's foremast fell with a crash on to the bridge. The invisible ray was at work again.

The mast smashed both the wheel and the binnacle and pinned the helmsman to the deck. Craig himself narrowly escaped being hit by a falling block.

To his dismay Craig saw that the Sea Wolf had started to swing off her course and was now steaming away from the pirate. With the wheel smashed there was no chance of bringing her under control again before it was too late. There was nothing for it but to open fire on the pirates, even though Margaret might be hurt or worse. He could not risk them escaping again, or sinking his own ship with their ray. Reluctantly he gave necessary orders.

"Those crooks seem to have the luck of the devil," cried Craig. "Mr. Maxwell, have the wheel repaired."

He strode over to the prostrate body of the helmsman.

"I'm afraid he's beyond our help, poor chap," he said, after a brief examination. "That's another murder on their account."

The work of clearing away the debris and repairing the wheel was set about at once, and as soon as it had been completed the task of finding the pirate ship in the wastes of fog was recommenced.

Within twenty-four hours the pirate ship was again sighted. She was steering south, evidently intent on returning to more frequented waters. Craig, however, headed her off and she turned north again.

For two days the chase was continued. The weather was growing cold, for they were approaching the Arctic Circle; but it remained clear, and they had no difficulty in keeping the enemy in sight.

At noon on the second day they sighted the north-west coast of Iceland. About this time the wind started to rise and with it the sea. Craig began to grow anxious, for the visibility was deteriorating and he was

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afraid that when darkness fell it might be impossible to see the pirate without approaching close.

About four o'clock, by which time it was blowing almost a gale, Craig saw a dense squall approaching. The light was failing, and he knew that, when the squall struck them, it would probably be impossible to see half a mile. That would be the pirate's chance.

They could not be allowed to have that chance. He must open fire on them before it was too late.

No sooner had he reached this decision than he gave the necessary orders, and within a few minutes the bombardment was commenced. Several hits were recorded almost at once, and a column of smoke rising from the enemy's fo'c'sle soon told that fire had broken out there. But the gunners' time was short. Before they could be certain that serious damage had been inflicted on the enemy, the squall struck them.

For nearly an hour a blinding blizzard raged. Snow and sheets of icy spray were driven almost horizontally across the decks, and made it literally impossible for those on the bridge to see more than a few yards. Being so close to the shore, Craig was obliged to put the engines at "dead slow." Beyond that, there was nothing he could do until the weather cleared.

At last the snow ceased and the wind dropped. It was now nearly dark, so Craig had the searchlight switched on. Whichever way it was directed, though, it revealed no sign of the pirate. When, however, it had been sweeping the sea for nearly a quarter of an hour its beam revealed something else—an upturned boat. With a beating heart Craig steamed towards this. It proved to be not the only thing floating on the sea. He saw several lifebuoys, hatches, broken planks and a quantity of other wreckage. But though he searched for hours he saw no sign of any living creature.

The lifebuoys and the boat bore no name, showing that they could have belonged to no other ship than the pirate. That the vessel had been first disabled by shell-fire and then overcome by the storm seemed certain. And as no boat could have been launched successfully in such weather, her crew must have gone to the bottom with her—and with them Margaret.

FOR weeks Margaret had lived a nightmare existence aboard the pirate ship. Not only did she have to mix with the desperate criminals who manned her, but she had been obliged to remain a helpless witness of the series of outrages which they had committed.

The only man on board with whom she could converse with ease was Coles. She told herself that she should not speak even to him, for he was as much guilty of murder as the others. But, even if he was a criminal, he was a man of some refinement, and she felt that she would have gone mad if she had not been able to talk to someone.

Not the least dreadful ordeal which she had to endure was the last fight with the Sea Wolf off the rock-bound coast of Iceland.

With her face pressed against the glass Margaret watched the scene outside. So dense was the blizzard that at times she could hardly see the foremast. Presently, however, the storm began to abate, though she was still unable to see far across the mass of tumbling waters that encircled the ship. However, she saw that the fire in the fo'c'sle had been extinguished.

Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, she saw that the cliffs, which before the storm had been on the beam, were now right ahead and quite close. The ship had swung round and seemed to be heading straight for them. High above her she had a vision of towering masses of black rock with patches of white snow clinging to them here and there. Disaster seemed inevitable.

All at once the cliffs seemed to open and a narrow passage appeared ahead of the ship. In a few moments she was in this. At once all became calm. The water was almost smooth, while the cliffs gave protection from the wind and snow. A few minutes later there came the noise of the anchor being dropped.

Wishing to see more of this strange refuge, Margaret snatched up her coat and went out on deck.

As she stood looking about her Coles came up to her.

"Where are we?" she inquired.

"In a small fjord on the north coast of Iceland," he replied.

"What have we come here for?"

"To give the slip to those fellows who were firing at us."

"Surely they'll follow us in?"

"Not they! They had been out of sight for half an hour or more before we turned in here, and will never guess where we are."

"But when they don't see us they'll look in all the harbors."

"I don't think so. You see, before we came in here, we took the precaution to throw overboard a damaged boat and a lot of other wreckage. When they see it floating on the water they'll think that we've gone to the bottom."

Margaret clung desperately to a hope that the decoy ship had not been as easily thrown off the scent as Coles had suggested. But when two days passed without any sign of her, she was compelled to abandon it.

HIS task, as he believed, accomplished, Craig turned the Sea Wolf's head in the direction of Liverpool, the nearest convenient British port. But there was no joy of victory in his heart as his ship neared home, no pride at having accomplished a difficult task. For his triumph had been won at the cost to him of the one whom he loved most. In beating the pirates he had, as he thought, lost everything.

He had, of course, wirelessed an account of his supposed destruction of the pirate ship to Lord Hendon. He expected that this would be made public, but it never occurred to him that it would result in his suddenly becoming a national hero. The newspapers, however, were not slow to take advantage of such a Heaven-sent story, and not only did they sing his praises in the most fulsome manner but they filled many columns with every scrap of information about him which they could unearth.

It was not until the Sea Wolf was steaming up the Mersey that Craig had any intimation of the reception that had been prepared for him.

"What are all the flags for?" he asked the pilot. "There seems to be an unsual number of people on the landing-stage, too. Is there something on here to-day?"

"Yes," the pilot replied, with a smile. "You are arriving."

"Good Lord! You don't mean to say we're going to be officially welcomed, or anything of that sort?"

"That's the idea. It's going to be quite a big affair. A number of important people have come down from London specially for it."

"Have they, indeed! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I was told not to—we were afraid you might try to dodge it."

"And you were right. If I'd known about it, I would have anchored lower down the river. Oh, Heavens! Look there!"

He indicated a large tender which had just left the landing-stage and was heading towards the Sea Wolf. She was gaily decorated with bunting and on her decks was a group of smartly dressed people — obviously the civic dignitaries of Liverpool and the important people from London; while standing a little apart was another group composed only too clearly of representatives of the Press and the newsreels.

"You say I'm to anchor here, eh?" Craig demanded savagely of the pilot.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm not going to. I won't have anything to do with this tomfoolery. I'm going farther up the river."

HE looked again at the reception committee aboard the tender. As soon as the Sea Wolf had been anchored, they would come on board and overwhelm him with their congratulations. The irony of it!

The visitors came on board, and he was given a first instalment of his welcome home in the shape of an orgy of congratulation and hand-shaking from the Lord Mayor, Cabinet Ministers, Government officials and other notable people. This over, the visitors were conducted round the ship, while he had a brief respite in which to make arrangements for his crew to attend the reception ashore.

"The third officer will have to remain in charge of the ship," he said to Maxwell, when they at last got a few moments alone. "You will also have to tell some of the men to stay behind, but let every one go that can possibly be spared."

"Very good, sir."

"Then there is Miss Wright to be considered. I am going to hand her over to the police, but I don't want to make a scene with these people aboard. As soon as all this nonsense is over I'll have her taken ashore, but she'll have to remain here for the present. Have a man posted at her door with orders not to let anyone come near her, and tell the quartermaster at the gangway to allow no unauthorised person to board the ship."

Presently Craig and all of his ship's company who could be released from duty were taken ashore in the tender. On reaching the landing-stage they were given a tremendous ovation by the crowd. This was followed by a drive through streets which rang with cheers as they passed along. Then came an official luncheon with more congratulations and endless speeches. After that Craig found that an extensive programme had been arranged for himself and his men.

It was quite late in the evening when he was at last able to return to his ship. He was met at the top of the ladder by the third officer, who was in a state of great agitation.

"Everything all right?" demanded Craig curtly.

"No, sir, I'm afraid not," was the reply. "Miss Wright—she's escaped, sir."

"Escaped? What the devil do you mean?"

"She has been rescued by someone from the shore, sir."

Craig uttered an oath.

"Tell me what happened—everything, mind you."

"It occurred about an hour ago, sir. Adams was on guard outside the door, when he heard shrieks coming from the direction of the poop, and someone calling for help. Naturally he thought somebody was in a bad

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way and he ran aft to see what was the matter. When he reached the poop he found no one there, but as he was turning to come back he heard an engine start. He looked over the side and was just in time to see a launch disappearing behind that ship over there. He dashed back to Miss Wright's cabin and found that the door had been smashed open—there was an axe lying on the floor, sir—and the cabin empty. He reported to me at once and I sent him ashore to get the police."

"What were you doing while all this was going on?"

"I happened to be right for'ard, sir, seeing that the anchor cable was all right. I heard the screams myself, but they didn't sound very loud along there, and I thought it was only someone fooling about on some pleasure craft near by."

"How did the man who broke open the door get aboard? I gave strict orders that no unauthorised person was to be allowed on board."

"I questioned the quartermaster, sir. He says positively that no one has come aboard since the tender left. Several newspaper people tried to, but he wouldn't let them. But I found a rope ladder hanging over the rail on the other side. It's my opinion that the rescue party drifted alongside in a launch and hooked the ladder on to the rail with a bamboo. Two of them must have come on board. One must have slipped aft and then screamed for help. The other probably waited in a dark corner and, as soon as Adams left the door, he must have smashed it open and then dashed to the launch with Miss Wright."

"Yes, but what about the man who was yelling on the poop?"

"The only thing I can think of, sir, is that he dropped into the water and was picked up by the boat as it left the ship. Anyway, he's not here now, sir. I've searched everywhere."

The police arrived a few minutes later. Having learned the full facts of the case they did everything they could. However, Mercia and her rescuers had had a very good start and they succeeded in getting clear away.

ON arriving in town Craig at once paid a visit to Lord Hendon. That fiery nobleman had been prevented by a chill from being present when he landed in Liverpool, but he was now better and was able to receive him in his bedroom.

Congratulations over, Craig gave him a full description of the voyage, not omitting mention of the terrible predicament he had found himself in, when he had discovered that Margaret was aboard the ship he had set out to sink.

"But we've not finished with them yet," he wound up. "We've sunk their ship, but I'll bet we haven't got the leaders. We shan't have done our job until we've found out who they are and drawn their teeth."

"By Heaven! You're right," burst out Lord Hendon. "We may be sure that the men at the top weren't aboard that ship."

"I intend to get on the track of that gang and its leader."

"Good man! But have you any idea how you're going to do it? The police have failed, you know, though I dare say they're no better than those fellows at the Admiralty."

"For one thing I mean to trace the history of that ship of theirs—to find out where she was built, or from whom she was bought and where she was fitted out. It may take some time, but it should not be impossible. That ought to lead me to the gang. Then there is that fellow Wilkins that I asked you to make inquiries about. By the way have you been able to find out anything about him?"

"Yes. I put a good man on the job and he sent me a report. I'll give it to you."

He rang for his secretary, and in a few minutes the report was handed to Craig. The essential part of it ran as follows:

"I kept a close watch on the man Edward Wilkins for six days. During that period he spent most of his day-time hanging round the Board of Trade Shipping Office in Poplar talking with seamen and trying to dissuade them from joining ships. When he was not doing that he was either at home or in some public-house.

"On the morning of the fourth day he paid a visit to the office of an organisation calling itself The Workers' League of Freedom. This was situated at 356 Albert Street, Stepney, and consisted of one room over a shop. He remained inside for about half an hour. When he came out he went straight to the nearest public-house. I followed him in, and saw that he had plenty of money to spend.

"I made inquiries about the League and found that it has occupied its present office for two or three years. It circulates a good deal of communist literature in the district, and holds meetings on Sunday evenings. The police have an eye on it, but up to the present it has kept within the law. It is obvious that Wilkins is in its pay.

"I also made extensive inquiries about the man himself, but could learn nothing beyond the facts that he was a Communist and was believed to be living on the dole."

"Very interesting," said Craig, laying the report down. "I'll pay a visit to that League at once, and I shall be surprised if I come away without learning anything of value."

"Good luck! And don't forget, if there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to tell me."

"Thanks very much. I will."

Craig lost no time in commencing his investigations. He began by paying a visit to the office of the Workers' League of Freedom.

He found on entering that the League's headquarters consisted of one small and very dirty room. Its walls were covered with propagandist bills and crude pictorial posters. On the floor were stacks of leaflets and periodicals. At an untidy desk in the middle of the room sat a gaunt young man wearing a collar, but no tie, and last week's shirt. A cigarette drooped from his lips and his feet were on the desk. It was evident that he was the secretary.

Craig wasted no time in beating about the bush.

"I have come," he began, "to inquire why you are paying men to interfere with seamen signing on ships."

The secretary laid aside the sporting paper which he had been reading when Craig entered and spat on the floor.

"Is that so?" he drawled. "Well, I'll tell you straight away that we ain't in the habit of explaining our business to no darn capitalists."

"Well, you are going to explain it to me. Who is paying you to do it?"

The secretary removed his feet from the desk, and did his best to assume an air of dignity.

"I suppose you think," he said, "that because I'm a poor man you can come in here without being asked and insult me. Well, I ain't going to stand it. I'm going to——"

Craig saw that peaceful argument would be useless. He drew closer to the secretary and looked down at him with an expression on his face that made him squirm uneasily.

"If you don't tell me at once, you dirty little rat," he said quietly, "I'll go through your papers and find out for myself."

"That you won't," the Communist burst out defiantly. "I'll call the police."

"You won't get the chance."

"Threaten me, would you?" The secretary edged his chair away. "If you so much as touch me I'll have the law on you."

Craig took a large handkerchief from his pocket and folded it, with the evident intention of using it as a gag. Then he took another step towards the secretary.

"Now," he said, "for the last time. Are you going to tell me what I want to know?"

With a terrified expression on his face the secretary looked up at Craig's massive form towering over him.

"All right, all right!" he whimpered. "I'll tell you, if you'll swear as you won't say as I did it."

"OUT with it!" said Craig.

"It was a fellow called Vincent," the secretary stammered.

"Who is he, and where does he live? Vincent is quite a common name."

"Ashley Vincent is his full name. Got a big place out at Hampstead, he has."

"You don't mean Ashley Vincent, the well-known financier?"

"I don't know if he's a financier, but he's got a lot more money than he ought to 'ave."

Craig thought for a moment. He had expected to find that the secretary had been approached by some underling. It was very unlikely that either the head of such an elaborate organisation or a man in Vincent's position would deal directly with such as he.

"Do you mean to say that he came to you here to arrange the business?"

"Well, not exactly. Another feller came here to fix things up. But I guessed that he wasn't the boss. I thought it might be useful to know who was at the back of it, for it ain't usual for a chap as looks as though he's got plenty of money to want a thing like that done. So I followed him when he left here. 'E went straight to this chap Vincent's house in Hampstead, and I saw them together through the window."

"So now you're in a position to blackmail him, eh? What was the address?"

"Maple Lodge, Westmoreland Grove, Hampstead. But you won't say as I split on them, will you? The chap that come here said as I'd be done in for sure if I split."

Having finished with the Workers' League of Freedom, Craig decided to make a call on Mr. Ashley Vincent. His plan was to assume the role of collector for a seamen's charity of which he happened to be a governor, and in that guise solicit a contribution. During the interview which he hoped to obtain, he would endeavor to judge what sort of man Vincent was.

Remembering that Vincent as a business man would be likely to be away from home all day, he postponed his visit until late in the evening.

At nine o'clock he set out by car for Hampstead and half an hour later turned into Westmoreland Grove. Maple Lodge proved to be a very large house standing in extensive grounds. He was slowing up in front of it, when the front door opened and a tall, dark man of fifty or so appeared. He was ushering out a departing guest. The guest was Hoske.

Craig turned his head away and passed the house without stopping. Then, looking round, he saw Hoske drive out of the

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gate in a small two-seater and turn in the direction he had taken. In a few moments he had passed him and Craig at once set off in pursuit.

Craig thought of catching up with him and handing him over to the first policeman he came to, but he reflected that it might act as a warning to Vincent, and that by keeping him under observation he might learn something of value.

Hoske headed towards the city, and as they reached more crowded thoroughfares Craig had considerable difficulty in keeping him in sight without making it obvious that he was following him. However, Hoske did not appear to suspect that he was being trailed and presently, after passing through the city, Craig found himself following him through the unsalubrious streets of Shadwell. Finally, he stopped his car opposite a narrow passage and got out.

Craig also stopped, and, when Hoske disappeared down the passage, he gave him time to get a little way ahead and then followed him. He went cautiously, for it was dark and he half suspected that Hoske had spotted him and was waiting in ambush for him. But this was not the case. At the end of fifty yards the passage turned into another one and a few more paces brought him to the head of a flight of stairs leading down to the river. As he came in view of the water, an engine started close to him, and a moment later he could see a small launch heading out into mid-stream.

He could not follow any farther without a boat of his own. Unfortunately, there seemed to be none about. The neighboring wharves were deserted, and when he hailed a waterman that was passing some little way out he received no reply. At the end of ten minutes, he was obliged to abandon the attempt as useless, knowing that it would now be impossible to tell which way the launch had gone in the darkness.

Next morning he paid a visit to the offices of a well-known shipping paper and spent most of the day examining files of its back numbers.

In the evening Maxwell called at his rooms to inquire whether there were any new developments. Craig told him of what he had done.

"Have you made any inquiries about him, sir?"

"No. I've been following another line—trying to trace the history of the pirate ship, in the hope that it would lead to the man at the head of the business. The gang couldn't have had her built for them, for there wasn't sufficient time between the date of Greenwood's murder, when they first got hold of the secret, and the time when they started operations. They must, therefore, have bought an old ship.

"I've spent most of the day searching the files of the 'Shipping Times' to see if I could find any mention of the sale of a vessel resembling the pirate. I started with the assumption that she was an ex-cross-Channel boat or something of that sort, for no other class of ship of her size would be as fast as she was. I found that three sales of small, fast ships were reported. An old steamer in the Irish service had been sold to a Brazilian firm, and had been delivered to them in Rio; a vessel plying between the Western Island of Scotland had gone to a Greek syndicate and is now in service in the Mediterranean and a fast little ship called the Ida belonging to a Belgian company had been sold to a ship-breaking firm in Rotterdam to be scrapped."

"That seems to be the most likely one, don't you think?"

"Yes. Both the others are engaged in legitimate trade, as I took care to verify. Of course, the Ida may have been broken up as she was supposed to have been, but I can't be sure without making inquiries on the spot. I think it is worth looking into, and I shall go over to Rotterdam to-morrow."

"I'd like to come along, too, sir, if I may."

"I should be very glad of your company. But if you'd like to give me a hand, I'd rather you stayed in London and found out as much as possible about Vincent."

"I certainly want to do all I can to help run those crooks down. I'll do as you say."

"Good! I'll fly over to-morrow morning. I don't suppose it'll take me very long to find out what I want to know. Supposing we have dinner here the day after to-morrow and exchange reports."

"That will suit me."

THE following afternoon Craig found himself in the Rotterdam office of Messrs. Van Krop and Co., Shipbreakers and Engineers. After a little delay he was accorded an interview with the manager.

"I am making inquiries about an old ship called the Ida," Craig began. "I understand that she was bought by your firm."

"Yes," replied the other, after a moment's hesitation. "What do you want to know about her? I shall be pleased to give you any information in my power."

"I want to know what became of her."

"Oh—er—she was broken up, of course. We break up almost every ship we buy."

"I was told that she had been reconditioned, and was in service again."

"Oh, no! You have been misinformed. We broke her up."

"Thank you. That is what I wanted to make sure of. I am sorry to have troubled you, but the matter is rather important."

He would have questioned him further, but he could see by his manner that he was lying, and he guessed that he would not be able to extract any useful information from him. He thought it likely that he would be able to learn more from one of the workmen.

On leaving the office he waited about near the yard gates until the whistle blew for work to stop for the day. Immediately a large crowd of men began to pour out. He ran his eye over them and, picking out two who looked as if they were foremen, followed them into a small cafe.

He sat down near the two workmen, and it was not long before he succeeded in getting into conversation with them. To his relief he found that one of them spoke excellent English.

"I remember the Ida quite well," he said in reply to a casual question from Craig. "She was a nice ship."

"I suppose she's all melted down now," suggested Craig.

"Oh, no, she's not! We were going to break her up, but just before we started the orders were changed. Instead of scrapping her, we had to make a lot of alterations in her. That is why I remember her so well."

"What sort of alterations were they?"

"First, we took out most of the passenger accommodation. Then we installed some new machinery in her in a small room amidships—machinery that I've never seen before. We also put in a big new dynamo."

"What was it all for?"

"We were told that she was going on a scientific expedition somewhere—to the Arctic, I think it was."

"I suppose you don't happen to know if she actually went on it?"

"No, I couldn't tell you that, though I must say that the officers that came to take her away didn't look the sort you'd expect on a scientific expedition, nor were the Chinese sailors."

"Do you know who she was owned by?"

"No. There was a man here looking after the alterations who might have been a Russian or a Pole. And one day an Englishman came over to have a look at her. By his manner I think he must have been the owner, though I never heard his name."

"What was he like?"

"He was a tall, thin man, with black hair."

As a result of further questioning, Craig elicited information as to dates and a description of the Ida. In the end, he returned to London very well satisfied with the results of his expedition.

Maxwell came round to dinner as arranged.

"She was the ship all right," Craig said to him. "The description and dates all tally."

He proceeded to describe his investigations.

"If anything were needed to confirm it," he concluded, "it was the manager's refusal to tell me what had happened to the ship. I don't suppose he knew what she was actually going to be used for, but I'm pretty sure that he had been squared to keep his mouth shut about her."

"Very likely, sir."

"How did you get on?"

"Pretty well. I looked up a couple of City friends of mine. Both happened to know Vincent. They said that he has pots of money, but it is suspected that he didn't come by all of it honestly, as the saying is—in fact, his reputation is none too good.

"I suppose you didn't hear anything that might indicate that he had a grudge against society or against his country, as the 'Enemy of Britain' seems to have?"

"No, he's not a recluse, or anything of that sort. He has a place in the country somewhere, and entertains business acquaintances there a fair bit. His wife is dead, but he has a daughter who, it is said, is seen about a good deal with a very fast set—in fact, she's got the reputation for being pretty wild."

"H'm! Well, I think that there's very little doubt that he's the man we're after.

"Anyway, even if he is our man, we can't very well arrest him ourselves. We shall have to get the police to do that, I'm afraid. We'll go to Scotland Yard first thing to-morrow morning, and tell them all we know."

"Yes. I expect that after all the papers have said about them they'll be jolly glad to have somebody to arrest."

Accordingly, soon after breakfast next morning Craig and Maxwell found themselves in the big building on the Embankment. Craig stated their business, and after a little delay they were shown into the office of Detective-Inspector Fowler, who was one of the principal officers engaged in trying to solve the mystery of the identity of the "Enemy of Britain."

Craig introduced himself and his companion.

"I read about your encounters with those pirates, Captain," said the Inspector, "and am very pleased to meet you. You say you have some information regarding them?"

"Yes," replied Craig. "We have discovered the identity of the man behind them—the 'Enemy of Britain.'"

The detective sat up abruptly.

"Have you, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Who is he?"

"A man named Ashley Vincent. He is quite well known in the City. He is a financier and also a sort of general merchant, and is reputed to be extremely wealthy."

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"I think I have heard of him. But it seems extremely unlikely that an ordinary City merchant would engage in such a business. I suppose you have got good evidence for saying that he is the man we want?"

"I think so."

Craig described how his suspicions had been first aroused by the man Wilkins, and how he had traced him to Vincent. He then told him of how he had recognised Hoske coming out of Maple Lodge, at the same time giving an account of his previous dealings with him. Finally he described his visit to Rotterdam.

"Is that all?" muttered Fowler, when he had finished.

"Yes," Craig replied. "Isn't that enough?"

The Inspector tapped the desk with his pencil.

"I'm afraid not, Captain," he said slowly. "It is an interesting story, but as evidence it doesn't go very far. If we were to go into court with it, the defending counsel would tear it to pieces in no time."

"But you don't mean to say you're going to allow him to remain at large. There is little real doubt that the man is a dangerous murderer—one of the worst of modern times. For all we know he may be at this moment engaged in fitting out another ship to replace the one we sank. Surely he can be arrested and remanded, while you look for something more definite."

"I'm afraid not. On the evidence we have got, I doubt whether the magistrates would even detain him. Certainly, unless we could find something definite within a week or two, we should have to release him. But you needn't worry, Captain. We shall certainly keep this man under our eye, and if he really is 'The Enemy of Britain,' we'll have him under lock and key before very long."

With this Craig was forced to be content.

Outside, he expressed his disgust in no uncertain terms.

"The fools!" he burst out. "While they're messing about with their red tape, that fellow will either have left the country or have launched another attack."

"Is there nothing more we can do?" asked Maxwell.

"There doesn't seem to be. But we shall have to think it over. I can't say I feel like sitting down and doing nothing with that fellow loose."

Nevertheless, Craig would have thought less harshly of the officials at Scotland Yard if he had been able to follow Inspector Fowler's movements after he and Maxwell had left. The detective had not belittled the information given him because he was sceptical of its value, but because he had all the professional's jealousy of the proficient amateur and resented the fact that amateurs appeared to have made progress where his own department had failed to do so. He had, therefore, deliberately led Craig to think that he had a poor opinion of the clues he had found. Actually the reverse was the case, and as soon as his visitors had gone he lost no time in reporting to his Chief.

The Chief agreed with the view he had taken.

"You're quite right," he said. "We don't want any amateurs butting in. But we can't afford to let this information pass. Find out all you can about this man Vincent. As you told Captain Craig, we shall need something more definite before we can make an arrest. See that you get it."

CRAIG'S opinion that it was high time that Vincent and his satellites were placed behind prison bars was more than confirmed when he opened the "Daily Clarion" next morning. Headlines stretching right across the page announced that the piracy had re-commenced, and that two more British ships had been sunk this time in mid-Atlantic.

He read what followed. Full details were not yet to hand, but there was no doubt that the ships had been sunk by a vessel using Greenwood's Rayjector. Both of them had been bound for Liverpool with cargoes of foodstuffs.

Craig had hardly finished reading when Maxwell was shown in.

"They're at it again, sir," he exclaimed. "Oh! I see you've got a paper."

"Yes," said Craig, motioning him to a chair. "As you say, they're at it again. It almost looks as if all we've done has been wasted."

"I should like to go round to Scotland Yard and see what that ass Fowler has to say about it. I wonder if it'll make him change his mind about arresting Vincent."

"Probably not."

"It's awful to think of that fellow being allowed to go free, just because of a few legal technicalities."

"He mustn't be allowed to go free. We shall have to find that evidence."

"Have you any new plans, sir?"

Craig was silent for a moment.

"I've been thinking it over," he said at last, "and it seems to me that we must reverse our tactics. So far we've been trying to trace the piracy to Vincent. We must now work with him as a starting point and see if we can find the links leading from him to the piracy."

"That seems a good idea."

"The only way we can do it is to watch him and see where he goes to and who comes to see him. He must have some communication with his men, and he is hardly likely to use the phone or post to any extent."

"Won't the police do that?"

"Possibly. But we will work independently. What I suggest is that you follow Vincent during the day. You'll have to hire a car—a different one every day—wait about near his house, but not opposite it, of course, and follow him to his offices or wherever he goes. I'll keep an eye on his house at night and see if anybody that looks suspicious comes near it."

"Right oh! When do we begin?"

"I'll start to-night immediately after dark and will keep watch till one or two in the morning. You must be on the spot at breakfast-time to-morrow. Let me see, you haven't seen him yet, have you? You'd better go up to Hampstead to-day and get to know him by sight."

That evening Craig began his vigil. He reached Westmoreland Grove early and took up his stand in the front garden of an empty house, from which he had a good view of the gates of Maple Lodge.

However, the evening passed without incident, and, although he later crept into Vincent's front garden and hid in the shrubbery, he saw nothing of interest.

The second evening proved equally fruitless, and when a third went by without anyone who could even remotely be described as suspicious-looking coming near the house, he began to think that his tactics were wrong.

About midnight on the fourth night, however, a familiar figure appeared at the gate—Hoske. Without any hesitation he walked up to the front door and rang the bell. A moment later he was admitted by Vincent himself.

No lights appeared in any of the lower windows in the front of the house, so Craig concluded that Vincent had taken his nocturnal visitor to some room at the rear. He therefore slipped out of his hiding-place and crept cautiously along the path leading to the back garden. Sure enough, there was a light in one of the back windows.

The window was not quite closed. Craig stealthily approached it. Curtains prevented him from seeing into the room, but he could hear voices, and was able to make out almost all that was being said within.

He recognised Hoske's voice.

"Good drop of brandy that," he was saying. "I needed it, too."

There was the sound of a glass being set down.

"Any news?" asked Vincent, after a moment's pause.

"Only this." Hoske replied, and Craig heard the rustle of paper. "As you see, there's nothing much in it."

THERE was a brief silence, during which Vincent was evidently reading the paper that had been given him.

Suddenly Hoske gave an exclamation.

"This business is getting on my nerves," he burst out. "Whenever I see a policeman coming towards me I think he's got his eye on me, and every knock on the door sends a cold shiver down my back."

"Are you afraid of something, then?" inquired Vincent.

"Afraid of something! Haven't I got enough to be afraid of?—And you, too, for that matter? Have you ever considered what will happen to us if the story gets out?"

"I can't say I have."

"Well, I'll tell you. We'll be lynched by the mob, that's what will happen to us."

"We've made enough, haven't we? Isn't it best to get out while we've got the chance? It is always by going on too long that people get caught."

"But I've not made enough yet."

"Why, you must have made millions!"

"It has always been my ambition to be the richest man in the world and to wield the power that goes with that position. I was doing very well, comparatively speaking, but I could see that, if I carried on in the same way, I should never be even one of the first ten richest men. Then this opportunity came along. It has turned out everything that it promised to be. And now that I can see my goal within reasonable distance, I'm not going to stop merely because there's a risk of getting caught."

"There's more than a risk, I tell you," cried Hoske.

"Anyhow, I'm going on. Now, come over here, there are some things I want to go through with you."

The two speakers moved farther from the window and there were sounds as of chairs being drawn up to a table or desk.

Next morning Craig met Maxwell by arrangement to compare notes. When the former had described the events of the previous evening, Maxwell gave an account of his own activities.

"I followed Vincent every day," he began, "and only lost track of him once or twice. Each morning he went first to his office, or perhaps I should say the office of Vincent, Reid and Co., in Mincing Lane. They are produce merchants, but from inquiries I made I think the firm is really him. Reid has been out of it for some years.

"He spent most of each day there, but he made several trips to other offices. I noticed that when he entered the build-

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ing in which the first of these I followed him to was situated, the commissionaire seemed to know him, so I made a few discreet inquiries. The man told me that his name was Fox and that he was the head of a concern called Fox and Sons, who were grain merchants. They were a new firm—hadn't been in business for more than three or four months.

"Well, he called at three other offices altogether, and at each I made inquiries. In every case he was known by a different name, and was supposed to be the head of some small, newly-established company. Also, in each case, I found that he did not usually turn up more than once a week."

"Did he go anywhere else?" asked Craig.

"Only to a restaurant for lunch. Of course, I couldn't follow him into his office, but he seemed to be acting as an ordinary business man, except that he went under several different names."

"Do you think he spotted you following him?"

"No. I did as much as I could to change my appearance each day. False moustache, different clothes, and so on. And we were in crowds most of the time. What do you think of it all?"

Craig considered for a moment or two.

"I think I see what the game is," he said at last. "In fact, I have suspected it for some time. If I'm right, there is probably documentary evidence of its existence. He was evidently going through some books with Hooke last night, and probably they were the books we want. If we could get hold of them, we should have all the evidence we need."

"Do you think we can get hold of them, sir?"

"Yes, we ought to be able to. But we shall have to commit burglary to do it. Are you game to try your hand at that?"

"You bet I am. Anything to catch those fellows."

"Good man! We'll try it. Of course, we ought really to leave it to the police to get a warrant and search the place properly. But I've had enough of them."

"So have I."

"We'll have a shot at it to-night. I don't think we shall have any great difficulty in getting into the house. There's a french window at the back. We should be able to cut out a piece of glass and get through without ringing any burglar alarms. Once inside, I don't expect we shall have far to look. He evidently keeps his papers in the room outside which I was listening last night. Can you pick a lock?"

"Oh, I think so, sir."

"Well, you'd better make sure before we start."

They spent the day in purchasing a few tools, in practising the art of lock-picking on all the locks available, and in going over their plans. Soon after midnight, they set out for Hampstead in Craig's car.

On reaching Maple Lodge they found that there was no light to be seen in any of the windows. Craig led the way cautiously round to the french window through which they had decided to make their entry.

Craig examined the inside of the window with the aid of his torch.

"There's a burglar-alarm, which will ring if the window is opened," he whispered. "But I don't see anything else that's likely to give us any trouble. Here goes!"

THE two amateur housebreakers climbed through the hole without mishap. They found themselves in a sitting-room. For a minute or two they stood still, listening, but they heard nothing and were reassured that, so far, they had not disturbed anybody.

Craig opened the door into the hall and again they listened. Apart from the ticking of a clock all was silent. They tiptoed across to another door and, passing though it, found themselves in the room outside which Craig had listened to Hooke talking to Vincent. It was a medium-size apartment containing a couple of bookcases, several chairs and, in the centre, a large desk covered with papers. They at once began an examination of the latter.

"There doesn't seem to be much here," whispered Craig as he hastily scanned letter after letter by the light of the torch. "All these deal with a local political organisation of which Vincent is evidently chairman. Let's have a look at those books."

The books proved equally disappointing. They contained nothing except private accounts.

A careful examination of the desk showed that all the space in it was not accounted for by the drawers. They, therefore, took out the latter and looked behind them. At last they found what they were searching for. Behind one of the drawers was another one. They had some difficulty in getting this out, for it was apparently held in position by a secret spring which they could not locate. With a little perseverance, however, they succeeded in withdrawing it. It contained several account books, which Craig at once set about examining.

"We've got it at last!" he exclaimed in an excited whisper. "Phew! I had a pretty good idea what their game was, but I had no idea it was being carried on on such a scale. Look at this."

As he spoke the room was suddenly flooded with light.

"Good evening, Captain Craig!" said a well-known voice.

They swung round. In the doorway stood Mercia Wright.

Craig glanced quickly about him to see if there were any chance of escape; but the windows were shut, and Mercia barred the door.

"You seem very busy," she said with a smile.

The fur wrap she was wearing was open, revealing a shimmering dance frock. However, it was not this that drew Craig's attention, but the small, nickel-plated revolver she was pointing at him.

"Good evening!" he said coolly. "Is this another newspaper stunt?"

She laughed.

"I had you beautifully over that, didn't I?" she exclaimed. "I must thank you for a pleasant trip on your boat. I know you did your best to make me uncomfortable, but I enjoyed it immensely."

"What are you going to do now?"

"That remains to be seen. I can tell you this, though, you won't get out of here as easily as I got out of your ship."

"There's a telephone on the desk. I suggest that you ring up the police."

"I'll see what father says." She stepped back a few paces into the hall, and without taking her eyes off the intruders called to Vincent.

"Father!" she cried. "Wake up! Two gentlemen have called to see you."

There came the sound of an answering voice.

"Oh, no!" Mercia shouted. "Not real visitors, only a couple of burglars. Not real burglars, either. Only Captain Craig, and his gallant Chief Officer."

Vincent's voice could again be heard.

"All right, then," Mercia called. "Hurry up. Captain Craig and I don't get on very well together, and we may start scrapping if you don't come down quickly."

She came into the room again.

"Father won't be long," she said brightly. "Lucky I'm a late bird, isn't it? If I weren't we might have missed each other, and I should have hated to have done that. I've just been trying out a new dance place, the Purple Cat. Not a bad dive! I'd give you the address, but I expect you're so busy at night that you wouldn't have time to go to it."

"I'm surprised that you have the time, either," Craig said.

"Why? Oh! I suppose you think that all my time is taken up helping father with his business. A good deal of it is, of course, but I generally manage to get out with the crowd of an evening. It's funny when you come to think of it, but the first time I ever saw you was when I'd just come back from a night club. It was the Frenzied Forty that time, I think."

"I'm afraid I don't remember the occasion."

"No, you wouldn't. I was staying with some friends in Sydenham at the time. We'd had rather a hectic evening in town and rolled home about fourish. It was quite light and I sat down at my window for a few minutes to smoke a last cigarette before turning in. You didn't see me. You were much too busy. But I had a lovely view of you. You were in the garden at the bottom of ours and were doing some perfectly thrilling things with pieces of iron."

CRAIG gasped. So that was how the existence of Greenwood's invention had become known to the gang.

Craig was about to make some comment, when there was a step outside and Vincent entered the room. He was a tall, lean man, with bony features, and eyes that seemed to pierce one like twin points of steel. In his hand he carried a heavy automatic.

He glanced at the rifled desk with the papers strewn over it.

"You seem to be very interested in my affairs," he said, in a menacing voice.

"We are," replied Craig. "And so will many others be before long."

Vincent turned to his daughter.

"We'll put these gentlemen in the wine-cellar until the police arrive," he said.

"I have already suggested to Miss Vincent that she should phone for the police," put in Craig. "There is no need for you to lock us up. My friend and I will give you our word to remain here quietly until they arrive, providing that both of you also remain here."

"You are very obliging," returned Vincent acidly, "but we are not prepared to take the word of a couple of burglars. Mercia, I think I had better go over them. Keep them covered while I do so."

Standing with their hands above their heads, Craig and his companion were forced to submit to having their pockets searched. Vincent relieved them of all their tools and their electric torches, but found nothing else that was likely to be of any use to them.

"That's all," he said to Mercia, when he had finished. "Lead the way."

They formed up in a little procession, Mercia in front, carrying Craig's torch, then the two prisoners, with Vincent, automatic in hand, bringing up the rear. The way led down a brick stairway into a damp cellar half filled with coal. In one wall was a door, Mercia opened this, revealing a narrow apartment fitted up as wine-cellar, but no longer in use as such.

Vincent shut the door of the wine-cellar and locked it.

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"You'll remain in there until the police arrive," he called through the panels.

With that the captives were left to themselves.

"Do you really think he'll send for the police?" asked Maxwell.

"I should hardly think so," Craig replied. "though he may intend to try to bluff it out I must say I can't see what else he can do, barring murdering us in cold blood."

"I wouldn't put it past him to do that."

"Neither would I. And in case that is what he means to do, it would be as well to see what chance there is of geting out of here. He took my matches. Have you any?"

"Only one of those books of them. They're not much good for this sort of thing."

He struck one and by its flickering light they surveyed their prison.

"There's no way out except through the door," said Craig, "and that looks solid enough."

They put their shoulders to the door and used all their strength and weight against it. All they did, however, was to bruise themselves.

"Let's have another look round," said Craig. "There may be something that we didn't notice before. Strike another match."

Maxwell did so, and, in order to husband their supply, used it to light a long splinter of wood he had picked up. They examined the wine-cellar carefully. It was evident that it had not been used for a long time. There was nothing in it except some rubbish on the floor consisting of scraps of paper, dirty straw, and broken bottles.

Maxwell picked up one of the latter and examined it.

"These jagged edges are pretty sharp," he said. "I should think that we could cut through the wood of the door with it."

"Bright idea," Craig agreed. "Have a try."

Maxwell started to cut a groove round the lock. He soon found that he could cut with the jagged glass, but progress was slow, owing to the time taken in finding splinters and wisps of straw for torches. He made headway, however, and presently he had cut a small hole right through the wood. This he proceeded to enlarge until at last, when he pressed hard on the door, it flew open.

"SPLENDID!" whispered Craig. "Now we must see if there is any way of getting out of this cellar without going through the house."

He had hardly spoken when they heard footsteps overhead. The door at the head of the stairs was thrown open and a beam of light from it illuminated part of the cellar. It was evident from the noise that several men were coming down.

"Quick! In here!" whispered Craig.

As he spoke he picked up a heavy piece of wood and stepped into a dark alcove. Maxwell armed himself with a large lump of coal and followed him.

A moment later four men appeared. The leader of the party was Vincent, who had a torch in one hand and an automatic in the other. Following him crept two evil-looking toughs carrying rope and sacking. Behind them was Hoske.

Suddenly Vincent caught sight of the open door.

"They've gone!" he cried. "Where——"

As he spoke, Craig, seeing that the time for action had arrived, raised his stick and brought it down with terrific force on the head of the nearest of the toughs, who was standing with his back to him. Maxwell, following his lead, hurled his lump of coal at Vincent, hitting him between the shoulders. The financier pitched forward, dropping both his automatic and torch. The latter rolled along the floor, but fortunately did not go out. The second tough, quickly recovering from his surprise, uttered an oath and made a grab at the automatic. Craig was too quick for him, though, and before he could reach it he struck him a blow which broke his arm.

Hoske still had his automatic, but he seemed afraid to use it for fear of hitting the wrong man in the confusion. Seeing this, Maxwell picked up another piece of coal and threw it at him. However, he saw it coming and jumped aside to dodge it. As he did so, his foot slipped on the smooth steps and he fell. Unfortunately, though, he managed to retain his hold on his automatic.

Craig snatched up Vincent's weapon and levelled it at the men on the floor.

"The first one of you to move will get a bullet in him," he cried.

As he spoke Maxwell hurled another lump of coal at the prostrate Hoske, knocking the gun out of his hand. Craig could not pick it up, however, without exposing himself to an attack in the rear from one of the men on the floor.

"Out that way," cried Craig, jerking his head over his shoulder. "I'll hold them off while you get through."

Looking in the direction indicated, Maxwell saw a hatchway with an iron grating over it, which provided the cellar with ventilation. He sprang on to the ledge beneath it and pushed up the grating.

"Can you manage?" he called to Craig.

"I'm all right. Hurry up!"

Maxwell hastily drew himself up.

"All clear!" he called when he was through.

Craig sprang on to the ledge and handed his automatic to him. He had hardly done so, however, when there was a shot from within the cellar. Maxwell leant down and replied to this, and before the man was able to hit him, Craig was through the opening.

The two fugitives at once plunged into the shrubbery, and, before any of the men in the cellar could get through the hatchway they had reached the road.

"We're safe here," said Craig. "Let's get back to the car."

They found their car where they had left it.

"Now for the police," said Craig grimly, as he let in the clutch.

"They'll have to listen to us now," returned Maxwell, "but I wish we'd got that account book."

"Well, we know now what their game is, anyway."

"I think I can guess it myself, but you haven't told me what conclusion you've come to."

"Sorry. For the moment I'd quite forgotten that I hadn't. Its like this. You found that Vincent was carrying on business in the name of several different firms. Now we saw the names of those firms in that book to-night. They were all dealing in foodstuffs. I believe that, as soon as Vincent heard of the Rayjector from that precious daughter of his, he started to buy up large quantities of staple foodstuffs. He did it in several names, for he would naturally not want it to be known that he controlled unusually large stocks. At the same time he fitted out his pirate ship, and, as soon as his stocks had been safely landed in England, he proceeded to start a panic by sinking food ships. As was to be expected, prices rose rapidly. When they had advanced sufficiently, he began to sell out and I've no doubt that, when our activities began to put a check to the sinkings, he unloaded his remaining stocks. But from what I heard last night, he was evidently not satisfied with the enormous profit which he must have made, and, when the prices fell, he bought further large stocks. He has evidently fitted out a second ship, and no doubt he intends to force the value of his stocks up again and then sell out once more."

"Yes," agreed Maxwell. "That is pretty much what I thought myself."

"Of course, he has done his best to help the rise in prices at this end. For instance, we know that he tried to spread alarm among seamen, and so increase the difficulty of bringing food into the country. Then there was that 'manifesto' he sent to the papers. I've no doubt that, in addition to that, he inspired many of the panicky articles in the papers, and I'm sure that most of the alarmist rumors that have been going round lately could be traced to him."

"He's certainly a clever scoundrel."

"Yes, but he has overreached himself with this second campaign. He should have cleared out with the profits while the going was still good. We'll have him behind prison bars before many hours have passed."

"Where are you making for now?"

"Scotland Yard."

FOR several days the pirates remained in their northern refuge, repairing the damage done to the ship by the Sea Wolf's shells, and recovering from the strain of their recent flight. All day long the narrow fjord rang with the noise of their hammers, while the night was filled with the music of their gramophones and their ribald songs.

At last the work was finished, and they crept out to sea once more. This time they turned southwards, heading for more frequented waters, where they might expect to find fresh victims.

The cold winds and the fogs had now been left behind and the pirates were steaming through fine weather and smooth seas. Then one morning the ship stopped. On asking Coles the reason for this, Margaret learned that they were running short of coal and were waiting for wireless orders as to where they should go for a further supply.

For two days they lay rolling gently on the long Atlantic swell. Discipline, which was very slack on board the pirate ship at the best of times, grew even slacker. The dissolute "officers" spent most of the time drinking and playing cards in the saloon, while the Chinese seamen, having no one to keep an eye on them, lounged about the deck and fished.

On the morning of the third day Coles came up to Margaret, evidently pleased about something.

"The skipper's just received a wireless, telling us where to go for coal," he said.

On hearing this, Margaret saw a chance of freedom opening before her.

"Where?" she asked eagerly.

"Algara, an outlying island of the Azores group."

"Won't you all be arrested as soon as you get there?"

"Oh, no! It's a very out-of-the-way place and, even if they guess who we are, which isn't likely, they're pretty certain to be too scared to interfere with us. And, of course, old Zoller will pop ashore as soon as we get in, see whoever is the big noise there, and slip him a little present."

"Anyhow, I shall be able to leave the ship there."

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"H'm! I don't know so much about that. I doubt whether Zoller will let you."

Margaret was dismayed.

"But why ever not?" she exclaimed. "Surely he doesn't want to keep me here? Why, he hates the sight of me."

"I know. But that doesn't mean he isn't glad to have you on board. You've been jolly useful to us, you know. If it hadn't been for you, that confounded decoy ship would almost certainly have sunk us the first time we met her. No, I think you may take it for granted that he won't let you go. Most probably he'll keep you locked up the whole time we're there to make sure you don't flit."

This was a great disappointment to her after her hopes of regaining her freedom had risen so high.

That evening she was taking a brisk walk up and down the deck, when her foot struck something. Looking down, she saw a leather wallet. In a moment she had picked it up and hidden it under her dress. Instinct told her that it might contain valuable information.

In the privacy of her cabin she proceeded to examine it. It obviously belonged to Captain Zoller, for it contained several letters addressed to him. In the circumstances she considered that she was justified in reading these, but she found that they were all written in some language with which she was not familiar. Disappointed, she turned to the other documents the wallet held. Only one of these looked promising. This consisted of two small sheets of paper pinned together. Opening them, she saw that one of them was a wireless message in cipher, while the other was evidently the translation of it.

She read the translation breathlessly. The first part of it contained instructions for Captain Zoller to proceed to Algara, where he would find awaiting him a Greek steamer loaded with coal. The remainder ran as follows:

"On leaving Algara return to the neighborhood of the Canary Islands. All cruisers have been withdrawn from that area. Be careful not to sink the following ships. [Here were given the names of seven vessels.] They will be in that neighborhood in about three weeks' time."

Of course, thought Margaret, if she waited until the ship arrived in Algara and succeeded in escaping there, she could cable to London in the ordinary way, but she realised that a hitch might occur in her plans and she might be prevented from leaving the ship. She could, therefore, not depend on being able to do that.

For half an hour she racked her brain to think of a way out of the difficulty, but she could hit on none that was practicable. Then it occurred to her that sailors cast away on desert islands often placed a message appealing for help in a sealed bottle and threw it into the sea, in the hope that it would eventually be picked up and opened. She considered doing so herself. However it seemed to her that a bottle might float about in the vast Atlantic for months without ever coming within sight of man; and that, even if it did catch the eye of an officer on the bridge of some passing vessel, it was hardly likely that he would take the trouble to stop his ship on the chance that it might contain something.

Then she had another idea. A bottle may not be conspicuous, but a lifebuoy is. If an officer were to see one floating on the water, he might easily think it worth while to stop and pick it up, for it might be useful evidence in connection with some marine disaster. She decided, therefore, to make a copy of the message, put it, together with a short explanatory note, into a bottle and attach it to a lifebuoy. She would then drop them over the side and trust to luck for them to be seen and picked up quickly.

Having copied the message, she returned it to the wallet which she replaced on the deck where she had found it, so that Captain Zoller's suspicions should not be aroused when he missed it. She then set about the task of despatching the copy. It was easy enough to find a bottle—there were empty ones lying about everywhere. To procure a lifebuoy was more difficult. But it was a pitch-dark night, and she succeeded in securing one and dropping it over the side with the bottle tied to it without attracting anyone's attention.

It was on the day before they were due to reach Algara that the chance for which she had been waiting so long occurred. Breakfast over, she had gone on deck for a constitutional, when she saw that the door of the Rayjector-room was open, and swinging to and fro with the motion of the ship. If anyone were within, she told herself, he would have secured the door. She therefore approached and looked cautiously inside.

As she had expected, the place was empty. The Rayjector was at her mercy. A few well-aimed blows and the delicate instrument would be destroyed beyond repair. And once destroyed the pirates would be helpless.

In a rack close to the door there were several spanners. She darted into the room, seized one of these and sprang to the side of the Rayjector. One sharp blow and she had shattered the big lens in front of the searchlight-like affair at the top of the apparatus. Another blow bent a control lever. A third——

But she did not have time to deal a third blow. So absorbed was she in her task that she did not hear a step behind her, and the first indication she had that she had been seen was when a pair of large, hairy hands closed round her throat and she was jerked sharply backwards.

"So you would do that, hey?" came the voice of Captain Zoller. "I think I will kill you."

Margaret tried to cry out, but the grip on her throat prevented her. With a stab of fear the thought came to her that the pirate skipper intended to carry out his threat by strangling her on the spot. But though she struggled desperately, she was helpless in his grasp.

Only slightly relaxing his grip, Zoller dragged her out of the room.

"I show you what I do," he snarled. "I——"

Suddenly there was a shout from the other side of the deck.

"Hi! What do you think you're doing?" she heard Coles exclaim.

"She break the apparatus," roared Zoller. "I put her in a boat and leave her."

In a moment Coles had reached them.

"Let go of her, you dirty crook!" he yelled.

Zoller evidently thought he was going to strike him, for he released Margaret. But Coles was not sufficiently foolhardy (or sufficiently brave) to attack a man nearly four stone heavier than himself and twice as strong.

"No, you're not!" he cried. "I'll see to that."

Zoller took a step toward Coles, a very unpleasant look on his face.

"You think to frighten me, hey?"

"What has she done, anyway?" Coles demanded.

"Look for yourself. She the apparatus has destroyed."

Coles dashed into the Rayjector-room to return half a minute later.

"I can easily fix that up," he said. "I have plenty of spares."

"That is good! All the same, I put her in boat."

"If you do, I shall not repair the Rayjector."

"Ha! You try to boss me? You forget I can make you do what I want. I think you repair that all right, if I a gun in your back push."

"If you cast her adrift," cried Coles, white with fury, "I'll fix that thing so that nobody who was ever born could mend it."

"You will, hey! If you do, I shoot you pretty quick."

Nevertheless, he was obviously impressed by Coles' attitude, and after a good deal of vituperative argument, he agreed not to cast Margaret adrift. He insisted, though, that she should be locked up at once, and should remain so indefinitely. In order to emphasise his decision he took her to her room, locked her in and put the key in his pocket.

Margaret had heard that the ship was due to reach Algara the following morning, and she awoke to find that the engines were silent. She jumped out of bed and went to the port-hole. Three-quarters of a mile away rose a barren, rocky hillside at the bottom of which was a strip of sandy beach. Away to the left was a cluster of houses, one-storied, whitewashed affairs, that was evidently the village. Between the ship and the beach was a small and extremely rusty steamer, which was moving slowly nearer. This, she thought, must be the Greek ship that was to supply them with coal.

As she hastily dressed she tried to think of a way of carrying out her intention to escape from the ship and land on the island. But she soon saw that this would be easier said than done.

She had just finished dressing when there was a knock at the door.

"Breakfast, missy," announced the Chinese steward.

The sound of his voice suggested to her a solution of the problem.

"Come in!" she called.

Margaret took the tray from him.

"Would you like to do me a great favor, Ah Ling?" she asked softly.

"You tell me what favor and I tell you," was the cautious reply.

"I want you to leave the door unlocked so that I can escape."

"No can do, missy."

"But why not? No one will know. They will think it is an accident."

"Very sorry, missy, but no can do. Captain say when he give me key, if you run away, he kill me."

"Oh, but he would think it was an accident."

"No can do. Captain say if I lose key or let you go, he kill me plenty quick. He very bad man."

Margaret tried further persuasion, but Ah Ling remained firm and, when he closed the door, locked it carefully.

She had just started her breakfast when she heard shouting overhead. At the same time, the light from the port-hole was obscured. Then some large object bumped heavily against the ship's side.

She jumped up and looked out. The Greek steamer had come alongside and had completely shut out her view.

Margaret resumed her meal and, as she hastily ate it, she wondered whether there was any chance of attracting the attention of a possible ally on the Greek ship. As

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soon as she had finished, she returned to the port-hole. Immediately in front of it was one in the Greek ship's side. It was open and revealed the interior of a small cabin which was empty. In a flash she saw that, if she could crawl out of hers through the two port-holes, she might be able to escape from the other side of the Greek without anyone on the pirate ship being any the wiser.

No sooner had she thought of the scheme than she put it into action. Being slim she had no great difficulty in getting through her own port-hole. She found that she could just reach the edge of the other one. In a couple of minutes she had dragged herself through it and landed head foremost on the bunk beneath it.

She hastily scrambled to her feet and looked out of the cabin door. There was no one in sight, so she stepped boldly into the alleyway. This, she found, led to a door which opened on to the side of the deck away from the pirate ship. There were several men standing outside, but she realised that it would be hopeless to wait for the coast to clear. There was nothing for it but to run the gauntlet of them. She accordingly walked boldly across to the top of the ladder. The men turned to look at her, but they evidently thought that she was the wife of someone aboard the other ship and made no attempt to stop her.

There were a couple of boatmen waiting for custom at the bottom of the ladder and one of these agreed to row her ashore for a shilling—the only coin she had. The journey was soon accomplished, and glad she was when the boat touched the little landing-stage, for she was in deadly fear of being pursued and dragged back to the ship.

She paid the boatman and stepped ashore. The village was built close to the beach, and in a few steps she had gained the shelter of the houses. As she walked up the narrow, cobbled main street she felt a wonderful sense of freedom. At last she was clear of that dreadful ship and beyond the reach of Captain Zoller and his gang.

WHAT she wanted was the telegraph office. This she found at the end of the street. She hesitated on the doorstep for a moment and then entered.

She now suddenly realised that she was faced with two serious difficulties. She wished to send a cable to her aunt (she would rather have sent it to Craig, but she was afraid he might be away from home and at sea), telling her of her whereabouts and asking her to inform the authorities that the pirate ship was in Algara harbor, and also asking her to send her some money. But her mind had been so taken up with her escape that she had not considered how she was going to do this. It now occurred to her that she had no money with which to pay for the message, and being unable to speak the language, was unable to ask for credit.

She thought it better to deal with the latter difficulty first. She knew that the island was a Portuguese possession, but as she could not speak Portuguese she decided to use English in the hope that the postmaster would understand it.

"I wish to send a cable to England," she said.

The man looked blankly at her for a few moments and then said something to her in Portuguese. At the same time the other customers formed themselves into an interested group around her.

"I'm afraid I can't speak Portuguese," she said. "Is there no one here who can speak English?"

"Ah, Inglis!" exclaimed the postmaster suddenly. "Si, senhorita!"

There was some excited jabbering and then a ragged little boy was despatched with a message. In a few minutes he returned in company with a man who looked like a fisherman.

"I speak ze English, senhorita," he announced, when the postmaster had explained the difficulty to him.

"Good," said Margaret. "I want to send a cable to a friend in England, but I have no money to pay for it. She will cable me the money as soon as she gets the message. Please ask the postmaster if he will send it for me."

When the fisherman had translated this, the postmaster replied excitedly and at great length.

"The senhor he very sorry," the fisherman reported, "but he say he cannot do. He think you go away in ze ship and not pay him."

"But what can I do?" It is most important that the cable should be sent at once. Tell him that I'm going to remain on the island after the ship has gone, and that I will pay him double the charge when my money arrives."

This did not impress the postmaster greatly.

"He say, if you no got money, how you stay on ze island?" said the interpreter.

Margaret looked about her in desperation. Unless she could send a cable, she would be absolutely stranded on this out-of-the-way island, and, what was of far greater importance, a chance of catching the pirates would be lost.

"I suppose there is no British Consul here?" she asked.

"No, senhorita," the fisherman replied. "Zere is one on ze next island, but not here."

She wondered whether the postmaster would take her wrist-watch as security. It was not an expensive one, and she doubted whether it was worth the price of a long cable.

"Tell him," she said to the fisherman, taking it off, "that he may keep this until my money arrives, if he will send a cable for me."

The postmaster took the watch and examined it critically, whilst all present crowded round him and offered their opinions of it. To her relief she saw that he was pleased with it.

"He say all right," interpreted the fisherman, after the matter had been discussed for several minutes. "He say he send ze cable."

"Thank you very much," cried Margaret, feeling much relieved.

She wrote a message for her aunt and handed it over the counter. The postmaster read it with the help of the interpreter, and counted the words. He then took another look at the watch, as if to assure himself that it was sufficient security for the charges due. Apparently he decided that it was, for he walked over to a table on which stood some telegraph instruments, and Margaret had the satisfaction of seeing the message tapped out.

This business completed, there was nothing for her to do but wait for help to arrive. That might not be for two or three days. In the meanwhile she had got to live. She would have to find an innkeeper who would trust her.

She thanked the fisherman and left the post office. Looking up and down the main street she saw a few poor shops and a cafe or two, but no inn. Thinking that there might be one near the pier, she set off in that direction.

She had reached the beach end of the street again when she saw a heavy figure coming up from the landing-stage. It was Captain Zoller and he was hurrying towards her. Instinct prompted her to run, but she told herself that he would not dare to offer her any violence with half the people of the village looking on. She therefore stood her ground.

"Ha!" he cried, when he reached her. "You here have got, eh? You will to the ship come back with me at once."

"Oh, no, I won't, Captain Zoller," she answered defiantly.

The pirate skipper scowled at her.

"You will not, hey?" he snarled. "Then I will show you."

He stepped up to her and caught her arm in a vice-like grip.

"You come with me!" he ordered.

With this he started to drag her, struggling but helpless in his powerful grasp, towards the landing-stage.

CAPTAIN ZOLLER'S actions at once attracted attention and he had not dragged Margaret more than a few yards before a crowd of interested villagers began to form round them. Margaret appealed to them for assistance, but, although they must have understood what she wanted none of them attempted to help her.

They had nearly reached the landing-stage when a man wearing a shabby, grey uniform and a battered peak-cap appeared. Margaret guessed correctly that he was the village constable. He slouched up to them and seemed disposed to interfere. He held out his arm in front of Zoller and said something to him in Portuguese. This Zoller evidently understood, for he stopped and replied to him in the same language. What he said evidently amused the policeman, for a broad grin spread over his face. At the same time there was a coarse chuckle from the crowd. After a short discussion the representative of the law stood aside, and Zoller, giving Margaret's arm a vicious jerk, resumed his way towards the landing-stage, dragging her after him.

A boat was waiting for them and into this Margaret was unceremoniously hustled. To her surprise the constable got in as well.

His captive once more safely in his power, Captain Zoller seemed to be suddenly full of good humor.

"I tell the policeman you my wife," he announced with a chuckle, as the boatman pulled towards the ship. "I say you try to run away from me. He think it a very good joke. Ha! Ha!"

Margaret was too downhearted at her recapture to feel as much annoyed at this as she would otherwise have been.

"Then why is he coming with us?" she asked.

"When we the ship reach, I will a present give him, so that he believe what I say. Ha! ha! ha! If you run away again, he bring you back quick."

As soon as they reached the ship Captain Zoller took her to her room.

"How you get out before?" he demanded.

The Greek steamer was still alongside, but Margaret saw that she had moved a little, so that the two port-holes were no longer opposite one another.

"Through the keyhole," she replied.

"You joke with me, hey?" Captain Zoller replied, his unwonted good humor having evaporated. "Well, I see you not get out any more. I leave Keppel in here with you."

Keppel was one of the mates.

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"Leave him in here? You wouldn't dare?"

"Wouldn't I? You will see."

He called for Keppel, who soon appeared. Zoller gave him a few instructions and then, despite Margaret's protests, locked the door on the pair of them.

Looking out of the corner of her eye she saw that the Greek steamer had moved again and that the two port-holes were once more opposite each other. She quickly evolved a plan. She got up as casually as possible from the settee on which she had been sitting, and made a movement as if to pick up a packet of cigarettes from the table. Instead, she suddenly bent down, caught hold of the two rear legs of Keppel's chair, and gave them a sharp tug. He had been sitting with it tilted in a very insecure position and, before he knew what was happening, he was sprawling on the floor. Quick to seize her advantage, she lifted the heavy chair and brought it down with all her strength on his head. It had the desired effect. Without uttering a sound he rolled over on one side, a thin stream of blood trickling from a wound in his scalp.

The sight of her victim lying on the floor made her feel sick, but after a moment or two she managed to pull herself together for the next and most revolting part of her plan. She knew that, dressed as she was, it was extremely unlikely that she would be able to reach the bridge and carry out her intention of destroying the compasses without attracting attention. If she were to have any chance she must wear male attire. She therefore dragged off Keppel's coat and trousers and put them on over her own garments. He was about the same size as herself, and with his greasy cap pulled down over her eyes, and her hair carefully tucked in, she thought that she might pass for one of the crew at a little distance.

This repulsive task completed, she set about repeating her escape of the morning. She managed it without mishap, and in a few minutes she had passed through the cabin and alleyway on the Greek, and was walking across the plank between the two ships back to the one she had just left.

No one stopped her as she climbed the ladder, and she reached the bridge without a hitch. There were two compasses, one in front of the wheel and one on a raised platform above the bridge. The destruction of the first presented no difficulties. All she had to do was to remove its brass cover and shatter the delicate instrument with a spanner she had found. Two or three blows from this and the thing was a twisted and useless wreck.

THE second compass was in a very exposed position, and she was afraid that she would be seen and perhaps shot at before she could carry out her task. However, nobody appeared to notice her. She repeated her performance without being interfered with and descended again in safety to the bridge.

Her task accomplished, she paused a moment to look about her. From her lofty vantage-point she had an extensive view of the land-locked harbor and of the barren hills that surrounded it. She wondered whether there were some other villages in which the police had not been bribed, where she could take refuge until——

Suddenly she caught her breath. Her glance, travelling round, had fallen on the bridge of the Greek steamer alongside and, in particular, upon the compass which occupied a central position upon it. A lot of use what she had done would be! As soon as the pirates found that their own compasses had been destroyed they would seize those belonging to the Greek. Unless, of course, she could destroy them, too!

The thought had no sooner occurred to her than she set about acting upon it. She hurried down the ladder and, after once more successfully running the gauntlet of the men who were hanging about the deck, she found herself on the bridge of the Greek steamer. Once there it was only a few moments before she had rendered that vessel's compasses as useless as those of the pirate ship.

She descended to the lower bridge, where she thought she would be less conspicuous, and paused to consider what should be her next move. If she attempted to reach the shore now, she would probably run into Captain Zoller on his way back. She thought it would be best, therefore, to hide on the Greek. Quite apart from her natural reluctance to return to the pirate ship, she shuddered to think what Zoller might do to her if she were in his power when he discovered what she had done.

As these thoughts passed through her mind she caught sight of a small boat coming off from the shore. Zoller was in it, and he seemed to be urging the already straining boatman to row yet faster.

She crouched down out of sight. She was not out of hearing, though, and a few minutes later there were sounds that indicated unmistakably that Captain Zoller had reached the deck of his ship.

"That pig-dog woman has a cable sent," he shouted. "I to the post office went and demanded that it should be stopped. But the postmaster say it already has gone."

"We shall have to leave at once, then," came the voice of the chief engineer, who proceeded to deliver himself of a string of oaths. "Anyway, we've got most of the coal aboard."

"Yes, we will at once be gone. But first we the cable must cut. The British Admiralty will cable to the authorities of the island and ask for information about us. You must go ashore with some sailors to do it. While you do that we for sea will get ready."

He then moved out of earshot. Margaret, however, remained where she was, anxious to keep out of sight of the other ship.

A quarter of an hour had passed when another uproar suddenly broke out on board the pirate.

"That woman have escaped," came the voice of Zoller again. "She has nearly killed Keppel, and his clothes taken. Where is that woman?"

He had hardly finished speaking when there was a shout from the bridge.

"Somebody's smashed the compasses," Margaret heard the chief mate yell. "Come up here and have a look!"

This was followed half a minute later by a stream of profanity from Zoller.

"It is that woman! When I find her I will kill her. Where is that woman?"

It was most disastrous for Margaret that the Greek skipper should choose that moment to come out of his cabin, the door of which was only a few feet from where she was crouching. Seeing her, he said something to her in his own language, but when she did not reply he addressed her in English.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you do here?"

Margaret saw that it would be impossible to bluff it out.

"Please let me stay here," she whispered. "I am in trouble."

To show him that she was a girl she removed the cap she was wearing. This was, to say the least of it, incautious, for Zoller was now on his bridge, and so she was no longer screened from him. By bad luck he happened to be looking in her direction at that precise instant, and immediately spotted her.

"Hi! There she is!" he cried. "That woman is over there. Let me get at her."

WHEN Craig and Maxwell drove away from Maple Lodge it was already light.

"We mustn't waste any time getting to Scotland Yard," said the former, "but my place is practically on our direct route there and the few minutes it'll take us to have a wash won't make much difference."

By the time they reached his rooms the milkman and the postman were making their rounds. The latter had already called and Craig found a little pile of letters for him on the hall table. On the top of these was a telegram. He picked this up and tore it open. It ran as follows:—

"Received cable this evening signed Margaret as follows: 'Tell authorities am at Algara Island with pirates. They stopping day or two coaling send money love.' Cannot understand this. Wire at once. Am distracted.—Julia Greenwood."

With a gasp Craig sank into a chair. He had turned quite white.

With a shaking hand he held the message out to Maxwell.

"Read that," he said hoarsely.

Maxwell ran his eye over it.

"But, good Lord!" he cried. "It can't be from her, we—er——"

"That's what I think. But why should anyone want to send a message like that, unless it is genuine? And why from Algara of all places?"

"Perhaps it is genuine, sir! We may not have sunk that ship after all, and this second one that's appeared lately is really the same ship all the time."

"But there was no sign of her after the squall had passed and we saw the wreckage."

"Still, sir, she might have given us the slip. What with the squall and the bad visibility after it, it is quite possible that she threw that wreckage overboard to deceive us and then dodged us."

Craig's face lit up.

"I believe you're right," he cried. "Perhaps—perhaps my little girl is alive after all. Anyway, we'll act on this, by Heavens, we will!"

"I suppose this telegram really has come from Miss Julia Greenwood?"

"We shall have to find out. She should have come straight over here when she got it, instead of wiring late in the evening. We've lost twelve hours, and if we're going to catch those crooks at Algara, we've got little enough time."

He paused for a moment and then resumed.

"I'll go straight to the Admiralty and see if I can get them to send a cruiser there at once. In the meantime, you must take a taxi to Sydenham and get the original of the cable from Miss Greenwood. If she isn't up, drag her out of bed. You'd better meet me at the Admiralty with it."

Craig was delayed on his way to the Admiralty by the beginning of the morning traffic rush. Each time he had to stop in a jamb he could scarcely contain his impatience, when he thought how a few minutes wasted might make all the difference between catching the pirates in the harbor or giving them time to escape. These delays, however, were trivial compared to the one which he had to endure on reaching his destination. It was not much past

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eight when he bounded up the steps, and no one of importance had yet arrived—nor was likely to arrive, so he was told, for some time.

While he was waiting Maxwell appeared. He brought with him the original of the cable, and there was now no doubt that it had actually come from Algara.

At last Craig's persistent demands to have his business attended to at once bore fruit, and he was granted an interview.

To the official into whose presence he was ushered he briefly stated who he was and then handed him the cable from Margaret.

"Algara? Let me see, that's somewhere in the Atlantic, isn't it?" queried the official with maddening deliberation.

"Yes," replied Craig. "It is the most north-easterly of the Azores Islands. It is off the regular tracks and ships hardly ever call there."

"H'm! I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that we have no vessel patrolling in that area at the moment. However, I'll make sure."

Craig waited anxiously while a naval officer was summoned to join the consultation and charts were spread out upon the table.

"You will forgive me pointing it out," said Craig, "but the time available is very limited. It would be advisable to waste as little as possible."

"You needn't worry about that," the officer assured him. "As soon as the decision has been made, the nearest available ship will be ordered by wireless to proceed to Algara at once. But I am afraid that there is little chance of her arriving there until dawn the day after to-morrow."

Craig left the building much less hopeful than he had entered it. The chances of a cruiser reaching the island in time to be of any use seemed very small. Of course, the pirates might be delayed for some reason or other; on the other hand, they might already have left Algara—and Margaret with them.

Craig turned suddenly to Maxwell. "Heaven only knows what's happening to Margaret," he exclaimed. "We've got to get to Algara before that ship sails. As far as I can see, the only way to do it is to fly there."

"Isn't it rather far, sir?" returned Maxwell dubiously. "It must be at least fifteen hundred miles and we would be butting into the prevailing westerly winds the whole way. I should think that it would be necessary to have a plane specially fitted for a long flight."

"Yes, I dare say you're right. And it won't be easy to get hold of one at such short notice. We can try, though. I don't suppose that, if we go there by ourselves, we shall be able to do much to prevent them sailing, but at least we may be able to rescue Miss Greenwood. So we'll see what we can do about a plane. Come along!"

"Why not try the Air Ministry, sir?" Maxwell suggested. "If anyone has a suitable plane, it'll be they."

"Yes, but by the time they have thought it over and decided whether we can have it or not, it will be too late."

He was silent for a moment.

"On the other hand," he resumed slowly, "I can't think where else we can get one from. We may as well try them. They can but——"

Suddenly he broke off. A tall, bronzed man had stopped in front of them and was holding out his hand.

"If it isn't old Craig!" he exclaimed. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"Norton, by Jove!" cried Craig, grasping the other's hand. "You're just the very man we want."

He introduced Maxwell.

"Norton does quite a lot of flying," he said. "He'll be able to tell us where we can get a plane."

"If you'll let me know what you want, I'll certainly tell you where to look for it," said Norton. "But we can't talk here. My Club is just round the corner. Come along and have a spot with me."

As soon as they were seated in a secluded corner of the Club smoking-room, Craig explained the situation.

"There's no difficulty about that," Norton exclaimed, when he had finished. "My own kite is just the thing. She's a snorter. Though I say it myself, she's one of the finest private machines in the country. And, what's more, she's all ready to start at once. I've just had her rigged up for a long flight. I'm going to make next month, and she is in perfect order."

"You mean to say you'll take us there?"

"Of course."

"It'll be awfully good of you. I don't know how I can thank you."

"There's no need."

"How soon can we start?"

"Well, the kite is down at Southampton—did I tell you that she's a seaplane? If we start about seven this evening, allowing for the head winds which we shall probably encounter, we should reach Algara soon after daybreak. How will that suit you? I dare say we could get away earlier, but if we were to we'd have to land in the dark."

"That will do very well. If those crooks don't sail this evening, I think we can rely on them not doing so before daylight."

"All right. I'll wire my man to have everything ready. Then we can have a spot of lunch, and after that run down in my car."

At six o'clock next morning Craig, sitting beside Norton in the cockpit of the latter's seaplane, was scanning the sea. So far all had gone well. They had got away from Southampton without delay, and throughout the flight the weather had been fine. All night Norton had sat at the controls, for they had no relief pilot. Craig had acted as navigator, but this did not occupy the whole of his time, and both he and Maxwell had been able to get a little sleep, which they both needed after their adventures of the previous night.

"That looks like it," he said, indicating a smudge on the horizon almost directly ahead, and just visible in the early morning light.

"If it is, we're well up to time," returned Norton.

The smudge grew quickly until it resolved itself into a small, rocky island.

"There's the harbor," Craig pointed out, when they had approached to within a few miles of it, "and—yes, there are two ships in it. This is the place all right."

"We'd better not go too near those pirates," said Norton. "They'd probably guess we're after them, and we don't want them to try that confounded ray of theirs on us. There's a sheltered bay round that point. We'll land there."

They skirted the coast for a few minutes and then glided down on to the water, making an excellent landing. They made the plane secure as quickly as possible and got ashore. There were a few cottages close to the beach and a fisherman informed Craig, who could speak a few words of Portuguese, that it was not more than a couple of miles to the village and offered to act as their guide. There was, he said, no vehicle available, so they were obliged to walk.

"You're in command now," said Norton to Craig. "What are your plans?"

"We'll have to find out first where Miss Greenwood is and when those scum are thinking of sailing," Craig replied. "Then we'll see what help, if any, we can rely on from the local authorities. Hullo! Who's this?"

A short, sun-burnt man, wearing a soiled blue suit of nautical cut and a peaked cap, had appeared round a bend of the street and was advancing towards them with an uncertain gait. Although it was scarcely breakfast-time, he was already drunk, and he appeared to be looking about for somewhere where he could get still drunker.

Suddenly he lurched to the right and entered a small cafe.

"I don't mind betting that fellow's off the pirate ship," said Craig. "If he is, it's obvious that she isn't sailing yet. Let's see if we can get anything out of him."

"Right oh!" agreed Norton. "In any case, a good cup of coffee will do us all good."

They entered the cafe, and took the table next to the one at which the man they had followed was already sitting with a bottle in front of him. Craig ordered coffee and rolls.

He waited a minute or two, and then turned to the man.

"That's a fine ship of yours," he said. "I suppose you're the mate of her."

The man seemed glad to have found someone to speak to.

"One of 'em, I am," he said thickly, "though you wouldn't think it. With my experience I ought to be skipper, I ought. But the pay's good and good money ain't easily picked up these days. Fifty quid a month I'm getting and a bonus—and I'm worth it, though I says it myself."

"What are you loading here?"

"Loading? We ain't loading. We're gentlemen, we are, on that ship. Never a bit of cargo have we had to handle since I've been in her."

He drained his glass and then, after drawing his chair close to Craig, he leant confidentially towards him.

"We don't want cargo, we don't," he said huskily. "It's blood we're after. Have a drink?"

"Thanks, I'll have a bottle of beer."

The sailor, after asking the others what they were going to have, gave an order and then leaned towards Craig again.

Craig thought it was time to get down to business.

"When are you sailing?" he asked.

"Sailing? We aren't sailing."

"Not sailing? Do you mean you're going to stay here indefinitely?"

"Yes—indefinitely, till them flaming engineers get her fixed up."

"You've got engine trouble, then?"

"Not exactly that. It's the compasses, if you see what I mean."

"What! Is there something wrong with them?"

"That there is! Have another drink?"

"Not just yet, thanks. You were telling me about the compasses."

"Oh, yes! Well, it was that gal we've got aboard. Fine-looking gal she is, too, but stand-offish. Won't have nothing to do with the likes of us, she won't."

At this obvious reference to Margaret, Craig's heart beat faster.

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"What did she do to them?" he asked eagerly.

"Smashed 'em, she did. Smashed 'em all to pieces. You never saw such a mess as they was in when she'd finished with 'em. I dunno why she did it. Must have gone cracked all of a sudden, I suppose. Anyway, she's smashed 'em both, and the engineers is making a new one—if they can."

This was good news in one respect—but what of the consequence to Margaret?

"What happened after she smashed them?" Craig inquired anxiously. "Did your skipper do anything to her? Did he catch her?"

"Oh! he caught her all right. She'd gone aboard another ship that was bunkering us and smashed hers, too. Daft thing to do, if you asks me. Look here! What about another drink?"

"All right. But on me this time. What did he do to her when he caught her?"

"Do? Fair mad, he was. Told her just what he thought of her, and you can't hardly blame him, neither—doing a thing like that! Then he had her locked up in an inside room, with no port, so as she can't get out, and he put a man outside to guard the door."

CRAIG heaved a sigh of relief. Bad though her position was, the pirate skipper's revenge might, under the circumstances, easily have taken a more drastic form.

"When do you think you'll get away?" he asked.

"Them engineers think they can get things fixed up for us to get away to-morrow. But not to-day. Well, I hopes they doesn't. It's safe in here, even if the beer ain't all that it might be."

With this deep thought, he drained his glass and slid to the floor.

"I don't think we'll get anything more out of him for the present," said Craig, looking at the seaman with disgust. "Come on! We'd better go down to the beach and see how the land lies."

They soon reached the landing-stage and from there had a good view of the pirate ship.

"There is quite a number of men on deck," said Craig.

"Yes," agreed Norton. "I expect they saw our plane and guessed that it had something to do with them. Probably they're keeping a good lookout for trouble."

"It's darned awkward," Craig returned. "I was hoping that it might be possible to slip aboard without attracting attention. If that collier had still been alongside, we should have been able do it all right. As it is we've got to cross half a mile of open water. They're sure to spot that we're not islanders, and will fill us with lead before we get within a hundred yards of their ladder."

"If they're not sailing until to-morrow," put in Maxwell, "the cruiser should be here in time."

"That's all very well, but we can't be certain that she will be here. Besides, we've got to think of Miss Greenwood. According to that mate the skipper is taking it out of her by keeping her locked up. It's more than likely, though, that she has a lot more than that to put up with. On that score alone we must get her out of it as soon as possible. Quite apart from that, though, it is obsolutely vital that she should not be aboard that ship when the cruiser arrives. For one thing, she would be exposed to serious danger from shell-fire, and for another, those scum would probably display her on deck as they did before, in the hope that it would stop the commander of the cruiser from firing at them."

"You're right, sir," agreed Maxwell emphatically, "we shall have to chance it. If we row straight out without acting in a suspicious manner, we may be able to bluff them."

"Yes, but it's much more likely that we shan't. We can only try that as a last resort—if we can't think of anything better."

For a few moments Craig was silent, trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.

"I have it," he said at last. "I suggest that you two make a feint attack on them from one side and, while all their attention is concentrated on you, I'll approach from the other side and slip aboard while they're not looking."

He proceeded to elaborate his plan.

"Splendid idea!" Norton enthused.

"Of course, it'll be touch and go, and a bit high-handed, too, considering that this is a foreign port. But we really must get Margaret out of it."

They at once set about making the necessary preparations for their venture. Fortunately, they had come well supplied with cash, so that they were able to purchase the necessary assistance. They began by hiring a small wooden schooner, which was lying screened from the pirates by the jetty. On the deck of this they built a square of sand-bags, with loopholes on each side. It was Craig's intention that Maxwell and Norton should sail this as close as possible to the pirate, and then open fire on anyone in sight. If necessary they would anchor in a good position, and when the time for retreat came cut their cable and run.

Craig purchased a suit of clothes similar to those worn by the villagers and donned it. He then hired a boat and placed in it several baskets of oranges and bananas. He intended to pose as a hawker of fruit and so lessen the chances of recognition.

At last all was ready, and Craig set out to row round the rim of the harbor, so as to be able to approach the pirate ship from the off side. It was agreed that Maxwell and Norton should give him a good start before they themselves set out.

After an hour's pull Craig found himself opposite a small group of cottages on the far side of the harbor, and from which he wished it to appear that he had come. Looking towards the pirate ship, he saw that the schooner was almost in position. Presently he saw a white puff of smoke and heard the sound of the first shot—the signal for him to start to row towards his objective.

As he approached the pirate ship, he saw that his ruse had so far been successful, for all on board her seemed to be concentrating their attention on the schooner.

No one challenged him as he came alongside. He had provided himself with a short rope ladder with a big hook at one end and a bamboo with which to raise it. He fixed it to the bulwarks without much difficulty and a moment later stepped on board the pirate ship.

Carrying a basket of fruit in one hand and with his other ready to draw his automatic on an instant's notice, he walked towards a door that looked as if it led to the living accommodation. Nobody stopped him nor appeared to take any notice of him, for all were engaged in repelling what they believed to be an attempt to board from the other side. In fact, the only men he saw were two who were crouching behind the bulwarks, reloading their rifles. He would have liked very much to have shot them on the spot, but he knew that it would not do, and so he stepped inside the door.

He now had to find the room in which Margaret was imprisoned. The only thing he had to guide him was the knowledge that she was in an inside room. Descending a flight of stairs, he found himself faced with a number of closed doors. To his surprise there was no one on guard outside any of them, but he guessed that the watchman had been called to help in the defence of the ship. Most of the doors obviously belonged to outside rooms, so he could ignore them. Of the three that remained, he opened two, finding only empty rooms. The third was locked, but the key was in it. With a beating heart, he turned it and flung open the door.

Standing facing him was Margaret.

For a moment neither of them spoke. Then, with a cry of joy, she swayed towards him. In a moment he had caught her in his arms and was kissing her madly.

"John, darling," she gasped, "I thought you were never coming."

For a few precious seconds he held her tight. Then he released her.

"Come on, dear!" he whispered. "We mustn't waste time."

With his hand gripping her arm they hurried up the stairs. On reaching the outer door they paused. The coast appeared to be clear. The firing was still going on, but it would be possible to reach the boat without exposing themselves. All the pirates seemed to be engaged in the fight with the schooner.

"Now for it!" Craig whispered. "The boat is over there. Get down the ladder as fast as you can go."

They stepped into the open. And as they did so, an engineer came running round a corner and met them face to face.

IN an instant Craig drew his revolver and, clubbing it, felled the man to the ground. But his success was short-lived. He and Margaret had not taken more than a couple of steps towards the ladder when Coles, who had appeared on the deck above just in time to see the engineer fall, uttered a shout, and, snatching up a heavy spanner, which happened to be lying close at hand, hurled it at Craig. It struck him on the back of the head and he pitched forward senseless.

With a cry of alarm Margaret dropped to her knees beside Craig, but before she could do anything to help him Captain Zoller and a couple more of the pirates appeared on the scene. The firing from the schooner had now ceased, for Maxwell and Norton had exhausted their limited supply of ammunition, and so the pirates were able to devote some of their attention to what was happening aboard their own ship.

"What is all this?" demanded Zoller. "How did this man here get?"

"He must have slipped aboard when we weren't looking," replied Coles, coming up to him.

"Well, take the woman and lock her up again."

"You brutes!" cried Margaret. "You've killed him."

"Take her away!" repeated Zoller, and despite her cries and struggles she was dragged back to the room where Craig had found her.

"He's still alive," said Coles, after a brief examination of the man on the deck.

"Then knock him on the head and into the sea throw him."

At this Coles demurred.

"I don't think we ought to do that. It would be better to keep him prisoner."

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"Why? We do not prisoners want here."

"He'll be very useful as a hostage."

"But we have one already. That woman is a very good one."

"I know. But, although she is quite sufficient when someone starts to shell us in the open sea, she is not enough here. If a cruiser should arrive before we can get away—and the fact that these fellows have flown here shows that they are after us—they'll probably try to board us. Supposing they do, and we place Miss Greenwood in a conspicuous position in one part of the ship, it will only keep them away from there. It won't stop them firing with rifles at the rest of the ship. If we keep this fellow, we can put one of them at each end, which will be much better."

Zoller seemed impressed by this argument.

"Very well," he agreed. "We will keep him until we get to sea; then we will him finish off. Down that bunker hatch put him. Hey, Chief! Is there any way he can get out of that bunker down below?"

"No," the engineer replied. "The entrance to it is blocked by at least fifty tons of coal."

"All right. Throw him down there and put the cover on. He will be safer down there than in a room.

A couple of Chinese sailors picked up Craig's still motionless body and dropped him through the open hatch on to the coal some six feet below. They then battened down the hatch.

When Craig came to a few minutes later, he wondered where he could be. Presently, however, his brain cleared, and he guessed where he was.

As soon as he had recovered a bit he set about trying to find a way out. This proved difficult. All he could do was to crawl over the irregular heaps of coal and feel about with his hands. He completely lost his sense of direction and wandered about in the middle of the bunker for some time before he at last found one of its sides. This was a smooth steel wall, and for a while he could find no break in it. Eventually he came to a place where the coal was piled up high against it, and, trying to scale this obstruction, he rolled down the slope and lost touch with it.

When at last he came upon steel again, he had almost given up hope of escape. This time he could feel the outline of frames, so he knew that he was now against the ship's side. He was not really looking for this, for what he wanted was to find the outlet from the bunker into the stokehold, which he knew must exist, although it might be blocked with coal. He, therefore, felt his way along the ship's ribs, in the hope of working round to the other side.

Suddenly his hand struck against something which caused a flash of hope to spring up in his heart. It was the edge of a big steel door in the ship's side, which he knew was intended for passing coal through. If he could get this open, he should be able to escape.

However, he soon found that to get the door open would be no mean task. It was fastened with massive steel clamps held in position by big wing nuts. Coal was piled up against it to half its height, and before he could get at the bottom clamps he would have to clear it away.

He set to work to throw the coal back from the door, and a weary business he found it. Working in the pitch dark he could not see where he was throwing the big lumps, and many of them came rolling back on top of him. He soon lost all count of time, and when at last all the coal had been cleared away he knew that hours must have passed.

After a few minutes' much-needed rest, he started removing the clamps. This in itself was difficult, for the nuts were stiff and he was obliged to hit them with heavy pieces of coal to turn them. He was afraid that the noise he made would attract attention. Apparently it did not, though, for he was not disturbed and at last he was able to force the heavy door open.

He found that it was now dark outside. All was quiet.

The doorway was about five feet below the deck, and it would have been possible for him to have climbed up. But Zoller had disarmed him, and he knew that it would now be useless for him to attempt to release Margaret and get her ashore single-handed. He must first find his companions and obtain their help.

He dropped into the water and, when he found that the splash he had made had not attracted attention, he swam a few strokes to where a row-boat was tied to a rope. He climbed into this and cast her adrift. There was some tide running, and he was able to let her drift well clear of the ship before he used the oars.

Once he started to row, he pulled for the landing-stage as hard as he could. He wondered where Norton and Maxwell had got to. It was imperative that he should find them without delay.

On the way he passed close to the Greek tramp. Having completed the work of coaling the pirate ship, she had hauled off and anchored, but she had been unable to proceed to sea, owing to the damage that Margaret had inflicted to her compasses. Craig ran his eye over her black outline and, as he did so, a great and daring scheme occurred to him.

HE found his two friends pacing up and down the main street of the village. They both greeted him with enthusiasm and relief.

"Thank the Lord you're safe!" cried Norton. "We were afraid you'd been done for."

"We're frightfully glad to see you, sir," Maxwell burst out. "We were terribly anxious about you."

"I have been very anxious about you, too," Craig returned.

In a few words he told them what had happened to him.

"How did you get on?" he asked them, when he had finished.

"We carried on until all our ammunition was exhausted," replied Maxwell. "We only actually saw you for about a second, but we noticed a disturbance on board and guessed that you'd been spotted. We would have brought the schooner alongside and tried to board the pirate, but it was quite impossible to manoeuvre her with half a dozen of them potting at us with rifles and a machine-gun sweeping our deck. When the commotion on board died down, we guessed that either you'd got away from the other side or had been laid out. In either case there was nothing to be gained by staying where we were, so we slipped the cable and let our old tub drift out of range.

"As soon as we got ashore and found that you hadn't returned we routed out the Mayor and tried to get him to give us some assistance. However, he said he couldn't. I think he'd have liked to have run us in, but didn't dare. We then tried to cable to London to tell the Admiralty how things stood, but it appears those crooks have cut the cable. We couldn't even get through to the next island, where, we are told, a Portuguese gun-boat is lying; but we sent a fisherman with a letter asking for assistance, though I must say we weren't very hopeful of it being any use. When we saw you coming along, we were planning an attempt at boarding the pirate in the middle of the night, when they might all be turned in."

"Stout fellows!" Craig exclaimed, when he had finished. "By the way, what time is it?"

"About eight o'clock."

"Well, I've got a pretty good scheme which I'll explain to you in a few minutes. First of all, though, I could do with some dry clothes and something to eat. Let's go into this cafe."

"It's full of sailors off the Greek ship. The one down the road will be better."

Craig hesitated a moment.

"No, this one will do," he said, and led the way inside.

He sent someone to fetch his own clothes, which he had left at the little shop where he had purchased his fruit-seller's outfit. Then, when he had had a wash and changed, they all sat down to supper together.

When they were half-way through their meal, Craig turned his attention to the Greek sailors.

"Those fellows don't look very lively," he said suddenly. "I'm afraid they'll be going back to their ship disgustingly sober."

It certainly looked like it. Each of them was taking an occasional sip from a small glass of watery wine, and none appeared very cheerful. Evidently funds were low.

"I don't suppose it will hurt them," said Norton sardonically.

"I should hate to see them do it," returned Craig, much to the astonishment of the others. "We must see if we can't liven them up a bit."

He called the landlord over to him.

"Drinks all round," he ordered.

"Certainly, senhor," the landlord replied with a bow, and in a few minutes the drinks were served.

As soon as he and his companions had finished their supper, Craig spoke to the landlord again.

"See that these fellows enjoy themselves," he directed, placing some money on the table. "Whatever they want to drink I will pay for. I will be back presently."

"Most certainly, senhor," was the gushing response. "I will see that they have all they want."

Craig signalled to the others and led the way out into the street.

"We're now going aboard that Greek steamer," he announced.

"Whatever for?" Norton exclaimed in surprise.

"To take possession of her, and sink her in the entrance to the harbor. Then those pirates will be bottled up, and will have to stay here until the cruiser arrives."

"But, sir," objected Maxwell, "won't that be going a bit too far? Seizing a foreign ship and sinking her may lead to a lot of trouble."

"We shall have to chance that. After all, she has been coaling the pirates."

"I'm on," said Norton. "And I don't mind if Greece does declare war on us about it."

"Same here!" exclaimed Maxwell.

"Good! We'll get a boat at once and go straight ahead with it."

No hitch occurred, and it was not long before they were making their boat fast to the bottom of the Greek's ladder. It was a very dark night, and no one challenged them as they climbed up the ship's side, nor did anybody inquire their business when they reached the deck.

They could see two or three sailors lounging about near the open door of the fo'c'sle, whilst lights in several port-holes showed that some of the officers were on board. They decided to deal with the latter first.

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As Craig had anticipated, they encountered very little resistance. The sight of their revolvers was all that was needed to cow the Greeks and in a few minutes they had securely tied up two mates, an engineer and a steward. The captain, they found, was not on board, and Craig took advantage of his absence to borrow his revolver to replace the one he had lost on the pirate ship.

They next went forward to deal with the crew. The task of securing the few men who had not gone ashore proved no more difficult than that of overcoming the officers, and the intruders came aft again.

Leaving Maxwell on deck to keep watch Craig and Norton descended into the engine-room. There they found an engineer and a couple of firemen. These surrendered without argument. However, they were not locked up. Their services were needed.

Craig found to his relief that the engineer could speak English.

"Have you got steam up?" he asked him.

"No," was the reply. "We do not know when we are going to sail."

Although Craig had expected this to be the case, it came as a disappointment.

"How long will it take you to raise enough steam to move the ship slowly?" he demanded.

"Five or six hours, I think."

"Very well. Turn to and raise it as quickly as you can. And no tricks, mind! The first time you try anything, we'll shoot. Savvy?"

"Yes, I savvy. In four hours you shall have steam."

Craig then returned to the deck, leaving Norton to keep an eye on things below. He then proceeded to make a round of the ship, assuring himself that everything was ready for moving as soon as steam was available.

Presently sounds of singing drifted across the water and a few minutes later a boat filled with the sailors from the cafe came alongside. Craig had at first intended not to allow them to come on board; but it occurred to him that, if he did, they would probably row over to the other ship to beg a night's lodgings, thus giving the pirates warning that something was on foot. He therefore changed his mind.

As soon as the men reached the deck they were held up and shepherded into the fo'c'sle. They all protested loudly, but none offered any resistance.

Half an hour later another boat came off, bearing the skipper and the chief engineer. The former of these, on being held up as soon as he reached the deck, attempted to draw a knife; but Maxwell knocked his arm up and he was disarmed and locked up with his companion.

According to the engineer's estimate steam should have been ready by three o'clock However, in his anxiety to placate Craig, he had under-estimated the time required, and it was nearly four when he reported that it would be possible to move the ship at half speed.

Craig at once gave orders for the ship to be got under way. He now found himself very short-handed. He did not dare trust any of the Greeks with the wheel, so he himself was obliged to combine the duties of pilot and helmsman. Norton remained below to see that the engineer and fireman carried out their duties. This left Maxwell to raise the anchor—or, to be precise, to release some of the sailors and stand over them while they did it.

Before they actually started to move, Maxwell released all the Greeks who were not required to work the ship, and Craig ordered them to lower a lifeboat and get into it. For safety's sake they could only let a few out at a time, so it was a slow business, and dawn was breaking before the last of them was over the side.

At last the engines began to turn, and the ship's head swung round towards the harbor mouth. Craig had as far as possible avoided shouting or making any other noise that might attract the attention of the pirates; but he could not silence the indignant cries of the Greek sailors as they cowed away, nor the clatter of the steam windlass as it raised the anchor. Unfortunately, Captain Zoller was already on deck, for the new compasses had been finished, and he had decided to sail at dawn. His surprise at seeing a lifeboat full of sailors rowing away from the Greek at that hour in the morning was great and he at once focused his glasses on her. He immediately recognised Craig and saw that something was happening. He did not at first guess exactly what this could be, but he was taking no risks and so he prepared to deal with any situation that might arise.

The collier had to pass within a hundred yards of the pirate and, as she drew near, she was suddenly greeted by a hail of bullets from a machine-gun. Craig flung himself flat, but there was practically no cover. Luckily, however, the man directing the gun had had very little practice with it, and, although a number of bullets came close, none hit him.

The mouth of the harbor was reached, and at an order from Craig, Maxwell let go the anchor. Norton had been entrusted with the important task of opening the sea-cocks, and Craig shouted down the speaking-tube to him to do so. At the same time he rang down an order to the engineer.

To his dismay Craig found that there was far more current running through the narrow channel that he had anticipated The result was that he had great difficulty in getting the ship into the position in which he wanted her to sink. Even when he had at last done so, she would not stay there, and he was obliged to keep ringing down further orders for the engines to start or stop. The first two or three of these were obeyed. Then, when he gave the order for "slow ahead," the engines did not move, and they remained stopped, despite his frantic ringing of the telegraph.

Suddenly the speaking-tube whistle blew.

"I can't keep the men down here any longer," came Norton's voice. "Water is pouring in. I'm making them rake the fires out, and then they'll have to beat it."

"All right," Craig replied. "We shall have to chance it. When you come up, see about getting everyone still aboard into the lifeboat."

The ship was now well down in the water, but she was lying not more than half across the channel. After a minute or two, however, a gust of wind caught her, and she swung back into her proper position.

Craig looked towards the other ship. The pirates had now seen his object, and were hurriedly weighing anchor. Even as he watched, it came out of the water, and he saw the ship move forward.

He looked at his own ship's head again. As she lay now she was in approximately the right position. In ten minutes' time she would have sunk and be resting on the bottom with her upper works above the water. But at such a moment ten minutes is a long time.

The pirate skipper, having started towards the entrance, appeared to be in doubt as to whether he would be able to pass the collier, for Craig saw by the wash of his propeller that he had started to go astern. Then the gust of wind that had blown the Greek into position died down and she started to swing back again. But her decks were almost awash. She might sink at any moment. Craig waited breathlessly. Would she sink in time?

THE pirate skipper saw that in a few moments the collier would have swung round sufficiently for him to be able to pass, so he at once gave the order for "full head." Craig looked on helplessly. There was absolutely nothing that he could do to get the ship back into position. By now the engine-room was half full of water, and the steering-gear was useless.

Then, when the pirate ship was barely a hundred yards away, the collier began to swing back. But too late. She had hardly started to move in the right direction, when she suddenly settled down, only her upper works remaining above water.

A moment later the oncoming vessel was in the channel. As Craig had feared, there was room for her to pass.

"Take cover!" he yelled and, even as he did so, the pirates opened fire with their machine-gun and a hail of bullets swept over the ship.

Craig, lying flat on the deck, wrenched out his revolver with the intention of picking off as many of the enemy as he could. They had evidently foreseen this possibility. Just as he was about to fire there was a commotion round one of the doors, and to his horror he saw Margaret being dragged out. There was a man on each side of her, and despite her struggles they forced her towards the bridge. Evidently they hoped that Craig and his companions would now not dare to fire at them. However, they were mistaken. There was a great deal of difference between the danger of hitting the wrong person with bursting shells and with revolver bullets, and Craig was able to drop two of the pirates without in any way endangering Margaret. Then, to the accompaniment of shouts and curses from both sides, the pirate ship passed out of range.

Craig stood up and relieved his feelings violently.

"We'll have to get ashore at once and see if we can't get a message through some wireless station to that cruiser," he called to Norton, who had come up on to the lower bridge.

"Yes. Pretty foul luck, eh?" Norton returned.

Craig came down the ladder and joined him.

"Where's Maxwell?" he asked.

"Here, sir," came a voice behind him. "I've had to swim from the fo'c'sle."

"All right. We'll get a boat out."

He looked round. A couple of hundred yards away the Greek engineer and firemen, who had pushed off while Norton's attention had been momentarily diverted from them, were pulling hard for the shore.

"That's our last boat they've got," he cried. "Hi! Come back!"

As was only to be expected, the Greeks took no notice of him.

He swore.

"We shall have to get a boat from the shore," he exclaimed, "though after all the shooting I don't suppose any of the boatmen will be anxious to come near us."

"If they won't, we shall have to swim for it," said Norton.

Craig made a mental estimate of the distance to the shore and the strength of the current, which was now running fast out of the harbor.

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"I doubt whether we'd be able to reach the beach," he returned. "The current would probably carry us out to sea. We'd better try to get a boat first, anyway."

They waved and shouted, but, as he had foreseen, nobody took any notice.

"They're probably afraid we'd treat them as we did the Greeks," said Maxwell.

In the intervals of trying to attract the attention of the boatmen, Craig kept looking out to sea. The pirates had disappeared round a point of land and there was now no ship in sight.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"What's that?" he cried, pointing to a smudge of smoke that had appeared on the horizon.

"Ten to one it's the cruiser," cried Maxwell, looking in the direction indicated.

They soon saw that he was right.

THE newcomer, which proved to be the light cruiser Andromeda, saw the wreck lying in the mouth of the harbor and stopped about half a mile off it. Craig at once proceeded to semaphore to her the following message:

"Pirate disappeared half an hour ago round north-east point."

To which the cruiser signalled back:

"Will follow. Do you need assistance?"

Craig replied "No," and at once the cruiser's propellers started to move again. A few minutes later she disappeared at full speed in the direction the pirates had taken.

"At that speed she ought to catch them in no time," said Norton.

"Yes," Craig agreed.

"If only we could get ashore," Norton went on, "we could nip back to the kite and go up and spot for them. We'd be certain to see the pirate ship, if we could get up soon."

"That's true. I only hope someone will come off to us before long. It's sickening being stuck here like this. Those fellows have the devil's own luck. If this old hulk had only sunk five minutes sooner those Navy chaps would be boarding them now and we with them."

They did not have much longer to wait, for presently they saw a boat approaching. Besides two boatmen, it contained the Greek skipper, two policemen—the entire police force of the village—and an official in an ancient gold-braided uniform, who proved to be the Captain of the Port, the Collector of Customs and the Mayor of the village.

They boarded the wreck and came up to Craig and his companions. It was very obvious that the Greek skipper was the moving spirit of the party. The others, who had doubtless been listening to blood-curdling tales of violence told by the ejected crew, plainly did not relish their mission.

"You scoundrels!" he cried in tolerable English, as he shook his fist in Craig's face. "You steal my ship and sink her, hey? I will have you arrested and put in prison."

"You have only yourself to blame," returned Craig quietly. "It is you who will be arrested—as an accomplice of the pirates."

"I am not an accomplice of them," shouted the Greek, fairly dancing with rage. "I was chartered by a London firm to bring coal here. It was not until yesterday that I discovered that it was the pirate ship that I had coaled. You have sunk my ship. She was the finest ship in the whole Greek——"

At this point the Port Captain, etc., evidently thinking that he was not getting the attention due to one of his position, suddenly commenced to address Craig in a flood of Portuguese.

"What does he say?" asked Norton, when he at last stopped speaking.

"I'm afraid that was a bit too much for my Portuguese," replied Craig.

"He says you have blocked the channel," burst out the Greek once more, "and that as Captain of the Port he will have you arrested for obstructing navigation. Also, as Immigration Officer, he will have you arrested for landing on the island without passports. And I will have you arrested for assaulting me and my crew and stealing my ship."

"Not if we know it," exclaimed Norton.

"Let's talk about that when we get ashore," whispered Craig. "We don't want to be left out here indefinitely."

They got into the boat and presently reached the little landing-stage. Most of the population had turned out to meet them, and they pressed close round the terrible foreign desperadoes, whom their gallant police had so bravely captured.

"What are we going to do, sir?" whispered Maxwell. "Make a dash for it?"

Craig surveyed the crowd.

"No," he said. "I dare say we could fight our way out of this mob without much difficulty. But we've already blocked their harbor for them. We don't want to hurt any of them into the bargain."

"That's all very well," protested Norton, "but the cruiser may miss that ship, if we don't go up to spot for them."

"Don't worry. As soon as we get to the police station, I'll fix it up."

And fix it up he did. Arrived at the police station, he managed to get the Port Captain-Mayor into a room by himself and there, with a wad of Treasury notes in his hand to emphasise his arguments, he explained that it was absolutely necessary for him and his friends to leave without delay. The official could understand very little of what he was saying, but he "savvied" the treasury notes, and in a few minutes the three of them were out in the street again—free.

"Now for the plane," exclaimed Craig briskly.

"Half a minute," interposed Norton. "You've forgotten one thing—petrol. We hadn't much more than an hour's supply left when we landed. We shall have to fill up."

However, filling up proved to be no easy matter.

It appeared that there were no motor cars on the island and consequently no petrol for sale. But a good deal of questioning revealed the fact that there was a man of some wealth, who lived at another village about three miles distant, who owned a small schooner with an auxiliary petrol engine. Perhaps he might be persuaded to sell them some.

It eventually transpired that this man was willing to sell them some petrol—at the price of champagne—and they managed to secure a sufficient quantity from him. However, it took them so long to get hold of him and the negotiations for the sale were so protracted, that the afternoon was well advanced before they finally reached the bay where the seaplane was moored.

"By this time," said Craig, looking dubiously at his watch, "the cruiser will probably have caught those crooks. If she hasn't they will probably be two hundred or two-fifty miles away. Do you think it's any good going up?"

Norton considered for a moment.

"Candidly, I don't think it is," he replied reluctantly.

"Very well, we'll have to give up the idea and go straight back home. But I should like to wait here and see if the Andromeda comes back."

"There's nothing to stop us doing that."

"No. If she doesn't turn up by dawn tomorrow, we can take it that she isn't coming back. And if we push off then, we shall have nice time to reach Plymouth by dark."

"Right oh! Well, the best thing we can do now is to get something to eat and find somewhere to sleep. We could all do with a good night's rest."

They managed to secure a room at one of the cafes. It was a very second-rate place, but in the circumstances that did not worry them greatly.

They had been sitting there for about half an hour, when, to their surprise, a familiar figure emerged from another cafe some fifty yards down the street.

Maxwell gripped Craig's arm.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "There's that mate of theirs we were talking to yesterday. He must have missed his ship."

The sailor was in much the same condition as he had been in when they had last seen him. Down the street he came, singing at the top of his voice. When he caught sight of Craig and the others, he stopped in front of their table.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "You chaps still here?"

"Yes," returned Craig, a scheme forming in his mind. "Have a drink with us."

"I don't mind if I do," replied the man, flopping into a chair. "Mine's a whisky."

"How did you come to miss your ship?" Craig asked him, as the drinks were being placed on the table.

"I dunno. Who cares, anyhow? There's plenty more."

"But you're stranded here. How are you going to get home?"

"I ain't going home. They don't want me there, and I don't want them. Chucked me out of my ship they did and cancelled my ticket, just because they said I was tight when we had a collision. So I was, too. What was it to do with them, though? Can't a man have a drink if he wants to? I'm going to America, I am, where a man can be free."

"If you like," said Craig, "you can come along with us. We've got a plane here, and are leaving to-morrow morning."

"A PLANE, eh? I was wondering what you was doing here. Well, I've never been up in one of 'em, and I can't say as I cares much about 'em, either. But, as you says, it'll be a hard job to get away from here any other way. I'll come along with you."

"Good. We're starting at dawn. You'd better sleep here with us."

"All right. It won't be no worse than the doss-house I was in last night. Not fit for a pig, it wasn't. I'll be glad to get away from this darn place to somewhere where you can get a decent drink."

However, when he was roused at 4 o'clock next morning he was not so anxious to leave.

"I ain't coming," he announced. "Them aeroplanes is always falling down. I'm going to stay here, where it's safe, even if the booze ain't good."

But Craig was very anxious to take him to England, where he hoped that it would be possible to extract valuable information from him and, disregarding his protests, he hustled him out into the street.

There was no sign of the Andromeda, so they decided to leave at once. The weather was fine when they took off, and a moderate westerly breeze was blowing, which suited them admirably. Everything looked propitious for a speedy flight back to England.

They had been flying for a couple of hours or so, when Maxwell, who was searching the waste of water through his binoculars for

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signs of either the pirate ship or the cruiser suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Look, sir!" he cried. "There's a lifebuoy down there. And there seems to be something attached to it."

Craig took the glasses and looked in the direction indicated.

"Yes, I see it," he said.

"What is that attached to it?"

"I can't quite make it out."

"It may be something important."

"Perhaps; but we can't very well stop and investigate it."

"I think we ought to, if it is possible. Even if it does nothing else, that buoy may give news of some ship the pirates have sunk."

They came circling down on to the water and taxied towards the lifebuoy. In a few minutes they had hauled it aboard.

"By Jove, sir! There's a message in the bottle," cried Maxwell excitedly.

Craig knocked the top off the bottle and drew out two pieces of paper. They were Margaret's note and the copy of the wireless message she had made.

"Well, of all the luck!" Craig exclaimed. "It's from Margaret. By the date she must have dropped it before that ship reached Algara. Splendid girl!"

The three of them bent eagerly over the papers.

"Jolly fortunate we spotted it," exclaimed Norton.

"Yes. It looks as if it will be very useful indeed."

They rose into the air once more and continued their flight. They had not gone far, however, when the engine began to splutter badly. They started to lose height and, after a few minutes, it stopped altogether, and they were obliged to land again.

Norton at once made a careful examination. "It looks as if we'll have to stay here," he said grimly. "I'll do my best, but I doubt whether I can fix it here."

"Now we'll all be drowned," burst out their passenger, the mate. "I always said these contraptions were no good."

"We've seen several ships within the last half-hour," said Craig, ignoring him. "If she'll keep afloat, we ought to be picked up before long."

His optimism was justified, for less than two hours had passed when they saw a big liner, eastward bound, coming towards them. And fortunate it was for them that she appeared so opportunely, for Norton was obliged to admit that he could not get the engine going again without repair-shop assistance.

The liner, the Felicia, sighted the disabled seaplane and stopped close to it.

"Do you want assistance?" hailed her skipper through a megaphone.

"Yes," Craig shouted back.

A boat was lowered, and a derrick was swung out, and it was not long before the seaplane was resting on one of the Felicia's hatches, and her occupants were with Captain Garford, her skipper, in his cabin.

Craig gave him a brief outline of their adventures.

"I'm certainly very glad to have been able to help you," said Captain Garford, when he had finished. "I got a wireless yesterday to say that those darn pirates were out again round here. If I'd known before, I wouldn't have been on this track, but it was too late to go farther north. However, I've doubled the look-outs, and I don't think we've got anything to worry about."

Craig indicated the mate.

"This is one of them," he said. "We're taking him home to cross-examine him and hand him over to the police."

"Here, I say!" cried the man, springing forward. "You said you was taking me to the States. If I'd have known you were a bunch of twisters, I wouldn't have——"

"I think you'd better lock him up, Captain," Craig interposed.

For a moment Captain Garford looked grimly at the man.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think so, too."

IT was with a feeling of great relief that Captain Zoller and his fellow pirates watched Algara fading into the distance. They had had a trying time there, one which they had no wish to repeat.

However, their troubles were not yet at an end. The island had not been out of sight for long when they saw smoke astern, and they were soon able to make out a cruiser hot on their heels. She was travelling at a great speed, and, as they watched her knife-like bows slitting the water, they had little doubt that they were the object of her hurry.

Margaret also saw her. As a result of Coles' intervention Captain Zoller had moved her back to her old room, and it so happened that she was looking out of the port-hole when the man-of-war first came into view. The sight of the long, grey ship gave her a new hope. Now, at last, the pirates had surely met their match. Their ship would be sunk, and she herself would be freed.

Suddenly she saw a puff of smoke appear of a gun came across the water. This was from the cruiser's side, and the dull boom followed at once by the frantic ringing of the engine-room telegraph, and immediately she felt the vibrations of the engines cease. The warship also stopped and a boat left her side. A minute or two later Margaret heard a heavy step outside her door, and one of the mates unlocked it and threw it open.

"Come along with me, miss," he ordered peremptorily.

"What for?" she asked, without moving. With help at hand, she did not feel like obeying this ruffian.

"There may be a bit of trouble," he replied. "You won't be safe here."

"Won't I?" she retorted defiantly. "Well, I think I'll risk it."

"You'd better come, miss. We've no time to lose. If you won't come quietly, I'll have to get a couple of the men to carry you."

The prospect of being handled by the Chinese sailors shook her resolution. She still felt that she wanted to resist, but she knew that she was helpless.

"All right," she said. "I'll come. I suppose you want to take me up on the bridge again, so that you can hide behind my skirts."

"Not this time," the mate replied.

Much to her surprise, on reaching the deck, he led her to the room which housed the Rayjector.

"In here!" he ordered.

He hustled her in and closed the door behind her.

Inside she found herself face to face with Coles, who had evidently been waiting for her.

"Will you sit over there, please," he said, indicating a chair. "And don't interfere with anything. I should hate to be rough with you, but if you do, I shall have to tie you up."

Margaret sat down as directed. She felt that rebellion was hardly worth while.

"What do you want me in here for?" she inquired.

"That cruiser over there is a bit curious," Coles replied, "and she's sending a party over to search us. It wouldn't do for you to be found on board, so you'll have to stay here until they leave."

For two hours they had to remain there. At first Coles tried to amuse Margaret with light conversation, but she did not respond, and at last he relapsed into silence. She was thinking of the naval officers who were conducting the search, and was hoping that they would seize the ship and put an end to her captivity. She thought of calling out on the chance of attracting their attention, but she saw that, with coal all round and stores above, there would be no chance of her being heard.

At last a telephone bell rang and Coles picked up the receiver. For several minutes he listened to the man at the other end, laughing heartily from time to time.

"It's all right now," he said at length, hanging up. "We've bluffed them completely. You know, we've several sets of faked papers on board, suitable for all occasions, and old Zoller showed them the one which makes us out to be a Norwegian ship bound from Havana to Antwerp. They matched the new name which we had painted on the bows and stern immediately after we got away from Algara.

"However, the naval Johnnies seemed a bit suspicious, and insisted on going through the whole ship thoroughly. But they found nothing that couldn't be explained. They spotted those rough patches we put on the deck after we had that scrap with the decoy ship and wanted to know all about them. Zoller told them that the deck was damaged in Havana and had been hurriedly repaired by a firm that wasn't much good. Then they were anxious to know why we had such a large crew of Chinks. But he dodged that, too. Keppel says he got terribly indignant with them, and said he would complain to his government and demand compensation for being delayed. Pretty good, eh?"

Margaret was too disappointed even to answer.

"I know it's a bit rough on you," Coles went on, "but you needn't worry. You'll be all right, so long as you've got me to look after you."

When Margaret reached the deck no attempt was made to lock her up again. There seemed to be a feeling of tension in the air, and apparently she had been forgotten.

An hour or so after the cruiser had disappeared she heard sounds of raised voices, and, on approaching cautiously, she was a witness of an angry scene which was taking place on deck. Captain Zoller was standing at the foot of the bridge ladder, and most of the "officers" were grouped about him.

"We've had enough of it," the chief engineer was saying. "First it was that decoy ship; then there was all the trouble we had at Algara, and now it's a cruiser. We can't go on dodging them for ever."

"That's what I say," agreed one of the mates. "It's getting too hot for us. If we go on, we're sure to be caught. Let's beat it with the proceeds to some South American port, while we've got the chance."

"But we the proceeds have not got," objected Zoller. "I have not got more than five hundred pounds in the ship."

"What's that?" the mate cried. "After all we've gone through, aren't we to be paid?"

"The arrangement was that we go to Rio in one month and will be paid there."

"That's all very well," objected the chief engineer, "but at this rate in another month we'll either be at the bottom of the sea or in gaol somewhere awaiting trial."

"Well, there is nothing else what we can do."

"I tell you what," burst out Keppel sud-

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dently. "We've been working and taking risks for someone else all this time. Let's do a bit for ourselves now. There's plenty of money afloat. Let's help ourselves and then sail for South America."

He proceeded to elaborate his idea.

"But if we do that," Zoller objected, "they will have more cruisers than ever put on!"

"That won't matter. We'll get plenty the first time. They can do what they like after that."

Captain Zoller found that all the others were against him, and was at length forced to agree to adopt the chief mate's plan.

* * * * *

MUCH to his disgust Craig found himself the idol of the Felicia's passengers. He and his companions had been picked up about midday and, when he appeared on the promenade deck during the afternoon, everybody seemed to be anxious to strike up acquaintance with him.

After dinner he was the lion of the smoking-room.

Tired out as he was by the strain of the past few days, the endless questioning wearied him, so, as soon as he decently could, he said good-night.

He had just started preparing for the night when he was startled by a terrific hubbub which suddenly broke out overhead. There were shouts and screams and sounds of running feet. Then the vibrations of the engines suddenly ceased.

He listened for a moment, then slipped on his coat again and hurried out into the alleyway. At the end of it was the broad staircase which led to the promenade deck. He found this congested by a struggling mass of people. Some who, like himself, had been below when the noise had started, were trying to force their way up, intent on finding out what was the matter; whilst others were pushing their way down, as if anxious to escape from something on deck. At the head of the stairs the purser was shouting out that there was no cause for alarm; but no one was taking the least notice of him, and it was obvious that, whatever he might like to say, something serious must be wrong.

Craig did not attempt to ascend the stairs, but hurried along the alleyway until he came to a door which led out on to the third-class deck. Once outside he saw the cause of the panic. The whole of one side of the ship was lit up by the searchlights of another vessel, which lay a few hundred yards distant; whilst almost at his feet lay a tangle of aerial wires, which told its tale only too clearly. The pirate ship was once more on the war-path and had selected the Felicia for a victim.

Craig dashed to the bulwarks and looked over. Heading towards a rope ladder which several sailors were in the act of making fast, was a small motor-launch filled with men, two or three of whom Craig recognised. What their intention could be, he was unable to guess.

Suddenly, from the deck above there came the sound of a shot and one of the men in the boat collapsed. A moment later there was a roar from the pirate ship as a machine-gun opened fire from her bridge.

Immediately indescribable pandemonium broke out on board the Felicia. Many of the passengers were still crowding the decks, looking at the pirate ship and the approaching boat. For half a minute the machine-gunner sent a hail of bullets sweeping over the promenade deck, turning it into a shambles. In a few moments women in costly evening frocks were lying about everywhere, either dead or shrieking with pain, whilst the smartly-dressed men were either knocked out themselves, or trying to help them into safety.

Not content with the havoc he had wrought, the gunner lowered his weapon and swept along the row of port-holes below. Shrieks and groans came from all sides, whilst the air was filled with shouted orders, warnings and curses.

As suddenly as it had begun the leaden hail ceased. Craig peered cautiously over the edge of the bulwarks, into the shelter of which he had dragged several women third-class passengers. The pirates had switched off their searchlights and a morse lamp was flashing from above their bridge. He spelt out the message.

"That was to teach you a lesson. If anyone fires on our party again, we will sweep your decks clear."

The launch, which had stopped while the machine-gun was working, now moved forward again, and in a few minutes four men from her, each well armed, reached the liner's decks. Captain Garford met them at the head of the ladder.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" he demanded hoarsely.

"It means," snapped Keppel, who was leading the party, "that we've come for your money—all the money on board."

"You'll be hanged for this, you crooks," burst out Captain Garford.

The mate spat contemptuously on the deck.

"Cut the melodrama," he snapped. "We haven't got all night to waste. All the passengers are to line up and walk past us here. They will hand over their money and jewellery as they pass. Anyone that doesn't cough up enough will get a dose of lead-poisoning. So don't try hiding anything."

Captain Garford saw that he was helpless, and to the accompaniment of shouts of protest and unrestrained curses, the passengers were lined up in a queue and were systematically relieved of all their valuables.

Presently the last diamond ring had been snatched from its wearer's finger, and the contents of the last pocket-book had been emptied into the bag which Coles held open.

"Now," cried Keppel, when the bag had been placed in the launch, "we'll have what's in the strong-room and the purser's safe. Tell some of your men to bring everything along. One of us will go with them, to see that there's nothing left behind. And no tricks, mind you, or there'll be trouble."

Captain Garford made a further protest, but it was ignored, and he was compelled to tell off an officer and some sailors to remove the bullion and other valuables in the strong-room and carry them, under Coles' direction, to the launch.

At last the looting of the liner had been completed to the satisfaction of the pirates and they got back into their launch and pushed off. As they sped towards their ship, Craig stood watching it, anger in his heart. The day of reckoning had been long postponed, he told himself, but come it certainly would and then——

He saw the launch being hauled up. Then he made out faintly the wash from the pirate's propellers. She was getting under way again. What hapless vessel, he asked himself, would be her next victim?

Suddenly his thoughts were cut into by a dull "boom" from away on the left, and a moment later there was a flash on the pirate's foredeck, followed by the roar of an explosion. Immediately her searchlight flashed out again. It swept round in a circle and came to rest on the long, grey form of a cruiser some three miles away. It was the Andromeda once more.

The cruiser had sighted the Felicia lying stopped and, seeing her lit up by searchlights, had signalled to know what was the matter. A reply had been flashed through a port-hole with a torch, so that it would not be seen by the enemy, and the cruiser had come up at full speed, screened by the liner.

Craig watched breathlessly. Would the pirates once more adopt the expedient of exposing Margaret on the bridge, or would they cut and run for it?

It was soon evident that they had not time to drag Margaret into a conspicuous position and tie her there. Things were happening too quickly. The cruiser, having got their range, commenced a regular bombardment. Now well under way, they began to zig-zag, in order to dodge the rain of shells. In this they were partially successful, for only comparatively few hit them, and these did not appear to inflict any vital injury.

However, they were unable to get away from the fast cruiser and it seemed only a question of time before their ship was disabled and sunk.

Suddenly the pirates ceased to zig-zag and swung round in a half circle. When Craig saw this, he rightly guessed that they were trying to bring their Rayjector to bear on the cruiser. And it was soon apparent that they had succeeded in doing so. In the darkness he could not make out exactly what happened to the Andromeda, but her shots became less frequent, and she seemed to be taking a list. Soon it became obvious that she had been seriously damaged, for she slowed down considerably. The pirates once again turned away from her and, despite her efforts to hold them, were soon swallowed up in the night.

Even before the fight was over, the Felicia's wireless was once more in working order and, when the pirate ship succeeded in escaping, messages were broadcast, warning shipping in the vicinity to keep a sharp look-out for her, and giving her description to other warships.

* * * * *

NEXT morning a group consisting of Captain Zoller, his chief engineer, and Coles stood on the pirate ship's fore-deck, looking through a large hole in the plating into the hold below.

"I tell you," cried the chief excitedly, "that we cannot possibly repair this or a lot of the other damage. We haven't sufficient material and, in any case, it would take weeks. Not only that, but I need all my men down below. There's a lot of work to be done on the engines and done soon, if we don't want to have a complete breakdown."

"But the deck must be repaired," burst out Zoller. "We cannot to South America go like that. The first gale we have the ship will sink."

"We shall have to chance it," retorted the chief. "We can't repair it and, if we go into any European port, we shall all be hanged before we know where we are."

"Not if we go into Port Euralia," broke in Coles suddenly.

"Port Euralia? Why not there, too?" the chief demanded. "They're sure to have extradition laws, and——"

"I expect they have. But Euralia is not very friendly to Britain just at the moment, and, when they see us, they'll be quite willing to look the other way."

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"Why you think that?" Captain Zoller demanded.

"When I was seeing that the strong-room was properly looted last night, a fellow came up to me and whispered that he was the Euralian ambassador in Washington and would like to have a word with me He slipped me his card—and I need hardly point out to you that he couldn't possibly have got cards faked up at such short notice—and I could see he was the ambassador all right. He said that his government were very interested in our Rayjector, and that, if we went into Port Euralia, he would guarantee that not only would no questions be asked, but the government would put down a pretty big sum for the invention."

"How much?" asked Zoller greedily.

"Naturally he couldn't fix a price on the spot. But only we know the secret and, if we go there, we can hold out for the highest possible price."

"If you're sure that he was genuine, it would be worth while accepting his offer," said the chief. "With what we get for the secret and from the sale of the ship and what we made last night, we shan't be so badly off."

They discussed the offer at considerable length, and especially the possibility that it might be a trap. The others were consulted, and finally it was decided to risk it. The ship's head was accordingly turned towards the North Sea.

WHEN Craig and his companions reached England they found that the country was in an uproar. The news of the pirate's appearance at Algara and of their own flight there had become public immediately after they had left, and tidings from the island had been awaited with breathless eagerness, for everybody felt that at last there was a chance that the country would be ridden of the scourge which had played such havoc with its shipping.

When it was learned that the cruiser had reached Algara too late and that the pirate had escaped, there was everywhere both disappointment and alarm. The Navy, the nation's hope, had failed once more, and it began to be said that the list of its failures was growing inexcusably long. The country's faith in it had been put to a severe strain, and there were signs that that faith was weakening. There were those who asked where, if the Navy could not defend its merchant ships from the ravages of a single pirate, could the country look for protection. This lack of confidence was naturally reflected in the shops. The prices of staple foodstuffs, which had started to rise again as soon as the attacks on shipping had been renewed, now shot upwards.

To crown everything came the news of the looting of the Felicia. This caused something approaching a panic. So far it had been mainly unknown cargo-steamers and tramps that had been attacked. Now it appeared that the pirate could hold up a famous Atlantic liner, murder a considerable number of her passengers, seize all the valuables on board and then escape. What next would happen?

Craig, however, did not interest himself in all this. His one idea was to rob the pirates of their leader by putting Vincent behind prison bars in the shortest possible time.

The first thing to be done was to hand over his prisoner to the police. He had hoped to be able to do this without the fact that he had actually captured one of the gang becoming public property, for he did not want Vincent to be scared into bolting by the fear of what the man might reveal. However, on opening his evening paper he saw, to his disgust, that it contained photographs of the man.

As soon as Craig and Maxwell reached London they proceeded to make a series of inquiries based on Margaret's message. They completed these with remarkable speed, and on the afternoon of the day following their arrival at Southampton they were able to call at Scotland Yard and place the information which they had collected before Detective-Inspector Fowler.

The detective, although he did not betray it, was secretly very pleased to see his visitors. Carrying out his Chief's instructions, he had been able to check most of Craig's story, and he had obtained some additional information which seemed to indicate that Vincent was the head of the piracy organisation. However, he was still without definite proof and he had not solved the difficult problem of motive.

"Glad to see that you've got back safely, Captain," he said with a smile. "If what the papers say is true, you've been having a pretty lively time since we last met."

"We have." Craig agreed. "Even more lively than the papers think!"

"Have you got anything new to tell us, then?"

"A lot."

Craig began by describing his two visits to Maple Lodge. He told Fowler of the account book he had discovered there containing a record of Vincent's huge dealings in foodstuffs, and he explained how that arch-criminal had been making immense sums of money by conducting a campaign of piracy in order to force up the value of his stocks. He then told him how Vincent had treated Maxwell and himself when he had discovered them in his study, and explained that he had been on his way to Scotland Yard to report all this, when the receipt of Margaret's cable had sent him dashing across the Atlantic. Finally, he handed the Inspector Margaret's message.

"You will see," he said in conclusion, "that this first list contains the names of certain ships which the skipper of the pirate ship is instructed not to sink. We have made inquiries of the owners of all those ships and, from the information they have given us, we have been able to compile this second list. It contains the names of the ships, against each of which has been written the name of the firm to which her cargo is consigned. You will notice that there are six separate firms. Now, during an earlier stage we were watching Vincent, and we found that he was carrying on business under five different names. Four of those names are mentioned in that list. Doubtless he also uses the other two names as well."

"Yes, yes," interposed the Inspector. "And what does all this lead to?"

"Wait a minute. Those ships are not to be sunk. Now we know that each of them is carrying cargo to a firm which is only another name for Vincent; that is to say, they are all carrying Vincent's cargo. The only reason that the man at the head of the gang could possibly have for specifically ordering that certain ships were not to be sunk, is that they were carrying his own goods. Therefore, Vincent must be that man."

A few minutes later the pirate mate was brought in. After asking him a few preliminary questions, Fowler handed him a photograph.

"Who is that?" he demanded.

The man took it and examined it carefully.

"I don't know, sir," he replied hesitatingly. Craig noticed that he was now far less cocksure than he had been at Algara.

"Are you certain you've never seen him anywhere?" Fowler persisted.

He looked at the photo again.

"Oh, yes, sir," he said at last. "I remember him now. He was aboard the ship in Rotterdam."

"You're quite sure?"

"Now that I've had another look at it, I am, sir. But I don't know who he is."

"What was he doing on the ship?"

"Just walking round with the gentleman who engaged us. Inspecting, as you might say."

"And who was the gentleman?"

"He was a foreigner of some sort, sir, though he spoke very good English. He came to see me just after I lost my ticket because of a collision I was in, and offered me the job. I don't know how he got to know of me, unless he read about me in the papers."

"Did you think he was the owner of the ship?"

"At first I did. But after a bit we all got an idea that there was someone behind him. But I wasn't one of the leaders, sir. Some of the others knew more about it than I did."

"Now, to return to this man in the photo. Do you think that he might have been the man behind the man who engaged you?"

"I wouldn't like to say, sir. I didn't see enough of him."

"But you're sure that this is a photo of him?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"All right. That will do for the present."

When he had been taken away, Inspector Fowler turned to his visitors.

"That settles it," he said. "The photo is Vincent's. We'll get a warrant out for him right away."

"Good!" Craig exclaimed. "May I ask a favor of you? Will you allow us to accompany you when you go to arrest him? We should like to be in at the death."

"Certainly! After all you've done, I could hardly refuse."

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ABOUT the time that this was taking place, Hoske was closeted with Vincent in the latter's library at Maple Lodge. Both were standing in front of the fireplace. Vincent was calm and unemotional as ever, but Hoske seemed to be very agitated.

"Are you sure that you have been followed?" the latter demanded anxiously.

"I am," Vincent replied.

"I don't like it, I don't like it at all. Now that this fellow Craig has caught one of our men, we don't know what the police may get to know."

"Bah! They can't possibly trace us through him. He doesn't know any more about us than they do."

"But Craig traced you, though how I can't imagine, and it looks, by the fact that you are being followed, as if the police also have their eye on you—and me, too, I expect. I tell you, it's time we chucked it and got out of the country."

"Nothing of the sort! It is merely time we put Craig out of the way."

"We've already tried that once and he got away from us."

"Next time we'll make sure that he doesn't get away from us."

"Well, you can do what you like. I'm going to take my share and clear out, while there's still time."

"You're going to do nothing of the sort. We need all the capital we've got."

"But why? We've already made millions. Isn't it better to be content with what

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we've got, than to risk getting caught by trying to make more?"

"You make me sick. You're losing your nerve—that's what's the matter with you."

"And what if I am? Time after time they've nearly caught our ship. And once they do, you may be sure that those deadbeats on her will give us away to save their own skins. What will happen then?"

"Nothing. They can't prove anything against us. We've taken every possible precaution."

"You've only got to read the papers to see what will happen. They won't trouble about legal proof. They'll just come here and lynch us. I can't see the sense of going on any longer. Every day——"

Vincent moved closer and towered over him.

"As I told you before," he hissed, "I'm going on until I'm the richest man in the world. In another month or two I shall be that. And I'm not going to stop now, just because you've turned yellow."

Suddenly Hoske stepped back and dragged a revolver from his pocket.

"YOU can stay here and be what you like," he cried, pointing the weapon at Vincent, "but I'm catching the boat for Buenos Aires to-morrow. And I'm going to take my share of the money with me."

"Put that thing away," Vincent snarled. "Do you suppose that I carry a sum like that around in my pocket?"

"No, but you've got part of it in that safe behind you. I know you planted fifty thousand in notes there, in case we should have to clear out in a hurry."

An expression of the most intense hatred spread over Vincent's face.

"All right, you rat!" he hissed. "I'll give it to you. But look out!"

He turned, and with elaborate nonchalance walked over to a bookcase. After removing a couple of volumes, he pressed a spring. Immediately several shelves swung outwards, revealing the door of a safe. In a few moments he had opened this.

With his back towards Hoske he picked up a bundle of notes. Then, half turning, he pitched them on to the desk.

"There are a hundred fifties there," he said.

Hoske leaned forward to pick them up. At the same moment Vincent snatched up a revolver which he had placed inside the safe in case of emergency, and in a flash he had swung round and pulled the trigger. With a cry Hoske dropped his own gun, clasped his chest, and fell dead.

For a moment or two Vincent stood looking down at his victim.

"Well, that's that!" he muttered to himself, and stooped to pick up the bundle of notes from the floor.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the window. For a moment it stayed there. Then it was gone.

Vincent sprang to the window and looked out. A butcher's assistant was running down the path as hard as he could go, and even as Vincent looked he reached the gate and disappeared from view. Almost at the same moment a powerful sports car entered the drive, Mercia at the wheel.

A minute or two later she entered the room.

"What have you been doing to the butcher's boy?" she asked airily. "He seemed——"

Suddenly with a gasp she broke off and stood staring at the form on the floor.

"Shut the door and don't make so much noise," Vincent commanded.

"What—what has happened?" she asked, her face pale.

"The little rat turned yellow, so I shot him," was the grim rejoinder.

This was the first time that the full meaning of her father's activities had been brought home to Mercia, and for a few moments she was too stunned to speak.

"You shot him?" she stammered at last. "But—but——"

"Yes. He tried to hold me up, and take the contents of the safe. The low-down scum!"

"W-what about the servants? Did none of them hear you?"

"I don't think so. As you know, the wall cutting off the kitchen is sound-proof. But the window was open and that darned errand boy heard the shot and looked in. Probably by now he is telling the police all about it. If there were time to hide that, I'd bluff it out with them. But there isn't time. I shall have to clear out at once. Curse him! I should have waited to settle with him until later. Now I shall have to lay low for a bit and let the business run itself."

"All your work will be wasted."

"No, it won't. I shall appear again under a new name. But I mustn't stand here talking. Hand me that case."

Mercia did as he asked her.

"I shall come with you, of course," she exclaimed.

"Good girl! Run upstairs and get your jewellery and anything else you want to take while I clear up here. I'll meet you outside."

"All right. I shan't be a moment."

Vincent opened the despatch case and stuffed into it bundles of notes from the safe. Then, without so much as a glance at his victim on the floor, he went out to the car.

Mercia joined him at once. To all outward appearances she had quite regained her composure.

"I wish we could stay and face them," she said, as she got in beside him. "But they've got their eyes on us already and it would take too long to fix things up here for them."

Vincent let in the clutch. The gates were still open and they swung out into the road. As they did so, another car was drawing up to the kerb. In it were Inspector Fowler, two plainclothes officers, Craig and Maxwell.

"That's the man," cried Craig, grasping Fowler's arm. "After him!"

The police car shot forward. However, it was at once apparent that the occupants of the car ahead had spotted Craig, for they put on speed at once. It soon became evident that the police car could not keep up with the fugitives' powerful sports model. However, its occupants did not despair, for they knew that as soon as they got away from the quiet residential roads, traffic jams would help them.

North of Golders Green the long stretch with no impassable jams favored the sports car. Before they had reached North Finchley the pursuers had quite lost sight of it, and at Tally Ho Corner they were obliged to stop to make inquiries. To their disgust the constable on duty there was certain that no car resembling the one they were chasing had passed him recently.

"They must have turned down a side street," Fowler exclaimed. "Probably they've got into the Highgate Road and are doubling back towards the city."

They set off towards Highgate, but could get no news of the sports car in that direction. At last they were obliged to abandon the hunt and Fowler decided to return to Scotland Yard to organise a systematic search. There Craig and Maxwell left him.

Next morning Craig rang him up to inquire whether there was any news of the missing pair.

"Not of them," the Inspector replied, "but their car was found abandoned in a quiet road in Muswell Hill. They must have guessed that we'd have a cordon out and decided to stay in town. But we'll find them, if we have to search every house in London for them."

"Are there any other new developments?"

"Yes. You know we found a man shot in Vincent's house. Well, he turns out to be a fellow who has been going lately by the name of Hoske, and whom the Berlin police have been wanting very badly for some time. We have also found that he is the man we've been after in connection with the Greenwood murder. We have taken his finger-prints and they correspond to those found on the desk in Professor Greenwood's laboratory."

"You mean——"

"I mean, of course, that it was undoubtedly he who killed Professor Greenwood."

ABOUT this time Captain Zoller, standing on the battered bridge of the pirate ship, was reading to his mate and chief engineer a wireless message which he had just decoded.

"The police," he said, "are after him. He wishes us at a rendezvous to meet him."

The mate spat expressively before replying.

"Where is the rendezvous?" he demanded.

Zoller told him.

"What do you say?" he added. "Shall I tell him that we will pick him up?"

"It'll be darned risky going in there," the chief objected.

"Ay, that it will," the mate agreed. "But we can make him pay for it. Tell him that, if he wants us to pick him up, he must bring plenty of cash with him. And don't forget to say that, if we find that he hasn't got enough, we'll pretty soon drop him over the side again."

THE news that the "Enemy of Britain" had been identified in the person of Ashley Vincent, the financier, created a great sensation throughout the country.

A description of the "wanted" man was circulated and it seemed certain that, with everybody on the look-out for him, he would not be able to remain free long. In any case, as a fugitive from justice he would no longer be able to direct the piracy, and anxiety as to the nation's food supply was greatly allayed.

However, despite all the efforts of both police and amateurs, several days passed without any authentic news of the fugitives being received. Maple Lodge was ransacked from ceiling to cellar by officers from Scotland Yard, but after Craig's midnight visit Vincent had destroyed every scrap of documentary evidence in the place, and the searchers were not able to find any clue that might indicate where he had taken refuge.

On the fourth evening after Vincent's flight from his home, Craig was talking over the situation with Maxwell, who had called at his rooms to inquire if there were any fresh developments, when there was a knock at the door.

"There's a man outside who wants to see you, sir," said his landlady. "He don't look much, and I told him I didn't think you'd want to be disturbed. But he says it's about something urgent."

"H'm! I'd better see him, I suppose," returned Craig. "Show him in."

For the last three days he had been pes-

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tered by innumerable callers who had been anxious to put him on the track of Vincent, usually for a small consideration.

A muscular, thick-set man, clad in a blue jersey and trousers and an old coat, was shown in. Craig sized him up as a Thames waterman.

" 'Evening, sir," began the visitor. "There's something I'd like to tell you about this bloke Vincent what everyone's after."

Craig groaned inwardly. It was as he had feared.

"You should go to the police," he said.

"I'd rather tell you about it, sir, if you don't mind. It's more in your line than theirs."

"All right. Go ahead!"

"He's living on a laid-up steamer down Shadwell way. 'Im and that daughter of his."

"What's that?" cried Craig in amazement. He had already been informed that the wanted pair were hiding in a room over a tobacconist's shop in Poplar, and also that they were bluffing everybody by living quite openly in a fashionable Piccadilly hotel. But no one had suggested anything like this to him.

"It's true as I'm standing 'ere," the visitor declared. "I saw 'em there a couple of days ago, but didn't recognise 'em at the time. This morning I saw their pictures in the papers. They seemed kind of familiar, but at first I couldn't remember where I'd seen them. Then I tumbled to it. So I 'ung around near the ship all day, and about six o'clock I saw both of 'em through a port, where there was a light inside and they'd forgotten to draw the curtains."

"What sort of ship is she?"

"An old tramp, sir, what's been laid up there for four or five months. There ain't been anyone aboard her all that time except the watchman and one or two blokes as have been down to see everything was all right. She's tied up to the buoys out in the river, so no one's likely to get aboard her accidental."

"It certainly seems a good place to hide in," said Maxwell. "No one would think of looking for them there."

"That's so," replied Craig. "On the other hand, it's not the sort of place one would expect them to think of. And there have been so many false alarms. Still, it may be worth investigating." He turned to the waterman again. "Are you sure you're not mistaken? We don't want to go down there and hold up these people, and then find they are the skipper of the ship and his wife."

"It's them all right, sir," was the emphatic reply. "I rowed up close and 'ad a good look at 'em. He certainly weren't no seafarer, nor she the skipper's missus of an old 'oiker like that. So, knowing how interested you was in them, I found your address in the paper and came along to tell you."

"Thanks. Well, if it had been anywhere else, I should certainly have left it for the police, for I can't investigate all the stories that are being told me all day long. But, as you say, ships are more in our line than that of the police, so it might be as well if we handled it ourselves. What do you say, Maxwell? Shall we go down and have a look at them? I'm fed up with doing nothing."

"Same here. Let's go at once."

Craig's car was outside and it didn't take them long to reach the deserted Shadwell wharf, where the waterman's boat was moored.

"That's her," the latter announced, pointing to where the black hull of a small tramp could be dimly seen in the darkness.

Craig looked at her in silence for a minute, considering whether after all he should inform the police and ask them to send some men with him. He decided not to, however. If the fugitives really were on board the tramp, there should be no difficulty about capturing them. After all he had been through, he felt that he would like to do that without the assistance of the authorities.

"Got your gun handy?" he asked Maxwell suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Right! We'll push off."

They slipped quickly down the river towards the tramp. When they got close to her they saw that a rope ladder was hanging from her side, and that there was a man leaning over the bulwarks at the head of it.

"Not much chance of a surprise, I'm afraid," Craig whispered.

"Why not wait a bit, sir?" suggested Maxwell.

"No, we can't do that. There's nothing handy to hide the boat behind, and, if we hang about in the open that fellow may spot us and get suspicious. We'll have to risk it. I'll go first. You remain in the boat until I reach the deck, and keep your gun ready in case he starts anything."

"VERY well. But do you see that launch over there? She looks as if she's going to the ship, too."

Craig turned his head. "No, I don't think she is," he said.

The boatman caught hold of the ladder and Craig swung himself on to it. As he climbed, he kept his eye on the man above but almost immediately his head disappeared. A moment later, however, he reappeared, and in his hands he held a big steel block. Maxwell, seeing his intention, fired; but he missed and before he could fire again the man had hurled the block down at Craig and ducked behind the bulwarks.

The block missed Craig, but it hit the boatman on the leg, and then went through the bottom of the boat, almost overturning it by the force of its impact. Maxwell, who had been standing up, lost his balance and toppled into the water. The boat started to fill rapidly and drift downstream.

Craig took in the situation at a glance. The boatman was obviously badly hurt, and quite incapable of managing the boat or keeping himself afloat when it sank. Maxwell had disappeared. He would have to abandon his attempt to board the tramp.

He plunged into the river. On coming to the surface he saw Maxwell close to him, and they both reached the waterlogged boat at the same time.

"Are you hurt much?" he called to the boatman.

"Ay, that I am," the man gasped. "My leg's broke, I think."

Craig examined the damage to the boat. "We can't do anything with that," he said. "I'll just hang on and if she sinks I'll take you in tow."

He looked towards the ship. He had been wrong about the launch, for it had reached the bottom of the ladder and, as he watched, he saw several people climbing down into it. One of them was a woman. When they were all aboard, the launch was cast off and turned down-stream.

"Look!" he cried. "That second one is Vincent and, yes, there's Mercia, too!"

He looked about for possible help. A tug was crossing the river just above them. He gave her a hail and she turned towards them. In a minute or two they had been taken aboard her.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked the jovial tug skipper. "Swimming the Channel?"

"We're after Vincent and some of his gang of pirates," Craig replied, and he rapidly explained the situation. "They're in that white launch that passed down the river a few minutes ago," he concluded. "You may be able to catch them up."

"I'll certainly do my best," the skipper returned. "I was just going to tie up for the night, but I don't mind missing a bit of sleep if there's a chance of catching those blackguards."

He shouted down the speaking-tube to the engineer to give him all possible speed, and they were soon tearing down the river in pursuit of the launch.

Maxwell kept a look-out for the fugitives, whilst Craig attended to the wounded man. He was skilled at first-aid and, having got some dry clothes on him, he soon fixed his broken leg in splints as well as any layman could have done. He then borrowed some dry clothes for himself and went up into the tiny wheel-house.

"There she is," the skipper indicated. "We don't seem to be gaining much on her, though she's not gaining on us, either."

They had now passed the last of the docks, and it was obvious that the launch was heading either for some place in the lower reaches of the river or for the open sea.

Presently they passed Gravesend. The two craft seemed to be doing almost exactly the same speed. If the tug gained a few yards at one moment she lost them again at the next. Thameshaven's long line of oil-tanks came in sight and were passed, but still the launch kept on. The river was widening now, and when Southend was sighted without the fugitives having attempted to land, it became obvious that they were making for the open sea.

Another half-hour passed. Then it became obvious that the launch was making for a steamer which could be seen lying stopped some distance away. Craig borrowed the tug skipper's glasses and examined her.

"Hanged if I don't think that that's their darned ship," he cried. "What do you think, Maxwell?"

Maxwell took the glasses.

"She certainly looks very much like her to me, sir," he said. "I expect they've altered her a bit since we last saw her, but as far as one can see in the dark, she's very much like her in general outline. And, yes, part of her bridge is missing. That will have been done by the Andromeda. It's her, all right."

Suddenly three lights appeared above the ship's foredeck, a blue, a white and a yellow. Craig knew that this was no recognised marine signal and, when it was answered by three white flashes from the launch, no doubt remained in his mind as to the identity of the ship.

Soon the launch reached her side. Its occupants were taken aboard, and she immediately began to get up speed and head towards the north-east.

"What are we to do now?" inquired the tug skipper. "Follow her?"

"Yes," replied Craig. "We mustn't lose sight of her, if we can possibly help it. I'm afraid, though, it's no use thinking of trying to board her. The only thing we can do is to follow her and, as soon as we sight another ship, we must signal her to keep clear and wireless to the nearest warship. And we must keep well away from her ourselves. We don't want to get sunk with their Rayjector."

Dawn was just breaking when, to their surprise, the little party on the tug saw the

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pirate ship slow down and stop. As her chief engineer had predicted, her engines had at last broken down, and she lay rolling helplessly on the swell.

Craig could hardly restrain his impatience.

"If only a warship or two would come along," he cried, "they'd have the chance of a lifetime. We've no wireless, though, and, if we run into Harwich for assistance, she'll probably get started again, and be away before we get back."

"There's not a ship in sight," exclaimed Maxwell in disgust. "I've never seen the sea round here so empty."

However, a little while later a small tramp came slowly into view. At a word from Craig the tug skipper brought his craft close to her.

"That ship over there is the pirate," Craig shouted through the megaphone.

The announcement created quite a stir on the tramp.

"Then I'm clearing out quick," her skipper shouted back.

"Will you please wireless the Commander-in-Chief at Harwich, giving him the position and asking him to send out a warship at once?"

"Ay, that I will."

And without wasting time on further parley, he turned round and scuttled away.

A couple of hours passed. Then a grey speck appeared on the horizon. It soon resolved itself into a destroyer in a hurry. A sister ship followed close in her wake.

Soon the first destroyer was within hailing distance of the tug.

"Is that the pirate over there?" shouted her commander.

"Yes," answered Craig.

"Good! We'll run in close and board her," her commander shouted, as she passed close to the tug.

"Will you take us with you?" cried Craig.

"Right oh! Hop aboard."

THE destroyer closed in on the tug, and Craig and Maxwell sprang on to her deck. Then her head again turned towards the pirate ship.

The other destroyer now led the way, throwing up a cloud of white spray as her bows cut through the water at nearly forty knots. She was heading to pass about a quarter of a mile to windward of the enemy and, as she drew near her, a dense cloud of black oil-smoke suddenly began to belch from her funnels. There was a moderate breeze blowing and in a minute or two the inky curtain had rolled across the sea and entirely enveloped the pirate. This time there was nothing to fear from the Rayjector.

Into the smoke-screen the following destroyer plunged. It seemed impossible that anyone could find its way through it, but her commander managed to do so, and in a few moments the little vessel was scraping along the pirate's side. A party of marines were in readiness, and the instant the two vessels touched they sprang over the rail. But, even so, they were not in time to forestall Craig. He had been standing at the end of the bridge, and at the first possible moment he leapt upon the pirate's deck.

Revolver in hand, Craig dashed through the smoke towards the bridge ladder. The marines were close behind him, and in a minute or two they were in full possession of the deck. The pirates, bloodthirsty enough when it was a matter of sinking defenceless tramps, had no stomach for a hand-to-hand fight. The Chinese sailors fled into the fo'c'sle, where they attempted to barricade the doors, while the "officers" fired a few shots and then abjectly surrendered. Only Captain Zoller and his chief mate put up a real fight, and they, helped by the black smoke which still hung over the ship, succeeded in holding the bridge for a few minutes. However, the odds against them were overwhelming, and they were soon both shot dead.

Craig, seeing that the ship was taken, set out to find Margaret. With a beating heart, he plunged through the doorway leading to the cabins.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he shouted, as he dashed along an alleyway with several cabins leading off it.

"John, here I am!" came a voice through one of the doors.

The door was locked and there was no key in it. But this did not hinder Craig long. An axe, placed there for use in case of fire, was hanging on the wall close by, and with a few powerful blows with it, he smashed his way into the cabin.

"My darling!" he cried, and she was in his arms, and he was kissing her madly.

For a few moments they were both too overwhelmed to say much.

"Oh, John! I'm so happy," she sighed at last. "It has been dreadful. I was beginning to think that I should never see you again."

"You're all right now, little girl," he whispered.

And, drawing her still closer to him, he started to kiss her all over again.

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One man who took no part in the hand-to-hand fighting was Coles. As soon as the destroyers had been sighted he had taken his place behind the Rayjector, ready to operate it if need be.

He quickly decided upon a plan of action. He would lower the Rayjector into its hiding-place in the middle of the ship, switch it on and cut a hole in the ship's side. The ship would then sink, carrying down with her the Rayjector, the only one in existence. He alone would then be in possession of its secret. That secret he would sell to the British Government in exchange for a free pardon.

He lost no time in carrying out his plan. He lowered the Rayjector and switched it on. The work of destruction had to be done carefully, for not only had he to cut through first the wall of the Rayjector room and then the ship's side, but it was necessary to exercise great care not to sever any of the wires connected with the Rayjector itself, and so put it out of action. As a result it took him much longer to sink his own ship than it had usually done to sink others. At last, however, the holes were cut and water began to pour in through the ship's side.

All he had to do now was to escape. He pulled over the lever to raise the compartment to the deck, but to his horror nothing happened. In making the hole he had accidentally destroyed some of the raising mechanism.

The only way of escape now was through the hole in the compartment wall. This would bring him into the empty bunker through which normally it would have been easy to reach the deck. But not so now. The water, which was pouring in an irresistible cataract through a hole in the side six feet across, was already several feet deep in the bunker and the gentle rolling of the vessel caused it to surge about in a very dangerous manner. To cross the bunker to the ladder leading upwards without being dashed to pieces against the ironwork seemed impossible. Nevertheless, it was his only way out and he was obliged to attempt it.

The moment he climbed through the hole he was swept off his feet by the rising waters. In the black swirl it was impossible for him either to swim or to keep his feet. There was no escape from the flood. It completely overwhelmed him—him and his secret.

WHEN the marines had boarded the ship half a dozen of Vincent's men—small fry who had filled minor roles in his organisation—who had escaped with him in the launch, had been on deck and been among the first to be captured. Vincent himself, however, was with Mercia in the chart-room on the bridge. He had an automatic and he prepared to help defend the bridge. But one of the first shots fired hit him in the chest, putting him out of action. Mercia, who, if it had not been for this, would have been quite capable of taking a hand in the fight herself, turned her attention to him, for it was obvious that he was badly hurt. Consequently, as soon as Zoller and the mate had been silenced, they were surrounded and taken prisoners.

"I guess you win," Mercia cried to the officer who led the marines on to the bridge. "But you wouldn't have done if our fellows hadn't been such rats."

Craig had hardly got Margaret safely aboard the destroyer when it was noticed that the ship was beginning to take a list. This increased rapidly, and long before all the survivors of the pirate gang and their Chinese crew had been marshalled on deck and transferred to the destroyer, it became obvious that she was going to sink. The commander, who was naturally anxious to take his prize into port, did his utmost to locate the cause of the trouble and rectify it. However, the hole which Coles had cut was under water, so it was impossible in the short time available to do anything.

The rapid heeling of the ship caused something like a panic among the prisoners, and several of them fell between the two ships in their desperate hurry to get aboard the destroyer. One of these was Mercia. Although she herself did not lose her head, she was borne off her feet by a rush of Chinese. As she was about to jump from the pirate's deck, she was pushed from behind, lost her footing, and in the melee was unable to save herself. Her head struck some ironwork and she fell senseless into the water. With some difficulty she was dragged out, but she was dead.

At last all the prisoners had been taken aboard the destroyers—all, that is to say, who had not been drowned, and the two warships stood off to watch the end of the pirate ship. This was not long delayed. Slowly her stern rose in the air and she sank from sight.

It was found that Vincent was in a critical condition, and before Harwich was reached it became obvious that his end was near.

"Well, I gave you a good run for your money," he said huskily, yet defiantly, to the little group gathered about him. "And if it hadn't been for Captain Craig here, I should have attained my object. The Richest Man in the World! Ah! well! I can console myself with the thought that I'm not the only one who has set out to be that and failed."

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That evening Craig and Margaret sat alone in a train bound for London.

"I'm glad that dreadful secret has been lost," Margaret was saying. "It has caused nothing but trouble."

"Yes," replied Craig. "We've lost it. But in losing it, dear, we've won each other."

And he bent down and kissed her.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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